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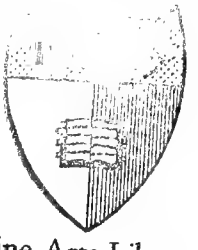

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NINETEENTH CENTURY ART

With Illustrations from Pictures and Objects in the Fine Art Loan Collection of the Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901

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SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.

PORTRAIT OF THE RT HON SIR JOHN SINCLAIR OF ULBSTER BART

NINETEENTH CENTURY ART

BY

D. S. MacColl

WITH A CHAPTER ON EARLY ART OBJECTS
BY SIR T. D. GIBSON-CARMICHAEL, BARONET

GLASGOW
JAMES MACLEHOSE & SONS
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Preface

THE illustrations in this volume are all drawn from the Fine Art Loan Collection in the Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901, the greater part of which illustrated the history of Art in the last hundred years.

The English painting of the century was represented there with remarkable completeness. The foreign series was naturally less complete, but the gaps in the French and Dutch schools were surprisingly few. A special feature of the collection was the full series of Scottish artists. This was considered in choosing the illustrations, and the rule of admitting contemporaries very sparingly was relaxed for the national school. The same rule had to be applied to the large collection of recent English sculpture. The text is less strictly limited by the works of art contained in the exhibition. The author has attempted to throw the chief figures of the period into perspective; to define their imaginative attitude; to indicate how some of them went with the drift of art special to the century, and others against it. He has judged it best to give the available space to a limited number, rather than crowd the pages with a scrambling notice of many who have a claim to be remembered. In one or two sections, it should be added, passages occur that have already appeared in the weekly or monthly press.

The chapter on Ivories, Enamels and other Art objects of a date much earlier than the nineteenth century is inserted as an appendix to this volume. The formation and interest of the collection from which these illustrations were drawn was very largely due to the work of Sir T. D. Gibson-Carmichael.

PREFACE

To the artists and owners who have allowed their works to be reproduced, the publishers owe very cordial thanks, and without their generous assistance this volume could not have been produced. In the case of artist and owner alike the copyright of each work is reserved.

All the illustrations in this volume have been engraved specially for it, and, with the exception of the drypoint by Mr. Muirhead Bone, they are all the work of Messrs. T. & R. Annan & Sons.

November, 1902.

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NINETEENTH CENTURY ART

BY

D. S. MacColl

I.

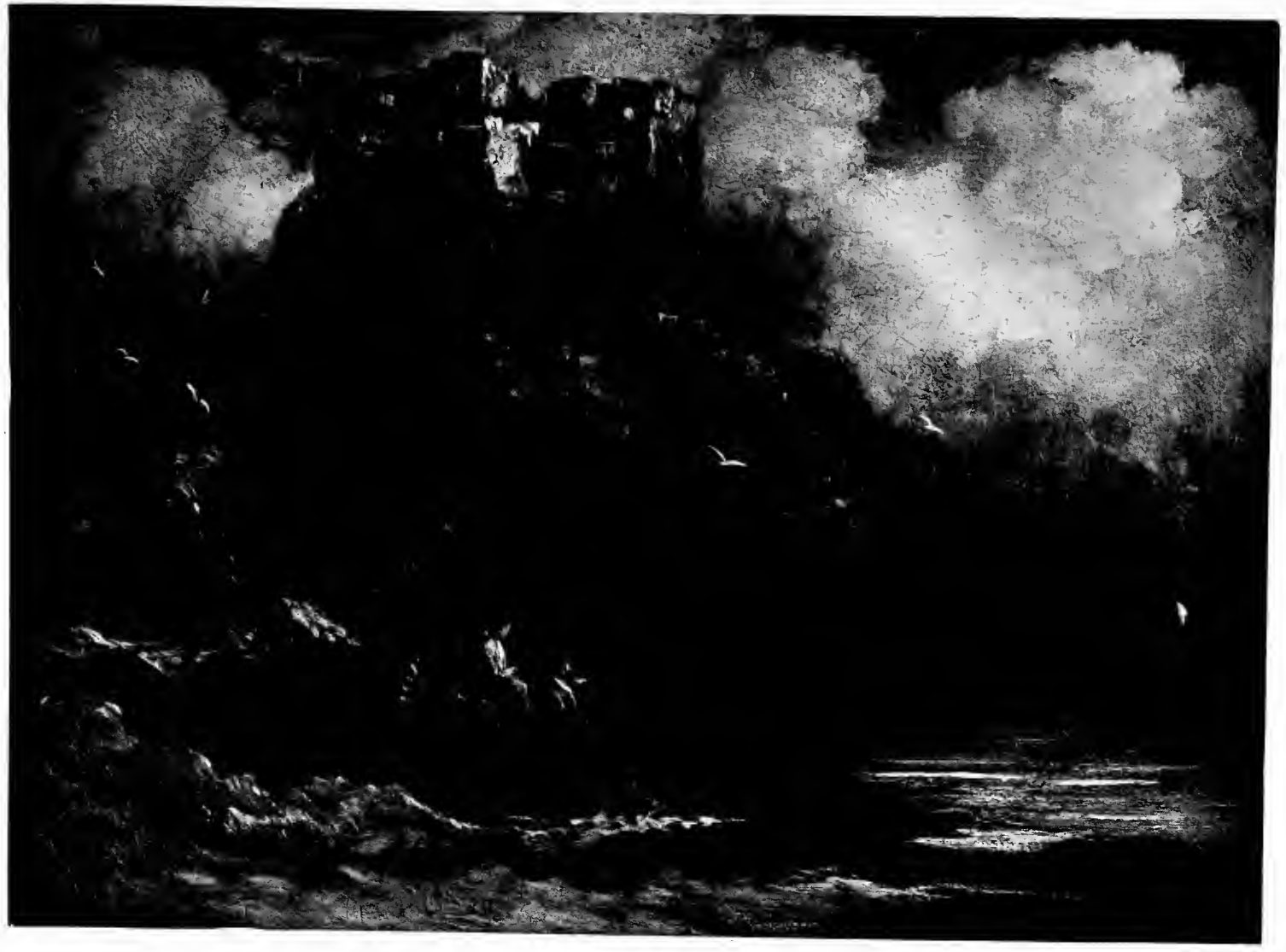
The Vision of the Century

THE arts pursue their completeness, their full resources as instruments, across the imaginative uses that are made of them, and commonly attract the most fervent and gifted minds at the point of exploration. Doubtless not all imaginations are well served by the contemporary system of vision and design; some are attracted to their hurt; others, holding aloof, must work without the added force and heat that the vivid focus of curiosity and emulation and a common sentiment supplies. The crepuscular spirit, bat or nightingale, had no instrument in Greek plastic art; the aerial mystery of nineteenth century painting was unfriendly to clear majesty of form. But whatever may be urged against the imaginative weather of that century, at least it saw in England and France the last stages of growth in one of the arts of design, that of Painting, and lent the complicity of mood that the particular advance demanded.

Sculpture, in this sense, was complete with the Greeks. It had to grow up again from decay and serve new uses of expression in other decorative systems, but its resources for representing form in the round or the convention of relief had been already completed; the Renaissance could only vary by a doubtful mixture of pictorial perspective a full-grown art, and a nineteenth century sculptor used this completed instrument. Architecture was slower to overtake all the possibilities of construction and design with the old materials; but in the nineteenth century had become, so far as these materials were concerned, a museum art, subject to minor adaptations. Iron, steel and glass, for exhibition buildings and railways, called out the constructive genius of engineers, but the sudden break with the old world, the enormous multiplication of new traditionless societies, the pace of invention, bent solely on convenience, left 'art' rather breathless and heartless; architecture sulked, giving her affection to revivals of ancient styles for ancient uses. In painting, discovery and the passion of beauty were still companions and seem to have completed their journey.

It was in landscape that the advances were made, but portrait, human scenes, and even monumental decoration took new life when submissive to this influence. Adumbrations and night-invaded phantoms, shapes bathed in or rudely battered by daylight, appeared in the first. Nature was added to man (to reverse Bacon's phrase) in a new proportion; legend itself paid the debt, and took, in its aerial tissue, a fresh colour to the mind. But not all artists could make terms. No century has seen a relation so fitful between imagination and the contemporary instrument. In none has art been so free, that is, so private, so little a thing of command, or even wide consent. The absence of a religion, of an architecture, of a court or a caste of patrons, of a common language, audience and intention, left individual inspiration to its own fires, languors and eccentricities. A picture was the expression of an artist's uncommissioned mood. The illustration of contemporary appearances and events that the new societies would naturally have demanded from painters, like the Dutch bourgeois of the seventeenth century, was increasingly diverted to photography, and the interest in itself of the new society was dissipated by the growth of museums. These made all stages of art and varieties of imagination quasi-contemporary. In the competition of fancies and systems of design, the mixed, incompatible, half-hearted diversions of the middle class in a museum, it was hard indeed for the strong imaginations, not working in landscape, to be sure of themselves and build up, against indifference or distaste, an unattached, solitary monument. A Delacroix, a Stevens, a Rodin, a Rossetti meant an extraordinary triumph of single force against inertia and the discouraging presence of all the past. The landscape painters even, doing the new contemporary thing, quickly outran the comprehension of the public as their effort became more specialised to an individual choice of beauty or moody concentration. No man hired them, even the exhibitions were frequently hostile, and it was with difficulty that Constable, Corot, Rousseau, Millet earned their wages. There was a danger here that the poet should become a soliloquist or a crank. Exhibitions themselves, necessary as markets for unattached artists, will stamp the century with a peculiarly gross way of taking art. People indulged in the picture-pleasure by indiscriminate debauch, in the annual salon or academy, or the international bazaar; and pictures were painted with the exhibition in view. Denon, Napoleon's director of museums, by his institution of prizes, gave an impulse to the production of huge historical machines, with no particular destination. As the century went on, its original men were more and more excluded from, or maltreated in the exhibitions, or shunned them in disgust.

What exactly was the special and final addition made to the instrument of painting in the nineteenth century? It may be expressed by saying that painting accepted at last the full contents of vision as material, all that is given in the coloured camera-reflection of the real world. We



REV. JOHN THOMSON, H.R.S.A.

CASTLE ON ROCK

have to inquire, then, (1) in what particulars this differed from previous conventions; and if we discuss also (2) how far the limits of canvas and pigments allow the complete image to be positively reproduced, and (3) the part the eye and mind play in interested or excited vision, affecting the forms and colours of this camera-image, so that it differs from a photograph and becomes a picture, we shall have a skeleton of the practices and doctrine of *Impressionism*,[1] the special art of the nineteenth century. To say that the instrument is complete, that the last fling against its limits has been made, does not of course mean that the value, beauty, or intensity of what has been expressed is greater than in the work of former times, or that the full instrument is suitable for every aim or condition of painting.

THE PAINTER'S IMAGE IN VALUES OF LIGHT

Camera vision has been the suppressed common term among special systems of vision since the world began, just as it is now between artists who paint on different systems. When we say of two artists to-day that they paint the world 'as they see it,' we do not mean that their eyesight differs, that they would measure or match two pieces of cloth differently. Even when an artist's eyesight differs from the normal, he is frequently found working clean against his natural defect. Thus a short-sighted artist will force himself to make out things clearly if his interest lies in that direction, and *vice versa*. For the special purposes of the hunter, the seaman, the farmer, the smallest variations of colour and tone-definition have time out of mind come into observation. On the other hand, the modern, using his sight for a particular end, abstracts it into a shorthand notation as ruthlessly as a primitive artist. Take as an example the vision of a business man hurrying to catch a train in the morning, and thinking of his engagements for the day. If one could note down what he sees of the familiar street it would be a vague of space out of which a few signs of distance, of turning places would emerge, a minimum of signals and recognitions by which he finds himself guided to the platform of his station. He sees, out of what falls on his retina, what his mind requires of it. Practical, business vision, therefore, is a wild form of impressionism.

Imaginative vision, that is vision determined by an intrigue of beauty and interest, has drawn as sparingly and grudgingly as this business vision on all that camera vision offers; letting in more with feelings of compunction for tampering with the old image, and yet with bursts of sudden enthusiasm for the new ranges of beauty and emotional attack opened up by the new inclusion. At each one of these points the misunderstander, the tedious 'realist,' or imitator, has been in wait to use

[1] I use the word that finally gathered up practice and doctrine. In France the word is more strictly applied to one landscape group (See Chapter IX.). In England popular and critical usage has given it the wider meaning.

the new matter stupidly; the modern version of him is only quantitatively more gross than the ancient and more numerous.

The painter's image furthest removed from natural completeness is the illuminator's, one of outlines filled in with a flat tint. Shadow and light are added to these in a few markings to explain form. The tints are assigned with a certain reference to 'local colour' in the stuffs and so forth, but more to preserving the utmost brilliance of the pigments. Not only is tone thus ignored, but the number of the tints is practically limited, after the manner that still persists in heraldry. There are seven colours, as on the walls of Ecbatana, referred to the 'seven' bands of the rainbow, to stones and metals, and mystically to the seven days of the week, to temperaments and virtues—finally to the seven notes of the musical scale. Something of this system persists through the whole history of decorative painting, the habit of bringing into each picture blocks of red, blue, yellow, green, purple, tawny and murrey.[1]

It would be an interesting study to trace the compromises between this system, and on the one hand the decorative sense of certain painters, leading them to omit one note, to multiply the hues of another; on the other hand the influence of naturalistic study in portrait and landscape leading to a closer matching of tints in flesh and atmospheric distance. Suffice it here to say that at the summit of Italian art, when the sculpturesque modelling, the architectural perspective and foreshortening, the aerial distance, of the Florentines and Umbrians had been taken into painting, the Venetians still maintained in principle for their great foreground compositions the system of a half-tone of local colour for the great body of an object, with an admixture of white for the lights, of a warm dark in the shadows.[2] As a white mixture cools colour as well as lightens its tone, this gives cool to warm gradation from light to shadow, a system that reverses or follows natural effect according as the light is from a warm source or is reflected from a cold surface like the blue sky. In Veronese this system is applied with magnificent breadth; the spaces of half tone are kept large and full of colour; the shadows are never black, but show a deeper tone of colour, and the lights are never so bright but that the prevailing local colour or colour of the thing in diffused light is felt throughout. When painting set out again from the point reached by the later, darker Titian and coruscation of Tintoret in the three great derivatives, Rubens, Velazquez, and Rembrandt, the concealed antagonism between naturalism and this system revealed itself. Rubens, the least troubled by

[1] The two last, tenné, or orange-yellow (jacynth), and mulberry colour (sardonyx), are not planetary, and make up the seven when black and white are not counted. It is curious to notice the persistence of tradition in Leonardo's list, blue, yellow, green, tan, red and mulberry.

[2] There are plenty of exceptions. On white substances the bluish shadow was observed. There is an odd departure in the dress of Titian's St. Catherine in the National Gallery (No. 635). The dress itself is of an unusual citron hue, and has positive blue shadows, rather tentatively painted. The unusual colour may have led to this particular bit of study, but also the desire to break the strong blue of the Virgin's robe into the other hue.

ANTON MAUVE

The Sand Cart

natural as against decorative logic of effect, read the shadows browner, dodged the strong blues, screwed up the light and the half tone, and did not mind if a brown-shadowed foreground broke off rather sharply from the high aerial blue he substituted for the deeper Venetian tone. Blue was the difficult point for the graver naturalists. The warm Venetian tone implied rather than declared a brown base, and bright blue was apt to interfere with this by challenging truth of effect too sharply. Velazquez used it sparingly and in reduced grey shades. Rembrandt, broadening his shadows, ruled it out, and wrought in degrees of a warm monochrome with local reds and yellows.[1]

In the landscape painting of the seventeenth century the disappearance of the polychrome dramatic tableau from the foreground left the artists free to pursue a more natural logic of colour, to bring the scene under a unity of lighting, to vary the key of light from cool to warm; aerial gradations of tone became more delicate, and misty envelopment and obscurity, with the sentiments that belong to them, gained a greater place in the art. But these excursions into natural effect remained relative to a grey or brown foundation; no painter inquired into the colour of shadows as persistently as he inquired into the colour of half tones and lights, or grasped the principle of the action of light so completely as to conceive of a blue key or envelope for a scene instead of a brown. Vermeer comes nearest to such a conception at this point, as Piero della Francesca and Perugino at an earlier.

In the first part of the nineteenth century the studies of English landscape painters in natural lighting were accompanied by the researches of science into the laws of light. First Turner and then Delacroix, the typical English and French painters of that time, who had developed their art on traditional lines, received the full impact of the new impulse, and the conceptions that so profoundly modified their art have made, modified, or wrecked the work of most of their successors, up to the final impotent assault upon the highest pitches of light made by the Pointillists.[2] Turner was a reader of Field's books on light and colours. He haunted one of the first photographer's shops to discuss the laws of light; he was acquainted with Goethe's theory, as the title of one of his pieces shows. His use of the growing science will be discussed later. Delacroix is said to have discovered for himself the laws of simultaneous contrast of colours published by Chevreul in 1838.[3] He certainly studied

[1] Correggio's use of blue was a stumbling-block to the school of Reynolds. The palette of Polygnotus, according to tradition, did not differ greatly from Rembrandt's. It consisted of black, white, red, and yellow. The nearest approach to blue to be got from this is a mixture of black and white; to green, of black and yellow.

[2] At the beginning of the century a painter like Thomson of Duddingston (see page 2) represents the contemporary ideas very exactly: a fine romantic composition, fat generalised forms, arbitrary lighting, and a reading of the tone of Old Masters into deep bituminous brownness. A correspondingly subaltern figure in the second half of the century, Anton Mauve (page 4), shows the aerial grey tonality and natural lighting of the school of Corot (page 6), and a satisfaction with the slightest occasion for enjoying them.

[3] The first lecture on the subject was ten years earlier.

Chevreul, and once was to have met him, but illness prevented it. Two painters in the school of landscape succeeding Delacroix and Corot, namely Claude Monet and Camille Pissarro, received from Turner in 1870 the impulsion and the clue to the rendering of high and vivid landscape illumination. They applied the law more strictly and narrowly, and the word 'impressionist,' which had been gathering its various meanings in scientific and artistic discussions, *e.g.* in Ruskin's chapter on Turner's composition, was first applied to them.

This new vision that had been growing up among the landscape painters simplifies as well as complicates the old. For purposes of analysis it sees the world as a mosaic of patches of colour, such and such a hue of such and such a tone of such and such a shape. The old vision had beaten out three separate acts—the determination of the edges and limits of things, the shading and modelling of the spaces in between with black and white, and the tinting of these spaces with their local colour. The new analysis looked first for colour and for a different colour in each patch of shade or light. The old painting followed the old vision by its three processes of drawing the contours, modelling the chiaroscuro in dead colour, and finally colouring this black and white preparation. The new analysis left the contours to be determined by the junction, more or less fused, of the colour patches, instead of rigidly defining them as they are known to be defined when seen near at hand, or felt. Its precepts were to recover the innocence of the eye, to forget the thing as an object with its shapes and colours as they are known to exist under other aspects, to follow the fact of vision, however surprising, recognize that contours are lost and found, that 'local colour' in light or shade becomes different not only in tone but also in *hue*. And painting tended to follow this new vision by substituting one process for three—the painter matched the hue and tone at once of each patch, and shaped a patch on the canvas of the corresponding shape: ceasing to think in lines except as the boundaries by which these patches limit one another.

But his power of recognizing and representing in due proportion the relation of all these patches in the mosaic is affected by his grasping their logic, just as at former moments in the history of painting the sciences of anatomy and perspective threw into their place a number of separate observations. So the science of light explains and relates these phenomena of colour, and the old fixed conception of 'local colour' is absorbed in the bigger conception of 'value.' Suppose an object covered on all sides with a uniform coat of green paint. That 'local colour' is only fixed for one side of the object in one position towards one kind of light. Change the strength or composition of the light, the distance of the object from the eye, or the angle at which it faces the light, and the green is a different green, or not green at all. We must conceive then of the world as a number of surfaces or planes on which a

JEAN-BAPTISTE-CAMILLE COROT

L'Etang

light, white or coloured, plays directly, or is reflected to them from the sky or from surrounding objects. If the surface is sufficiently polished it reflects to our eye the light as it receives it: if it absorbs almost all of it we get the sensation 'black.' In most cases some light is reflected from the surface; some penetrates more or less deeply, and of this certain rays are absorbed, others reflected. The group of rays reflected determines the colour of the surface. The mixture of these two sets, modified again by passing through the air from the surface to the eye, gives us the sensation of colour, of colour-and-tone that we call the 'value' of that surface.

To illustrate the wide difference between all this and rendering a scene in black-and-white light-and-shade, *plus* local colour, let us practically suppress local colour by choosing a scene in which the 'local colour' of the ground is white. Suppose that a fall of pure snow has covered a waste plain not absolutely level, but varied by mounds and depressions; that nothing but this sculptured snow surface, presenting a variety of planes to the sky, is visible to the horizon. Now observe, white local colour means a surface that reflects *white* light as white; snow is white under a white mid-day sun in a clear sky; if our light is not white, there will not be an inch of white on this 'white' surface. Let the light be the orange light of sunset, and the sky cloudless; then the surfaces of the snow that are turned towards the sun will be orange. The surfaces that turn away from the source of light will be lit, not directly, but by reflection from the part of the sky that they face. This reflected light becomes feebler the greater the distance in the arch of the sky from the sun, and also different in hue; it may be a shade of green, rose, violet, or blue; the colder, the further it is from the source of light. Each different angle and facet of the snow presents us with a different hue and a different tone, and the high reflecting power of the snow makes the difference of colour more striking than the difference of tone. Evidently, then, we cannot describe our scene in terms of a 'local colour,' with addition of white and black for light and shadow; the local colour is nowhere present, and instead of a negative black or brown shadow-colour, we have an infinite variation of positive tints. All this is resumed in modern parlance under the term 'value.' These lights and numberless degrees of half-tone and shadow on the snow are called different 'values.' Values of what? Values of the colour of snow under a white light, if we like to take our point of departure from the object lighted, but more conveniently values of the light.

Restore now the variegated substances of an ordinary landscape, absorbing and rejecting the rays differently, and the laws of light, less easily traced, are still operating to modify colour in shadow. Place objects so that not the sky but their surfaces reflect light into one another's shadows, and the effect is complicated, but follows the same law. Painters

like Wilkie have puzzled themselves by the general question, Are shadows warm or cold? Obviously there is no general answer to such a question. Given the case we have taken of the snow-landscape, the shadows become colder as they turn to colder spaces of the reflected sky. But a red surface may reflect scarlet into the shadow of a blue object. It is possible with a double source of light to have a double system of shadows, one warm and the other cold. Thus on a moonlit night the shadow of a lamp-post cast by the gas in the lamp is filled with the bluer light of the moon, and is therefore cold; but the shadow cast by the moon is filled with the orange light of the gas, and is therefore warm. Again, we could arrange a screen so that it should be illumined by firelight on one side, by daylight on the other, and that these lights should be equal in tone. In this case we may call either light the shadow of the other; they only differ in hue, not in tone. We get effects like this when the after-glow of sunset and the light of moonrise are equal in power.

There is another source of colour in shadows that must be allowed for, a special instance of a general law. Suppose, from a part of the surface of the snow turned away from the light, all reflected light were shut off as much as possible. The shadow would still not be black or grey; it would take on the complementary colour of the orange light. Thus all shadows under a warm light have a greenish, bluish, or violet tinge. This is the law (Leonardo had an inkling of it) that was laid down by Chevreul in his treatise, *De la loi du contraste simultané des couleurs.* He had been called in to advise as to the dyes used in the Gobelins manufactory. Certain blacks were complained of; they appeared to be brown. He proved, by covering up the adjacent colours, that the blacks were black enough; and that the effect was caused by the adjacent colour calling up its complementary. It followed from this that to get the impression *black* it is frequently necessary to paint, not black, but another hue, and that it is possible to make a grey surface appear greenish, rosy, or blue without using green, rose, or blue pigment. Also, that the maximum intensity of a hue is obtained by juxtaposing it with its complementary, principles already familiar to Oriental decorators. It may be added here that painters, becoming aware of this evocation of complementaries, have been apt to exaggerate, since the illusion of the complementary will appear on a grey tone. They have been inclined to double-dose the effect.

There is another source of variation in values still to be considered—what is called 'atmosphere.' The air, by the presence in it of innumerable fine suspended particles, becomes what is called an 'opalescent medium.' An opalescent medium transmits the yellow and red rays in a beam of light, but reflects the blue. That is why the rays of the sun, at sunrise and sunset, are orange or red: they pass in that position through a greater thickness of the particle-laden atmosphere. The rays we receive reflected from the other parts of the sky are reflected from

this atmosphere, and are therefore blue. Now, the greater the distance of an object from our eye the greater is the amount of this reflecting medium between us and it. The result is, that light coming to us from distant shadows is entirely overpowered by this blue-white reflected light, and we see those shadows bluer and higher in tone the more distant the object. In the case of distant hills the difference in tone between the strongest light and deepest shadow becomes very small. The same influence, of course, tells on the lights of the distant object; but, when they are strong, they neutralise the blue reflections by the warmth they acquire in transmission.

Such are the conditions of variation in a simple case.[1] It may seem superfluous to retail this science; but it is curious to observe that a very large number of professional critics, if they see a snow scene painted with an approach to natural effect (as Claude Monet, for example, paints), will fly to what they recollect of pointillist methods to explain the variety of tint, arguing that the object of the painter has been, by a mixture of tints, to produce *white*, whereas his object has been to represent a scene in which there is no white at all.

THE LIMITS OF LIGHT IN PAINTING

Having thus arrived at the conditions of the image as nature offers it to the eye, we have to ask how far it is possible for pigment and canvas to render them. There has been a good deal of confusion on this head. Critics, perhaps with a confused recollection of Ruskin's experiment in a remarkable analytic chapter, are apt to say summarily, It is impossible to render the natural range of colour and tone with our dull pigments. They are under the impression that the tones of the sky in particular are always beyond the powers of painting, and that the sky is necessarily the brightest part of a picture. Now, this is evidently not the case. If we stand with our back to the sun, so that its light is reflected from a bright object in the landscape, say a whitewashed cottage, the whole sky behind is lower in tone than the whitewash, even to the brightest clouds, and these clouds will be not only lower in tone as compared with the whitewash, but reddish in hue, because the light reflected from them passes through a greater space of air. Now, we can spread upon sunlit canvas a pigment as bright as the whitewash, or brighter, if the canvas is nearer the eye. In these circumstances the painter commands the whole range of tone in nature up to and beyond its highest pitch. There is one exception to be made. If the light is reflected from polished surfaces, such as water, wet or smooth leaves, glass or metal, he cannot match that glitter, because his canvas and pigment have not this degree of polish and variety of angle

[1] For a consideration of the complexities of the subject, see Rood's *Colour* in the International Scientific Series.

in their surface. This disability was the despair of Constable, his attempts to render the glitter looking like flakes of snow. Out of doors, in direct light, a varnished lump of pigment might approach the appearance of a glittering leaf, but indoors the effect would be changed. This range of effect apart, the difficulty out of doors would rather lie in matching the lowest ranges of tone, for example, a velvety black in shadow near the eye. Pigment and canvas in this case are too polished a surface, the blackest pigment reflecting a quantity of white light. I have taken an extreme case of illumination: evidently for an immense range of effect out of doors, or for portrait and interior work, the difficulty of matching the values of nature lies rather at the lower than the upper end of the scale.

It is a different matter if we turn towards the sun or any source of light. In this range of tone it is obvious that painting cannot positively match with Nature. Stained glass, through which light is transmitted, is the only means in art of matching at once the pitch of tone or the pitch of tone and intensity of hue combined, in a strong light directly received. To preserve the beauties of natural values in a scene that includes the sun or the strong light of a lamp, an artist must renounce positive values and have recourse to relative values.[1] The highest values of his pigments are already far below the highest values of his subject: he must, therefore, transpose the others correspondingly. But if he keeps the true relative distances he will quickly reach his lower limit, and be able to transpose no further, the lower ranges being swamped in black. He will be forced then to telescope his whole gamut, or certain parts of it. The casuistries of compromise have been dealt with by Ruskin in his ingenious chapter on Turner's methods. It should be added that if an effect that can be positively rendered in natural values is painted in full out-of-doors light, it becomes mechanically transposed when it is brought into a room, and the transposition will be a somewhat arbitrary one. Time will further affect the positive pitch of the values and their relation to one another.

TRUTH OF IMPRESSION

The science of linear perspective gives us the logic of the shapes of objects as we see them under different angles and at varying distances. But no artist who follows truth of impression abides strictly by scientific perspective. He humours our knowledge that the house at the end of the street is as tall as the house beside us, and gives a compromise between this knowledge and the line that a tracing of the visual fact would supply. We continually correct the retinal image in this way, and seem to see in accordance with this correction. Most people have discovered that if it is

[1] Fromentin, in his *Maîtres d'Autrefois*, confuses his general argument for transposition by employing the word *valeur*, 'value,' in the sense of relative, transposed value, or rather (for the sense is not perfectly clear) of relative *tone* touched with colour. He has been followed in this by some English writers.

desired to place a spot so that it shall appear to be in the centre of a space, it is necessary to place it higher than the centre[1]: the measured centre looks lower to the eye. So squares must be drawn as oblongs to look like squares, circles non-circular to look like circles, because of neighbouring forms, and perpendicular parallels must slope towards one another so as not to appear to spread outwards. In our seeing of nature we habitually make these corrections; but when we stiffen our sight to copying, and fix the retinal image by measuring on paper it looks wrong. Painters, therefore, habitually lengthen the legs of their figures, or they would look too short, and sculptors amplify the modelling of living forms because our imagination sees them more ample, with something of movement added, than the measured dead forms of the cast.

The science of light and values is a servant to truth of impression, like the other sciences. When we look at an object we know, we never see it quite innocently, as we should a collection of values not yet recognised for an object. When we recognise a group of values in the distance for a man we detach them more vigorously from the rest, and see them more clearly because of the recognition. In the schools of painting where the value-analysis has been most uncompromisingly taught, the student has yet been told to search out first the 'constructive planes,' and add the less important after. But this implies a judgment among the accidents of light based on our knowledge of the purpose and significance of the object. There is really a come-and-go between the old image of contour and anatomical modelling and the 'innocent' mosaic. Interested vision differs from the disinterested photographic notation of the values in the field.

This action of the eye and mind, of knowledge, interest, and attention, this choice of the most significant lines and values, and sacrifice of others, this picture-making we are engaged in as long as our eyes are open, has raised when transferred to painting, all these questions of 'finish,' 'faithfulness to detail,' and so forth, that are a part of the impressionistic debate. It has not been generally recognised that in the habitual, everyday action of the eye we are provided with an instrument that makes such reinforcements and sacrifices, and that painting parallels and extends that action. It is clear that the attempt to reproduce all the systems of planes, with their shapes and values, in a picture-field, is an infinite process, and doomed to failure. But the natural eye never attempts this. It habitually sweeps values together, blurs certain contours, and sharpens the definition of others.

The conflict between what we can make out by prolonged scrutiny and the treatment of objects with 'breadth,' so as to give their 'general truth,' is an old subject of painters' speculation. It has only become more

[1] In a pamphlet by Messrs. P. H. Emerson and T. F. Goodall, *Notes on Perspective Drawing and Vision* (1891), there is an attempt to explain some of these peculiarities of sight from the character of the eye-lens.

acute as convention kept up closer to the fact. Thus Sir Joshua Reynolds writes: 'When one examines with a critical eye the names of those painters whom we consider as patterns, we shall find that their great fame does not proceed from their works being more highly finished than those of other artists, or from a more minute attention to details, but from that enlarged comprehension *which sees the whole object at once*, and that energy of art which gives its characteristic effect by adequate expression.' But it may be objected, a sum in addition of details will give the total. 'No,' says Sir Joshua, 'The detail of particulars which does not assist the expression of the main characteristic, is worse than useless; it is mischievous, *as it dissipates the attention*, and withdraws it from the principal point. It may be remarked, that the impression which is left on our mind, even of things that are familiar to us, is seldom more than their general effect, beyond which we do not look in recognising such objects. . . . I do not mean to prescribe what degree of attention ought to be paid to the minute parts; this it is hard to settle. We are sure that it is expressing the general effect of the whole which can alone give to objects their true and touching character, and wherever this is observed, whatever else may be neglected, we acknowledge the hand of a master. We may even go further and observe that when the general effect only is presented to us by a skilful hand, it appears to express the object represented in a more lively manner than the minutest resemblance would do. . . . Excellence in any one of those parts of art will never be acquired by an artist unless he has *the habit of looking upon objects at large, and observing the effect which they have on the eye when it is dilated and employed upon the whole, without seeing any one of the parts distinctly.* It is by this that we obtain the ruling characteristic, and that we learn to imitate it by short and dexterous methods.'

It will be seen that in speaking of an 'impression' Reynolds was not thinking of the fugitiveness of impressions, which would appear to be what most people associate with the word, but of the degree of *impressiveness* allotted by a painter to different parts of his picture. He is thinking of totality of impression, not fleetingness; not of the whole being effaced, but of that sense of a whole which requires the sacrifice of some parts to the advantage of others. By impression he means a subject seen according to the painter's interest in it; by 'impressionism,' if he had used the word, he would have meant conveying this interest to canvas, in other words, *painting things in the order of attention.*

We are accustomed, in the case of the internal working of the mind, to the fact that it is never confronted by all its storehouse of facts at once. It is only in the irresponsibility of dreams that memory thrusts facts upon us with a meaningless equal importance. The waking mind holds certain facts in clear view; the rest are relegated to dim waiting-rooms and ante-chambers of consciousness, to be summoned thence with

more or less readiness when their turn arrives. The mind, when regarding the outer world through the eye, is less absolutely master; but the eye is at least provided with certain defences against a too promiscuous assault, a physical means of calling up one claimant and thrusting another back.

Its means are twofold. Within the chosen field there is a selecter spot, a part of the retina more sensitive than the rest. Within this spot definitions become clearer, outside of it they are blurred. Tones are lower, colours less intense, and the lines in which these limit one another are less sharply determined in the outer circle.

But the impression which falls upon the spot of clear vision, while confined laterally, includes all the visible depth of space from the eye outwards. The eye, therefore, has a second protective and selective apparatus, lest it should see too much at a time. It adjusts itself to one distance only, at the sacrifice of all the rest. The lens of the eye is a mechanism that allows it to attend to things only in this way. If then A, B, C, D are objects one behind another in space, and the eye fastens upon A, the more distant B, C, D fall out of focus; if on D, the nearer objects fall out; if on C, the nearer A and B fall out and the farther D. This attention by focus, like the previous attention, means sharper definition; 'out of focus' means blurred definition.

Here a misconception must be guarded against. The eye, in constituting its subject, does not remain absolutely still, so as to limit its interest to the physical shape of the spot of clear vision, nor does it keep with absolute strictness to one focus. If this were so, pictures would take the shape and character of the field of view, an oval with one clear spot, going off into a muzzy penumbra. Very near objects out of focus would be not only dim, but double, and so forth. The mind employs this optical machinery freely, like a turnstile whose keeper has instructions whom to admit. Yet most painters would allow from their own experience how often they have wrecked and defeated the instinctive action of this turnstile, through forgetting, in the process of rendering exactly, what their impression had originally been. Thus a man's eye has centred itself on the middle distance, and certain nearer forms have fallen out of focus and become blurred. This may be an essential part of the effect that invited him, but when the time comes to render those forms he sedulously brings them in turn into sharp focus, treating them as the central interest, and is puzzled because his picture has disappeared. His instinctive apprehension of the whole has been upset because, in process of painting, this whole must be rendered by a succession of acts that divert his attention from it. So, too, he may over-define the outlying forms, this side and the other of his main subject. The result is something that the eye could never see without changing its interest many times; the picture contains many focuses and many centres of attention. A little true logic is needed here to

correct a false logic and restore instinct. By barely perceptible changes of definition the eye can be tempted to slip over unimportant details, to shape its attention to wholes, to take sharply the telling points.

These two adjustments of the eye are rough physical means to aid the attention; attention itself is governed by interest. Consider now with what freedom our interest accepts and refuses what is offered to it in a view. Take the case of looking at a book-stall. The whole book-stall, in a sense, is within our view—that is to say, a space spotted with different shapes, tones, and colours of books, magazines, and newspapers. But if we are looking out for a particular paper we hold our eye back from examining the colours and shapes of the books and magazines—all that falls away into a vaguely apprehended patch-work; the eye flits over it, not permitted to focus itself on titles or illustrations, till the white patch of newspapers jumps into view. Or we look out for a magazine of a colour and size we know, and discourage all other colours; or we do not know the size and colour of the book we want, and must repress all sensations of that sort, and scrutinise the books by their titles. To put it generally, the shape we are interested in sets up a discrimination in shapes that determines the pattern of form under which we view the field: the tone that predominates in our view determines the tone-pattern; thus, if we fix a bright sky, the landscape falls together, with its tones swamped in a dark mass; if we fix the landscape, the tones come out from this retreat, and the sky falls back: finally, if we fix a particular colour, the colour of every other part is affected.

The attitude of the mind then, whether by *parti pris* in looking for something, or by accidental arrest, alters enormously the relations in which things are seen, whether of shape, tone or colour. Not only is this true in real life, but it is difficult to construct any theory or method of painting that does not take it into account. In real life, when we direct other people's attention to things, we say 'Look at so-and-so,' and we mean 'Drop the rest into vagueness and attend to this particular object.' The representing of things in paint springs from the same impulse; the means of emphasis at the painter's command are much less forcible and explicit, yet by the theory of certain painters and critics one would suppose that the first duty of painting was to go dead against all the elaborate selecting and subordinating efforts of the eye. At the bottom of all such theories is the idea of an obligation to substitute every possible interest in a scene for the present particular interest. The pre-Raphaelite, if one may use the word for ideas which have nothing in common with Rossetti's practice, would appear to think it possible to put into a picture say of a church, all that could be noticed by the architect, by the worshipper, by the dreamer, and by a person looking about the floor for pins.

We are now in a position to state exactly what is physically meant when painters and critics speak about 'seeing broadly' or treating objects with 'breadth.' Otherwise, it is described as 'generalising,' a word whose philosophical history and connections may lead others, as it led Reynolds, to curiously false accounts of what actually happens. What these words and others point to is the kind of vision we have of an object when we regard it with our eyes focussed to a point beyond it. *An object is seen broadly when thrown out of focus.* This is what Reynolds means when he speaks of the dilated eye being employed upon the field. In the studios the maxim most frequently is to 'look at the model with half-closed eyes,' the result being to veil it with the eyelashes, as if it were looked at through a film or a curtain of gauze. A like effect may be produced by reflection in a dark, a dusty, or a steamed mirror. But the process by which a painter arrives at the exact tightness or laxity of definition he desires, is most typically conducted either by the eye roving over the whole after being fastened on a part, or by fixing itself on the whole with a focus set to a more distant point. People, no doubt, vary a good deal in their use, whether fully conscious or not, of the latter device; to some it is a habit into which the eye naturally falls in any fit of mental abstraction or visual reverie. The mirror and such-like devices, outside the eye itself, broaden everything equally and mechanically. The eye, constantly tightening and relaxing as the process of determining and composing the picture goes on, treats different parts with an infinite gradation, not mechanical but significant.

Having thus described the process, we have next to inquire what exactly is the effect, for we have hitherto used words that might lead to misunderstanding. It might be supposed that impressionism consisted simply in blurring a system of clear outlines, and that an impressionistic painting was merely the smudging of a painting made on the ancient system. This would make impressionism a very easy affair. But nothing could be less true. Supposing a human body reflected in a mirror and afterwards reflected in the same mirror obscured by steam—what happens? The whole is simplified and 'broadened,' but not by becoming more shapeless. A number of minor shapes has dropped out, and those that remain are more softly fused at their margin, but the new shapes require a drawing just as exact as the old. The body will appear as a simpler shape, less cut up in form, colour, and tone, but with a place, boundaries, and gradations calling for notation as exact as before.

I have spoken as if in the moulding from a scene of the reverie-image by which a picture comes into being, this adjusting of delicate veil and sharp developer, the eye were only influenced by the search for what is significant, the constituting of the objects as objects in their

relative importance. But these adjustments are also guided by the designing sense, sorting rhythms out of the tangle of lines and flattening values into decorative spaces. I have dealt with the sacrifice of one part to another in an actually present field of vision. Ruskin carries the process to a higher power when he describes how the 'impression on the mind' produced by that present scene may imply the sum of a series behind it, and require an amplification of forms to match this accumulation. Delacroix was constantly occupied with the question of sacrifice, emphasis, wilful disproportion and brutal abstract by which truths of excited vision might be conveyed. Vibrating touch and nervous handling have been called in to quicken the obstinate still life of painting, and to convey the fever of a painter's mind. I shall not analyse at length here the various devices for rendering the impression of movement; solution and hurry of line, gesture added to form, direction given to touch, or the devices for rendering suddenness and transiency of effect by sketch shorthand. These devices also have been employed by impressionism, as in every period when the art, so quiet at its most violent, has been pressed for the full range of its suggestive and expressive power.

Before attacking the next chapter, let me indicate, in the words of a very typical painter of the century, the sentiment that governed the inclusion of neglected elements of reality, this giving to the object its full integument of light and air. *Pudor* was mixed in it, a surmise that tyrannic convention might have cast out on the cinder-heap the finest gold. J. F. Millet, speaking of the falsity of studio versions of the open-air, says, 'It is a proof that these artists were not very full of emotion, nor very profoundly moved, or they could not have been contented with so little. For since the immaterial cannot be expressed but with the true observation of objects in their completest verity of aspect, this physical falsity (*mensonge physique*) annihilated all. There is no isolated truth.'

II.

The Imagination of the Century

THE truest history of man would be a history of his imagination; and in that history, out of dead flats, out of confusion, truces and alliances of thought, three supreme attitudes emerge, three figures of the part man has cast for himself in a drama with the powers of the world. The first is that of the king and master in a world made for his use; if not a god, he is on the gods' side and of their kin; he mirrors the perfection of their form, the happiness of their activities, the majesty of their calm and self-possession. The second is that of a rebel against the Powers, as proud as themselves, the Titan wounded but unconquerable, a spirit of passion, burden and strife, hero of every extreme in generous or ugly energy, from the redeemer's mutiny of a Prometheus to the tempter's malevolence of the Devil. The third is that of the mystic, and is all humility and meekness. Against the evil Powers he does not strive, but is a fugitive, a pilgrim, a martyr, a saint, a cloistered visionary. The pomp and dominion of the present world is a vanity to him; furious energy of retaliation against suffering a trifling folly, because in his vast contempt and renunciation of this and of all life or his beatific vision of another, things visible or attainable, present or to come, the height and the depth and any other creature, dwindle to nothingness, and the least is equal to the greatest.

As it is possessed, in low or high degree, by one or another of these spirits, the Poetry of each time is with the Powers, is against them, or obstinately withdrawn from them in retreat. In every age the three tempers are represented at one pitch or another of exaltation, of traditional routine, of fossil survival; solitary imaginations strive by their own force against the stream; but the servants of one ideal only work in the warm, favouring air of the time's poetry, the others must labour against chill and clog.

When we think of these different imaginations as stamped in art, we are accustomed to call the first Greek or Classic, because in the Periclean period of Greek sculpture the most serene and majestic images of humanity

were wrought, and have remained a pledge and despair for feebler returns of the same spirit. But within Greek imagination itself the 'classic' and 'romantic' tempers were at work: the Titans as well as the gods left their mark on sculpture, and were in mutiny all through the drama. Romance shares the epics, mystery the religion of the Greeks, and their painting, if we are to believe tradition, showed examples of every attitude, subject, and manner that has reappeared in our own. It may be well, then, for once in a way, to shift from the familiar 'classic' and 'romantic,' that are apt to cover too much and too little, suggesting, as they do, single points in history, and to use for both sides names from the Greek myth. On one side are the Olympians, an aristocracy of types filtered out of all that was savage, dark, unreasonable and grotesque; on the other, all violent and passionate and demon forces, wreckers of the smooth polity and equal mind. The first ideal passed on, less rich and divine, more baldly political, to the Roman Empire, and revived in the tyrannies and aristocracies of the Renaissance, with wrappings of classic or Christian legend. Donatello set up the proud conqueror in art again, an equal of the ancients; he and his poetry departed when Velazquez and Vandyck painted the doomed heads of the last princes.

Michael Angelo is the chief of them that handle the Titans. His 'Judgment,' that should have been the release of spirits from prison, looks rather like an insurrection of all the dead. This, with the intolerable burden of his slaves, the tormented sleep and reluctant waking of his sleepers, 'called by strong charms out of eternal night,' has hung, a perpetual trouble and rallying-point for the imagination of succeeding times, dumbfounding, exciting or perverting travellers from more peaceable climes and minds of meaner agitation. The North had brought forth its grotesques, gross and furtive imps, its grinning cut-throat, Death: here was a grandeur that challenged the gods, but charged with moody passion and solitary brooding pride. Raphael, the Olympian, passed by 'like a king' with his assistants; Michael Angelo went alone, 'like the executioner.'

The mystic attitude is not of calm control or angry revolt and self-assertion, it is a loss, a surrender of self in ecstatic contemplation, looking through the thing to something beyond it. Since things are signs of more than themselves to the mystic, he is often content with a symbol, the sign of a sign, and he employs artists, who live by immediate sensuous charm, with something of cross-purpose and paradox. The paradox flowered in the art of Christian legend, exalting the weak things of the world against the mighty, depicting the birth to a humble Virgin of God as a little child within the walls of the tyrant, the homage about his cradle of wise old men, the meekness of his sacrifice and crucifixion, the histories of pity, mercy, and martyrdom added to the store. Between ascetic and artist was struck out in Gothic sculpture and painting a type of gentleness,

gaiety, peaceful intensity; and the mind to which a flower, being a sign, was as important as a king, had its own impulses to the study of minute unregarded beauties in nature, to the cultivation of realism as a form of reverence. Christian art is not a pure mystic strain, for the Church, as it changed its colour and became a sovereign power, brought back the whole world into painting. Under this direction all artists were used and part hypnotised: natures human, cruel, energetic, merely rowdy, were employed on the wide field of Bible and saintly legend. Yet adoration and compunction were the root; an impulse withdrawing from the 'grand art' of the Olympians and Titans to themes of humility and pity, the suffering and inward joys of the poor of spirit, the awe and secret of what is small and despised.

What was the fortune of these three impulses in the nineteenth century; was poetry in power, in opposition, or in retreat? The time was evidently unfavourable to the Olympian strain. The god-like pretension sounded hollow: kings were to assimilate themselves, by painful self-protecting mimicry, to a universal middle class. The dream of the aristocratic master-type froze in the shame-stricken air, and was banished to the academies, to be nursed in their hospitals; community of idea and public art lived only in reflections from antiquity under the limit of a greatest common measure, so that 'official' rather than 'grand' art seems the word to mark the pitch. Only at one moment, at the very beginning of the century, did the idea of a high perfect present exist or take any life, and it was philosophy rather than poetry that gave it faith rather than blood. In the following chapter of this book that moment will be dealt with, in a later chapter the foothold of life this spirit made for itself by concessions to another. Now and then a strong talent, like that of the English Stevens, expressed the poetry of serene domination, as if unconscious of his century.

Blood and tide ran quicker in the Titans. A storm of imaginative energy, passion, and despite raged in the first half of the century, taking heroic form or dropping from that to the levels of satire and scornful caricature. The chain of genius thus inspired (Goya, Géricault, Delacroix, Daumier) is linked together in chapter four and taken up again in chapter six with Rodin, who expresses this defiant or desperate energy in a degree that lifts him out of his time, and with Millet, who submitted, like the Olympians, to another spirit.

The spirit that allied itself in the middle of the century with both these lines was the baffled mysticism that found a language in the vague of landscape art. Religious feeling had its revivals; but first-rate poetic imagination remained shy, dubious or recalcitrant; the German pre-Raphaelite movement, the revival of Christian art, and its reverberations in France and England, touched only second-rate minds. In England Ruskin and Rossetti show us how the century worked in deviation on men of true

religious genius. But the characteristic attitude is of wistful, brooding reverie, not certain of any divine vision, seeking an *escape* for thought. The 'classic' and the 'romantic' as well as the mystic enjoyed this refuge, since they could not people their scene with conviction; nature, serene or stormy, gave them the theatre and forces, in default of the actors for their mood.

To such vague speculation the painter's new vision corresponded, remade to tell of things distant, misty and obscure in their natural speech. The screen of vapour, secret of shadow, alembic of light, the delicate blurring, loss and transmutation of the image spoke to the mind of mystery and evasion. As moderns, we are in love with the background. The old dramatic art was the art of a clear explicit foreground. If the powers of the background were brought in they had to come to the footlights with their motives advertised upon their face. How different it is now even in literature, an art that really has the power, which painting has not, of being explicit as to character and significance. The eye in modern literature is constantly on the background. The writer in whom these tendencies are caricatured writes with a painter's eye, confuses two arts and fills in a background of landscape instead of his background of the mind. Nor is he ever pleased with his effect, however many adjectives he may have used, till he has wrapped them all up in a word like 'dim' or 'strange' to warrant the parcel. Drama its very self hankers after a dissolution into mystery. Shakespeare would occasionally knock the back out of the stage with a window opening on the 'cloud-capped towers,' the environing sleep and stuff of dreams. Maeterlinck sets up figures in the foreground only to launch us into that limbus. The supers jabbering on the scene are there, children of presentiment and fear, to make us aware of the presence of a third, the mysterious one, whose name is not upon the bills. They come on to warn us, by the nervous check and hurry of their gossip, of the approach of that background power. Omen after omen announces him, the talk starts and drops at his approach, a door shuts, and the thrill of his passage is the play. That is an extreme example from literature, but it marks the track. The track so well beaten in literature has been shut in the intelligence of many people against painting; they read their Coleridge with delight, but have a suspicion of the painter when he works in the same vein of poetry, when he gives them the romance and mystery of vision, of things half discovered, half engaged in mist, shadow, or light.

Landscape, then, offered to the modern imagination a scene empty of definite actors, superhuman or human, a scene both ancient and modern, that yielded to reverie without challenge all that is in a mood without a creed, treasure or ambush of the dark, threat of ominous glooms, the relenting and tender return or overwhelming outburst of light, the pageantry of clouds above a world turned quaker, the monstrous

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The Brown Boy

weeds of trees outside the town, the sea that is obstinately epic still. Minds, the most strictly bound in their acts by civil life, in their fancy by the shrivelled look of destiny under scientific speculation, felt on solitary hill or shore those tides of the blood stir again that are ruled by the sun and moon, and travelled as if to a tryst where an apparition might take form. Poets ordained themselves to this vigil, haunters of a desert church, prompters of an elemental theatre, listeners in solitary places for intimations from a spirit in hiding; and painters followed the impulse of Wordsworth.

Painting might have played a greater part than it did for the vague imagination, had not the century seen the full development of an art that could express abstract, unlocalised, unpersonified feelings more completely—the art of music. In tone and rhythm music has a notation for every kind and degree of action and passion, presenting abstract moulds of its excitement, fluctuation, suspense, crisis, appeasement, and all this *anonymously* without place, actors, circumstances named or described, without a word spoken. Poetry has to supply definite thought, arguments driving at a conclusion, ideas mortgaged to this or that creed or system, and to give force to these can command only a few rhythms limited by the duration of a human breath and the pitch of an octave. The little effects worked out in this small compass music sweeps up and builds into vast fabrics of emotion with a dissolute freedom undreamed of in any other art. All that has been beaten out in the rhythms of battle she takes up and gives with a sonority, with an audible shock and wrestle, with a thunder of catastrophe more instant to the sense, and need never tell for what the fighters contended. The cadences of all love songs, the pulse of passion that poetry expresses by approach and roundabout, are taken up and carried to voluptuous climax beyond not only the daring but the capacity of words or picture. All that has been moulded of sacred and solemn in the chants and prayers of devotion remains to urge supplications more ardent, yearning more limitless, devotion more supreme to a god unknown. An art that came out of the old world two centuries ago with a few chants, love songs and dances, that a century ago was still tied to the words of a mass or an opera, or threading little dance movements together in a 'suite,' became, in the last century, this extraordinary debauch, in which the man who has never seen a battle, loved a woman, or worshipped a god may not only ideally but through the response of his nerves and pulses to immediate rhythmical attack, enjoy the ghosts of struggle, rapture, and exaltation with a volume and intricacy, an anguish, a triumph, an irresponsibility unheard of. An amplified pattern of action and emotion is given; each man may fit to it the images he will.

Is it wonderful that while this art has been growing, offering structures of design beside which the most famous temples are puny, the gesture and voice of superhuman passions, webs of reverie that

unfold the mood of a picture and change it—is it a wonder that the paler, clumsier, more embarrassed arts of architecture, drama, painting, should have shrunk or stagnated? It is not without significance that poets, possessing, as they must, the sense of rhythm, are frequently deaf to melody and harmony and therefore to music; that Germany, the country of modern music, has never produced a landscape painter, and that England and France, the countries of landscape painting, had, in the last century, so few musical composers. Coleridge, imitated by Poe, attempted to compose in words those impossible dream-structures of emotion, plots that had no beginning or end he could tell, chains of terror, delight, compassion and awe. De Quincey attempted in his Dream Fugues to build theme-designs of impulse and emotion, with an indeterminate, changing application, as in music; the majority of our poets have been landscape painters.

But not all landscape, nor even a great deal of landscape, is of this strongly emotional kind. The greater part of it corresponds to the feelings, not of the dreamer or mystic, but of holiday man walking out into the woods and the fields, happy to see green things, the light and the clouds; to affection for familiar scenes, to the curiosity and memories of the traveller. I have enumerated the three master moods that besiege imagination. Painting is caught away by them as a bystander may be pressed into service for a procession, a battle, a fire. It may be reasonably argued that for many of the subjects of poetry, painting is not a ready or natural agent. How is an art to convey narrative and the 'argument' of narrative that has no verb among its means of expression, no conjunction that is not ambiguous, that must present all its facts simultaneously instead of in a definite order, and that can give only one moment of an action? These disabilities leave painting not an independent story-teller, but an illustrator of moments in otherwise known myths and histories. The commentaries that accumulated round Hogarth's dramatic inventions prove how little ingenuity can do in tableau painting without a text.

Painting is naturally an art of still-life. Still-life includes the Olympian art, divinely perfect figures in repose or still, statuesque movement; and the ecstatic art. Beneath this, at less exalted pitches of imagination, rank portrait, scenes in which ordinary humanity appears, landscape, and what is specially called 'still-life,' and it is at these pitches that the great volume of *conversation* as opposed to ode, hymn and oration by painting takes place. Academic professors will barely tolerate that painting should have a conversational tone, requiring that it should always mount to high solemn rhythms. They do not recognise that the speaker, the hour, the place, and the company, determine how subjects may be approached, that the style of verse or set oration is not the only style, and even excludes a great deal in life that is moving,

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LADY WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY

beautiful and dear. Art itself requires for the handling of such matter a familiar speech, and welcomes voices exquisitely apt in that but incapable of rhetoric. The academic incitement to all artists to paint 'noble' subjects might be reasonable if the imagination of all painters worked at greatest heat at the highest pitch. The test by which we finally judge paintings is intensity, exquisiteness and fitness of vision at the chosen pitch, not the abstract order of subject. Artists freeze, melt, boil, volatilize at very different points in the normal thermometer-scale of imagination; one is fervent where another is ice or gas: the golden rule of subject is that a man should paint his own. Delacroix will paint nothing if he may only paint still-life. Chardin will paint nothing if he must only paint man in a passion or a rapture. Who is the greater painter, Louis David in the temple or Chardin in the kitchen? When we walk through the National Gallery, to whatever pitch of enthusiasm or disillusionment of mood we may have been wrought among ambitious works, there are few days when we do not pause in perfect content before No. 1258. Of the four things required for happiness by the Persian, only two are here, the loaf of bread and the jug of wine, for the scrap of print looks more like a fragment of newspaper than a book of verses, and nothing that 'thou' stands for is hinted at. Significance is here at its lowest terms, the play of the eye with the given things, a loaf and a bottle, the making of a beautiful image out of them and paint; but the universe of firm and delicate shaping, of colour magic, of the clean eye and tender hand, so responds to this modest touch upon its keys, that the whole world becomes rich and grateful as we look, a divinity is revealed in the breaking of bread.

We look to the Dutch painting of the seventeenth century as the school in which this contentment and pleasure of vision was most generally pursued without raising of previous questions, stress of speculation, the sting of what is high, remote, or passionate. Gods, devils, plays, heroes, books fall away out of sight, and a bourgeois people finds in its own portrait, indoor and outdoor scenes, landscape and still-life; material to study with intent pleasure. To this spirit art, teased by museums, by ambitions, also perhaps by social ferment and snobbery, has never crystallised again. A strong graft of it appeared in Wilkie, weaker in some of his English contemporaries. A foreign tour snuffed out the flame in Wilkie, and the art revived spasmodically and precariously in Millais and his followers. But after the rigours and storms of the early century there was an interval abroad when the exquisite satisfaction of the eye that had been growing up again, away from the fight, in the landscape line, returned into human painting in the works of Courbet, Manet, Whistler, the Belgian Stevens.

At this moment, in the lull between the storm of romantic poetry and

the stress of scientific inquisition, paint came by its rights again, claimed a share in determining subject, refused to be strained and worried to cover all that to the mind is interesting in visible things; required that no more should be asked of it than it could exquisitely give. This sacrifice of range to an unstrained beautiful quality is familiarly allowed in other arts, but often questioned and over-ridden in painting. It is not expected of true musical instruments that they shall cover the whole scale of musical sound: the violin, the horn, the bassoon are not complete keyboards of sound; they are limited to the notes and the quality of note that they can best, that they can alone, make exquisite: if we attempt to get all music from one instrument the result is the piano, with its compromises and poverty of essential tone. Painting, under busy intellectual stress or naturalistic pursuit, is made the piano of all nature, but each form of the graphic arts, be it oil pigment laid on a canvas with brushes, or another, has its own limited best notes, is not a register that gives indifferently well all visible appearances. In the painting of the sixties—the painting of Courbet, Whistler, and Manet—there revived a delicate kindness for the material, for the 'spirit of sense' in it, for the easy, unforced flowering of its own nature. The painting of nature is not always compatible with the nature of paint, and the 'sense of nature' depends as much upon humouring the nature of the paint as upon pressing the nature of the thing; upon freshness, limpid ease, untired response.

But untroubled, untempted, delighted picturing was a state of grace not easily preserved in the nineteenth century, and was warped, quickened, or depressed by the attraction of a new imaginative attitude that must be counted beside the old with an increasing force as the century went on. To describe it we must use the nickname Realism, with all its disturbing associations, and the artists spoken of are already in one degree or another under its spell. It is unlikely that any Dutch seventeenth century painter thought of himself as a 'realist' with any sense of protest or theoretical limiting of art. But the thinking part of Courbet—a machine, it must be said, that worked with much clanking and crowing—was heavily aware of a new touchstone limiting what he and his fellows could lustily or even honestly do in art. They expressed it in terms that the general theorist can riddle with criticism, forgetting that the prisons of imagination are made without logical walls. When the painters said, We must paint only what we have seen; we have not seen goddesses, nor even the men of other times, therefore we must not paint them, they said something whose logic would rule out most of the painters of other times and many of their own; translated into instinct and feeling it means, We cannot lend enough belief or fervour of fancy to gods, enough interest to the pretension of other times, to care to figure them; but we do feel an eager spur to painting from what is new in vision itself, a beauty only to be won from the thing present to the eye; from the new, unpainted, neglected world of our time, and especially from its reality stripped of pretension, reality off parade, off

GEORGE MORLAND.

GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER.

its guard, seen not under romantic illusion from within, but by the critical eye from without, as of an observer from another planet. This disenchanted-enchanted state, this trying to catch elusive life in undress, or to measure the dressing up, this presenting of humanity without grimace (as if one could catch the look of faces in the dark), or presenting the grimace regarded critically, is an aim as engrossing as to abet the pretension, to add to person or thing its complement of love, pride, desire, vanity, faith, or scorn. This attitude of disillusioned, but intensely curious scrutiny, without the *parti pris* of disfiguring satire, was doubtless no novelty; flashes of it had come to figures in the proudest posture, on the most elaborate pedestals. An emperor, relieved at his post, relaxing his pose, was credited with one, the *vague little, fond little bit of a soul*; and *Ecclesiastes* is ancient literature. But in the nineteenth century the ironic flashes became sober daylight. Science professed to have accurately assigned to Man his 'Place in Nature.' Consider then from what an intellectual crisis the reflection fell upon art, with what chills and sobering illuminations! Man was held up as no longer the image, the enemy, or the servant of a God; his titles to a separate origin and sovereignty of race were denounced as forgeries; he was declared one in a chain of creatures, survivor and destroyer of dynasties more splendid and royal in their form than his own, heir to a squalid jest in the series; peculiar, indeed, in the range of his contrivance, speculation, and illusion; but peculiar also in the devastation, ugliness, and misery by which the difficult balance of his security is maintained, and the fabric of his ideals and virtues, for a few, established. On this fabric he turned his eye to question its basis, to explore at close quarters the colour and texture of common life, what in it heroic theories had refused to see, and mystical theory had forgiven, the mixture of energy and lethargy, presence and absence of spirit, all that art had thrown on the dust heap of dead-alive, frustrate, disgraced, and dispirited.

It was in prose fiction that this imaginative review, as of accountants in bankruptcy, was pursued with most patience and rich gift. It is no easy thing to strip away the histrionic and rhetorical habit in art. Consider, for example, how the dialogue of the theatre has persisted even in the novel; how that continues the tradition of human beings who are always at their brightest for conversation, and of a life in which decision is determined by a duel of wit, the force of a repartee. In the convention of drama a character once convicted of error in argument is thereby a changed man. Compare with this the nearer conception of dialogue in the finer realists like J. H. Rosny, that operation of the presence of two beings one upon another by paralysis and suggestion as well as hesitating speech, a total process in which dialogue is but one fallacious thread. No artist is without bias, and very different tempers reacted to this new test, this general sense of being put upon honour not to go beyond visible truth. The optical instrument of a Zola, fiercely applied to fact, saw the fact, be it love, money, a mine, or a steam engine, steadily swell into a monster

and an ogre. Others, put upon oath, sought for the paradox of beauty, of strangeness, of the improbable in the real. The savage were perhaps more numerous than the grave and patient delineators, the Tourgenevs. In painting, the look of the world, the tangled, the slippery, the involuntary parts, reality off guard, the vague, bland life of mortals, was not so thoroughly and closely explored as by writers. But the ironic drawing of Degas and the cruel school that sprang from him is one interpretation of the consign. Others have given us the town, our hive, our coral reef, as it might flash on the eye of another species; others have replaced the traditional dramatic eagerness in scenes of action by varieties of preoccupation, as of persons variously absent instead of present; others yet, discarding the sugars of colour, the poultices of form, that pretended romance, have turned a pallid light upon worn, dejected heads, not of fable. Such was the keen, difficult air, with possibilities of nervous and poignant revelation, when art took the eyes of science.

This lending of the imagination to scrupulous science had one culmination in French landscape, in the splendid fever of Claude Monet and his followers. They limited painting to what could be noted on the spot of a twenty minutes' illumination, and reduced the thing to the rude shorthand that would make this approximately possible. Thus the last quarter of the century saw the pursuit of aspect that had zigzagged between England and France arrive in France at a specialised climax, and reach its term. In England the naturalistic line had not been so feverishly exhausted, but alongside of this school there were efforts to try back for a fresh start. Discontent declared itself against the modern congestion of art in things of exhibition and performance, separated out from life. Man, and especially English man, in the nineteenth century, had become in his own activities and surroundings a very artless creature. He could collect the superb or delicate shells of his life from other times, but made no shell of his own beyond bare business needs. He lived and worked in 'metaphysical-looking towns,' he dressed like a mute, made sport a business, cut down gesture, and avoided conversation for books. The art of life, that the savage even possesses, with its dance, song, poetic speech still in social use, had dropped to its barest terms, each of the arts having set up as a solitary pursuit. The ritual of life had been separated away into worship, and was often banished from that, dancing elaborated into the ballet, singing into opera and symphony, poetry into complex prose that must be read silently, the decoration of walls and furniture into pictures unattached to, undetermined by the house they hung in. To the reading of the books, the performance of the music, the exhibition of the pictures, a man went out of his own world into a sharply separated other world, like an absorbed opium smoker, an expressionless listener and spectator in a crowd of solitaries.

The ideas that uttered themselves in William Morris, coming in the

SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.

Dr. Cleghorn

wake of Ruskin and Rossetti, grudged this congestion of art and the highly specialised performance of the professional, and, looking to the example of mediaeval times, supposed possible an art that should be a general language and a work of associated instead of single labour. Ardent theorists even maintained that by suppressing the single designer and leaving the craftsman face to face with his material and free to 'express himself,' a state of things comparable to the mediaeval might be revived. There was something of illusion here. It is possible to train a large proportion of a society to a high executive level in the arts, more particularly the social arts, music, dancing, and so forth, where executive help is necessary; but the creative power of invention is rare. When we find among a people any general practice of an art of design, it is the *débris* of a tradition, with genius behind it. The association that has produced great art has been the hypnotism of a group by a commanding intellect. Genius played its part in the Middle Ages, though it is anonymous to us and disguised under the name of 'craftsman'; and the influence that associated one artistic genius with another was the influence of a profounder genius, a religious.

Morris discovered, as Ruskin had discovered, how much more was involved in his ideal than a change of taste, namely, a social revolution. To change the fashion of ornament must have seemed to Morris himself like altering the symptoms by way of curing a disease. It would be interesting to speculate on the social necessities that may break down something of the fierce individualism of the English middle class, affecting architecture and the social arts. To poetise that life, its imagery and its ornament, in the sense of Ruskin and Rossetti, would demand nothing less than a religious movement, comparable to the Christian, that could impose on commercial and warlike communities the faith of meek recluses, shunning labour, gain and love.

Morris—with his learning and love of craftsmanship, his comrade sympathy, his gift of romance-improvising and repeated pattern-spinning—did not see the grotesque side of his movement, that proposed to decorate the world in an art stolen from a woman's bower, and to teach the British workman the accents and pose of moody love-sickness. Yet extravagant as the application was, and terrible as the ensuing influenza of ornament and stereotype of poetry that has swept Europe, the movement was a stirring of one of the perpetually recurrent forces. The century that began with a Republic, coloured imaginatively by Olympian art, ended with the dream of a community that demanded a rebirth of mystical faith.

In a full history of a time's imagination account would be taken of that lesser line which sometimes coincides with the main track, sometimes loops away from it in fantastic epicycles, the course of fashion; and this secondary history would find its main illustration in the steady professional

part of painting, portraiture, analysing the changing pose and pretension of the man, the successive bird-bodies of the woman, the confection of herself, of clothes, of sentiment she makes up for seduction. Nothing of the sort can be attempted here, but mention must be made of the fortunes of the English eighteenth century tradition when it overlapped into the social disarray of the nineteenth. A climax of fashionableness was at odds with a growing naturalism in it; photography did much to kill the trade of 'face painter,' and the portrait work of account in the later part of the century cast back to other roots.[1]

The rich humanity of Reynolds and Gainsborough thinned out in this painting as fashion came uppermost. Their portraiture had its strong social stamp; indeed the sense of the social being in the portrait had steadily grown. With Bellini, even with Holbein, the portrait is as of a man in church; it keeps the grave earnestness of the praying donor's face. Titian's portrait was princely-human, Vandyck's less poetical, more consciously elegant of the Court. The subjects of Reynolds and Gainsborough, still of a seigneurial caste and breeding, have more of social ease and play; they have come out of the presence-chamber into the drawing-room and even into the nursery; the man, woman, or child in them carry the fashion lightly, and a *Dr. Johnson* or a *Parish Clerk*, far from embarrassing, rather call out the invention and strenuous interest of the art.

In their successors there is a shallowing of the mind. The immediate successor, George Romney (1734-1802) took over the nature-and-art so cunningly compounded by Reynolds as for granted, and spilt half of it in his easy handling. What he added of his own was something of bas-relief design in pose, the fashion that Emma Hamilton's genius of the body made so entrancing when she devised 'poses plastiques' after her husband's Greek vases.

John Hoppner (1758-1810) is a less considerable artist. In him we find occasional excursions into naturalism badly joined with the formula of Reynolds. It is the Reynolds in him that is good, yet this tends in the imitator to pass over into slop, with uncouth attempts at airy lightness on the part of a heavy-handed man. James Northcote (himself a respectable pupil of Reynolds) throws light on Hoppner's ideas.

'Hoppner frequently remarked that in painting ladies' portraits he used to make as beautiful a face as he could, then give it a likeness to the sitter, working down from this beautiful state till the bystanders should cry out 'Oh, I see a likeness coming!' whereupon he stopped, and never ventured to make it more like.'[2]

Sir Thomas Lawrence, (1769-1830) a European master of fashion, was a more novel force. Like Sir Henry Raeburn, he had greater science and facility in the realistic construction of a head than

[1] A few examples of the earlier tradition (which lingered in Scotland down to Sir Daniel Macnee, 1806-1880), accompany this chapter.

[2] *Conversations of James Northcote with James Ward*, Ed. E. Fletcher, 1901.

SIR DANIEL MACNEE, P.R.S.A.

Lady in Grey

Reynolds. When we catch him following his natural vision simply, as in the sketch profile of George IV. at the National Portrait Gallery for the use of a medallist (compare Vandyck working for Bernini), we can measure his downright skill of eye and hand. A sifting of his complete work ought to produce an astonishing residue. But the courtier in him was distrustful of the natural painter. There is the same division in his practice. He wore the carpet of his painting room threadbare, studying his picture and his sitter at an equal distance, yet he seems to have finished his heads without a background. He was a famous and wide, but not very deep connoisseur of the Old Masters; he makes odd groups of them for models in painting men, women, and children, and adds that for painting Satan, 'Michael Angelo *and Fuseli*' are his choice. Above all, he admitted the taste of the self-conscious social animal displaying its charms and gentility. His king was a professional gentleman, his gentlemen and ladies, dandies and seductresses. He nearly drove himself mad, he told Fanny Kemble,[1] in attempting to paint a blush, 'the most enchanting incident in a woman's face' (the result was merely a red complexion); his drawing became poisoned with a sentimental grimace, and his flesh was sacrificed to glittering high lights and glistening eyes.

Sir Henry Raeburn (1756-1823), at his astonishing best, is the greatest of them all. For dignity of character his *Sinclair of Ulbster*[2] and *Sir Francis M'Nab* are masterpieces; for dignity, invention, and humour at once his *Spens*, and for sheer humanity *Mrs. James Campbell* ranks near the best. Yet in his ordinary professional production he too thins out into the slang-face of fashion, and in his indifference allows a splendid power of painting to degenerate, now into papery chips, now into slippery cold-cream; formalises noses, mouths and eyes till they look like caoutchouc, and dabs shadows mechanically with red. But Rembrandt himself, we must remember, when we thus severely sift the modern professional's production, had his professional period.

[1] See Lord Ronald Gower's *Lawrence*. [2] See Frontispiece.

III.

The Olympians

OLYMPIAN art demands beauty not only of the whole pattern and effect of a work, but of the figures and objects themselves that make it up: a beautiful picture is not enough, it must be a picture of beautiful persons and things. Of creatures and things, it holds, one perfect form exists and can be discovered; or, more exactly perhaps that for each, a cup or a human being, there is a small number of types capable of infinite fine variation within narrow limits. Personal taste, the 'expressing of oneself,' is therefore a deviation, unless it means a little bit of nearer approximation to the perfect type. This measure applies to 'form' in the sense of behaviour as well as to other appearances. The art, therefore, does not admit indulgence in sensation or emotion as pleasant, exciting or curious: they must be such as the State can approve. To exhibit this wholesome matter with clarity, serenity and temperance it excludes such colour, shadow and vapour as would render form less complete or distract the eye from its perfection. Violent action and passion are also excluded, because this art aims at affecting the mind not by an extremity of emotion but by the more bracing rhythms of beauty and the proud balance of strength controlled. It is therefore not a dramatic art; action is admitted only as it might be into a dance or pantomime, by so much allusion as the rhythm permits, or as speech is sublimated in music. Character, too, is limited; there is a certain variation of types within beauty, leaning to more of strength, graciousness, dignity; and age is admitted on terms. But there is a constant setting towards a canon of proportions, and when the poetic life of the art ebbs, and fine and intense variation between its narrow limits dies out, dead formula at once emerges, decent in things of use, if use has not burst the pattern, but intolerable in imagery.

Sculpture would seem to be the completest imagery of this art, or drawing and painting in which line predominates, a line, as Ingres described it, 'proud, firm and fine.' In default of Greek painting

we must turn to the Renaissance for examples. Piero della Francesca has been noted for an Olympian quality in the self-contained, high-bred impassivity of his persons. Their actions are exactly fitted to what they are engaged upon, but they do not act an action, always appearing superior to what requires their attention. Titian and Veronese have something of the temper, but are more luxurious. They hold a middle ground between the ideas of Ingres and Delacroix, both, in tolerant moments, according them respect. Any account of this kind of art in modern times must be deeply imperfect that does not deal with sculpture; with the revolution in eighteenth century ideas that successive discoveries of Greek art wrought within the lifetime of Flaxman and Canova. Canova, Thorwaldsen and Ingres were in the eager circle round Cockerell when he returned from Greece (1815); and the marbles of Ægina, of Phigaleia and of the Parthenon made of Munich and London centres of disturbance for the imagination such as Rome had been before. Architecture in buildings and monuments still more claims its part in the story; here we must limit ourselves to the school of severe drawing that grew out of classical study, for the art of painting became, in obedience to Winckelmann and Mengs, a poor relation of sculpture.

JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID
1748—1825[1]

It is only with something of a wrench that the twentieth century can lend itself to the imagination of a hundred years before, when the classic revival was *a return to nature.* Of this more presently. But when we speak of France we must further shut out many adjectives ('dry,' 'antiquarian,' 'lifeless') that stand ready in our minds to attach themselves to classic revivalism. The movement that began in Germany and England as well, in the middle of the eighteenth century, may seem there no more than a fashion of critical taste, ineffective because too remote from the life, habits and government of those countries. In France it was different; this art which had been a competitor among others, but with strong allies in the new spirits of morals and speculation, suddenly, by a political revolution, became master; the critics and artists became legislators, the ideas of the art the ideas of the State. The traditional art was cut short in blood, and its technique with its ideas proscribed. When a mood changes a whole structure of technique and method perishes with it; but here shame as well as distaste forbade borrowing.[2] To go back to this art, to take colour from it or drawing, was like stripping clothes from a slain enemy; tradition was severed with a knife, and its qualities had to fight back later by counter-revolution.

[1] Chief authorities: E. J. Delécluze, *L'Atelier de David*; L. L. J. David, *Le Peintre Louis David, souvenirs et documents inédits.*

[2] The sacrifice may be measured by comparing David's work with that of his master Vien, *e.g.* in St. Roch.

Thus in modern Europe the ideas, always latent in academies, of a public heroic art, regulated as in a Platonic state, became actual and established. Consider not only that David's taste decided the forms of furniture and dress, that his school revived in gymnastics and worship of the body some shadow of the *palaestra*, but that he drew up the ritual of the State's religion down to details of time-table, decreeing at what hour the matrons should clasp their infants to their breast and the 'vieillards' issue forth in their solemn processions. When an artistic movement grips life so close that even a transitory religion stirs and shapes itself in conformity with its spirit, it is clear that an intermittent source has in some measure welled up and flowed again.

In what sense was this classical art a return to nature? It is necessary, in reading the history of art, to give completely different meanings at different times to words like 'nature,' 'conventional,' 'academical.' To the modern habit of mind the art of Boucher looks more 'natural' than David's, which appears to us 'academical.' By 'natural' we mean easy, by 'academical' rigid. But David was a fierce opponent of the academy of his time and its drawing, and all for 'nature.' The change to Roman dress or Greek nudity from the sophistication of Pompadour fashion, and from powdered to unpowdered hair, was in the direction of 'nature,' and in the more essential matter of drawing the study of the antique was like coming to nature itself out of the débris of loose chic and mannerism that ruled in the schools. David showed to a friend two studies he made in Rome from the same antique head. The first was the antique 'tout cru' without any dressing up. The other was 'seasoned with modern sauce.' 'Je frongais tant soit peu les sourcils, je relevais les pommettes, j'ouvrais légèrement la bouche, enfin je lui donnais ce que les modernes appellent *de l'expression*, et ce qui aujourd'hui (1807) s'appelle de la grimace. Et cependant on est bien embarrassé avec les juges de notre temps, car si nous faisions précisément d'après les principes des anciens, on trouverait nos ouvrages froids.' In his atelier his doctrine was nature against the academicians. He found his pupils one day in a difficulty about posing the model. He made him try over again the various poses that had been suggested, and found they were of the kind that are fixed up by suspending the model's arm with a rope, or resting the leg against blocks of wood, poses that falsify the pretended action. He burst out upon the traitor. 'I wager it's you who thought of that nice pose that makes the model's chest stick out like a trussed chicken. You want *to do your torso*, do you? Yes, I see what you are up to, and when pictures are made with neither feet nor hands nor heads to paint in them, you will be sure of being the cleverest painter. Gentlemen, at the Academy they make a trade of painting and teach it as a trade to the pupils. Make shoemakers of yourselves if you like, I have nothing to say against it, but here it is painting we

teach.' He then tried several poses, each with a definite motive of action, and finally set the action of a man throwing a stone. The model complained that he could not keep it up for more than five minutes at a time. 'Very well, who asked for anything else?' retorted David, 'and if you don't like it, go and pose in your Academy and they'll tie string to your hands and feet like a Punch and Judy show.' Naïveté was what he asked of his pupils. 'Your hand knows more than your head,' he said to a too facile draughtsman. 'You draw first and think afterwards. Forget all you have learned and try to come to nature like a little child that knows nothing.' When a man was a colourist he told him not to attempt to be a Raphael, but to study Titian, Tintoret, Giorgione, then come back to the model and copy it like a picture without science or ideas made beforehand, with simplicity. His early manner, he thought, showed off anatomy too much, in the *Sabines* he was to be more 'Greek.' So far, then, we can understand that Greek = natural. But what about the reproduction of poses from antique reliefs and gems? Here, too, the modern must adapt himself to catch the connection of ideas. In classic art copying is not only desirable but compulsory, as the only way of reaching nature, *i.e.* highest perfection of form. Every artist is trying to do the same as every other, not something different. Perfection, the absolute expression, lies at the end of a chain of attempts, and the next man begins by accepting so much as the last attained of the perfect expression, so that if he cannot add he may not subtract. David therefore believed that having secured so much 'nature' from the model it was being more natural as well as Greek to use the old stores of expression in any subject with the hope of edging a little nearer. Moreover with a goal so little personal, so universal, it was possible that contemporaries, as well as the ancients, should co-operate, and he would set his pupils to make sketches for his pictures, and occasionally use them.

His class, of course, stiffened these hints into a severe code. The sect of the *Primitifs* (*i.e.* Pheidian Greeks) or *Penseurs* refused to draw from any but beautiful models, or to look at any art later than fifth century Greek. They descended into the streets dressed as Paris and Agamemnon, speaking the exalted language of Ossian; and there grew up a cult for two semi-deified persons, the leader Maurice Quay and a beautiful girl whom they called Beatrice, 'types of the most perfect human organisation.' We catch the splendid fire of the idea when we remember that a picture of David's could fill the drawing-rooms of Paris with women robed with lovely simplicity and semi-nude, that a social aristocracy of beauty succeeded to that of birth, and that the dream of a society of simple, austere, patriotic and noble figures dressed conformably with their divine nature seemed as attainable as its delineation in art. That was what David meant by his reform. He was not, like later

revivalists, painting the past, disillusioned about the present: in the blank clearance and limitless hopes of the time he was the prophet of a present, from a Supreme Being down to heroic men. When we view his works robbed of this warm coefficient of generous faith they take on a look of dry and bare antiquarianism, but this was the nearest meeting that art and politics have contrived in their modern wanderings.

David, by nature an impressionable and fervid creature (in the fiery revolutionary portraits we catch him improvising), shows, as in a demonstration, from picture to picture, the logic of these ideas working on a mind that set out from Boucher, *i.e.* the play and gallantry of Rubens in its last dishevelment. In Italy he was first caught by brusque contrasts of tone in Ribera, Caravaggio and his French pupil Valentin—'Ce rapport nouveau des clairs aux ombres, cette vivacité imposante de modelé dont je n'avais nulle idée, me frappèrent tellement que dans les premiers temps de mon séjour en Italie je crus que tout le secret de l'art consistait à reproduire comme l'ont fait quelques coloristes italiens de la fin du XVI^{ème} siècle le modelé franc et décidé qu'offre presque toujours la nature.' His 'eye was still too gross' to appreciate merit of realism except when 'brutally executed.' He painted in the style of Valentin his *Peste de St. Roch* (1779). Between this and his second stay in Rome, when he painted *The Oath of the Horatii* (1785), he had taken many steps in the classic direction and reached his 'Roman' manner. He afterwards thought it theatrical, small, anatomical and piecemeal in colouring. If he had known the Greeks to begin with he would have gone straight to the mark. After the Revolution broke out he painted Louis XVI. as *Brutus*, the revolutionary and Roman classic ideas thus converging. Then followed (1790) *The Oath of the Tennis Court*, commissioned by the Assembly, and the patriotic portraits of Lepelletier and Marat, 'presenting to the eyes of fellow-citizens the sublime traits of heroism and virtue.' Here is the doctrine of the time. 'The arts are the imitation of nature in what she has of most beautiful and perfect. It is not only by charming the eyes that the monuments of art have attained their end; it is by penetrating the soul, by producing on the mind a profound impression resembling reality. It is then that the traits of heroism, of civic virtues offered to the eyes of the people, will electrify their soul and sow the seed in it of all the passions of glory and of devotion to the fatherland.' The *Sabine Mothers*[1] was an example of this art, and was more 'Greek' than the *Horatii* by its greater use of the nude and less 'entassé' design. But the *Leonidas* was to display fully his 'new manner of composition.' Heroic in subject, it was to be calm, almost passionless in expression, with figures not connected and enchained together dramatically by attitude

[1] This picture is often described as *The Rape of the Sabines.* Muther, among others, falls into this mistake. That subject would have been impossible for David at this stage of his theories.

and expression, but rather by the idea and separate perfection of each figure, 'affecting the eye and imagination little by little instead of attacking the passions.' Along with classic sculpture, Pompeian painting and the description of Polygnotus' work by Pausanias, David was studying at this time, we are told, Giotto, Fra Angelico, Perugino, as well as Signorelli and Raphael, finding in each of them some element of nature or of detached absorbed figure-plotting. For the *Leonidas* he chose not a moment of defiance or struggle, but one of grave calm, the weaving of the garlands for the banquet of Pluto. There was to be no passionate expression except on the faces of those watching the inscription cut, 'Passer-by, go and tell Sparta that her children died for her.' The sentiment was to be profound, grand and religious, such as love of country inspires. 'Therefore I must banish all those passions that are not only strangers to this, but would mar its holiness.' Leonidas was to 'think with a quiet joy of the glorious death awaiting him.' 'I wish to try to put aside all those movements, those theatrical expressions to which the moderns have given the name 'painting of expression.'

A further step was indicated to David by the stricter orthodoxy of his pupils—to quit the mere prose of history, as in *Leonidas*, and treat the purer poetry of myth. For this David avowed himself too much a realist, needing some ground of life and circumstance to work on. But the god-like hero himself descended at this moment and took art into his hands. Bonaparte, first consul, caught at once the measure of the impressionable and vain tyrant of the arts and used him like a child. David, summoned to lunch, told Napoleon what he was painting. 'Tant pis, vous avez tort, David, de vous fatiguer *à peindre des vaincus.*' It was made clear to him that Napoleon was his missing subject: only he was too busy and impatient to pose, and improvised a theory of art which at once captured David. Resemblance, 'un petit pois sur le nez' was nothing; Alexander never posed for Apelles; no one ever asks if the portraits of great men are like. It is enough if their genius lives in the picture. And he gave out the theme. He was to be painted '*Calme, sur un cheval fougueux.*' The Pope soon followed, and a history painting that turned picturesque and dramatic in the loyal traitor Gros, who begat Géricault and Delacroix. The high Pagan State compromised and changed; its art became but a school again among others; and the nude Caesar-figure by Canova of Napoleon, collapsed, was reported, by a French traveller, to be used in Apsley House as a hatstand.

David set the tradition of severe drawing in France that has made her the school of Europe. He could not make the smallest sketch without the model. His realism, moreover, drove him towards direct and solid painting by juxtaposition of touches carefully measuring values. His pupil Ingres completed the abandonment of Flemish methods, throwing over

as a form of *chic* the rendering of shadows by a rub in of brown transparent tint. He repainted, after studying Raphael, an early picture, making its shadows solid. It was Pierre Prud'hon (1758-1823) who carried through the Revolution the older methods of dead-colour preparation and effects of transparency. David seems to have established direct painting in French schools.

JEAN-DOMINIQUE-AUGUSTE INGRES
1780-1867[1]

Ingres could accept the succession of David, for all his ideas were within the Olympian sphere. 'Dans les images de l'homme par l'art le calme est la première beauté du corps, de même que dans la vie la sagesse est la plus haute expression de l'âme.' But he did it on conditions.[2] He changed the artistic base from antique sculpture to Raphael. He could not rise to the judgment of Poussin that Raphael 'was an ass beside the antique.' The change fitted his temperament. Less impressionable and open to ideas than David, he pursued his own ideal with the greater inflexibility of an intenser talent, but extended it into the heroic domain by duty and ambition. As Raphael braced his gracious youth and temper to make himself strong with the strong, so Ingres, his sterner son, was ready to deal with men and gods, but went forth on the enterprise like a very splendid governess angrily armed for the proprieties: *History and Poetry supported by Grammar* is one of his designs. Something voluptuous and austere, soft forms strictly drawn, 'firmness and plenitude' are his natural notes; he is the terrible chaste guardian of the *Odalisque*. In the sensitive modelling of young, firm flesh, of flesh rather than bone, the elusive flattened ellipses of its contours, the very dimplings of its surface, he took a sensuous delight; and the rigorous 'probity' of his line gave the research, to his mind, a moral colour, a check in the purity of design upon the sleek pussy of his women. The method applied to men, as in the *Bertin*, is less agreeable. Raphael was revealed to him in chance engravings at twelve years old, and he ran, he puts it, 'as a cat to its prey.' Beauty of form, at the exact point where it touched him, moved him profoundly. At the same age, when he played the music of Gluck, he wept; but only 'virtuous music' had this power over him. The ordinary passions of life touched him little. He threw over his betrothed at once because she 'stood up to him in the matter of painting.' Later he seems to have sent home from Italy instructions for a wife to be forwarded, or his friends chose her for him. The admirable woman

[1] Chief authorities: Amaury Duval, *L'Atelier d'Ingres*; R. Balze; *Ingres, son école, son enseignement du dessin*; Delaborde, *Ingres, sa vie et ses travaux*.

[2] 'Au fond resté fidèle à ses excellents principes je crois avoir ouvert une voie personelle en ajoutant à l'amour qu'il avait pour l'antique le gout de la nature vivante, l'étude de la grande tradition des écoles d'Italie, et surtout des ouvrages de Raphael.'

who was sent shielded him from some of the immense number of things in life that affronted his sense of the beautiful and proper. When they passed a cripple in the streets of Rome she put her shawl over his head and led him past by the hand. Nothing is more frequent in the accounts of his disciples than the phrase, 'M. Ingres détourna la tête'; it was an attitude forced upon him by the largely non-Raphaelesque character of the world. At the opera one night, a pious pupil saw those signs of discomfort coming on: the master drummed on his knees, shifted in his seat, passed his hand across his brows. 'Do you not admire the tenor's voice?' he asked. 'Yes, yes, it's a beautiful voice, and beautifully produced, but . . . his eyes are rather wide apart!' On his second visit to Italy, he discovered the frescoes of Signorelli at Orvieto, and in a wild enthusiasm for their drawing and invention, determined to copy every figure. At the end of an hour he drooped, shifted, and drummed. 'Do you not admire them, dear master?' asked the disciple. 'Si fait, c'est beau, c'est très beau, mais . . . mais c'est laid, et moi je suis un grec. Allons-nous-en?'

Such was the exclusiveness of Ingres' ideal; he would have had his pupils put on blinkers like horses on their way to Raphael at the Louvre, so that they should not suffer from corruption to the right or the left; from Rubens especially, who 'has something of the butcher in his mind: his flesh is like fresh meat, and his mise-en-scène like a butcher's stall.' But within this limit is the other sharp distinction he found between himself and David. Even more than David, who believed that he had 'returned to nature,' Ingres regarded himself as a *realist.* Here again is an epithet puzzling in view of a later usage; but for Ingres there was no incompatibility between raphaelism and realism. Raphael to him was not merely a remarkable draughtsman who lived in the sixteenth century: he was a perfect way of seeing form which may be reborn and extended. He was a limit, ruling out whole sections of existence as unprofitable and distressing, but within that limit held the secret and keys of vision. There was room, therefore, for originality within Raphael by following his clue. To be original was not to do anything completely new, but to go back to the source with the eyes cleared, disciplined, stimulated. To see against or aside from Raphael and the antique was to handicap and hamper vision. The man who determines to be original by imitating no one, 'is reduced in the end to the poorest imitation, that of himself.'

So self-evident to Ingres was the path of beauty and perfection, that in all good faith he regarded himself as a servile transcriber of nature, 'the humble servant of the model.' When people said he 'embellished' or 'idealised' he was furious, nor would he allow the idea of form *châtiée* or corrected. Pheidias himself, he contended, only corrected nature by nature. Like David he praised in his pupils the

evidence of naïveté. Of the many things that must never be named in his studio the most nameless was *chic*, *i.e.* drawing by rule of thumb, by knowledge, by anything but tense flexible following of the model's character. He sought it with tears and frequent despair. When fighting for close character in a portrait he would stop baffled at times, vowing that he could not draw and knew nothing. For this reason, like David, he detested the teaching of the École des Beaux Arts, with which he is apt to be confused in history, because the teachers there encouraged 'chic,' address, clever methods of producing the look of drawing. For the same reason, it is important to remember, he had a quarrel with the 'romantic' school. It is in the tradition of that school, as we shall see, to cultivate 'chic,' because its aims include the rendering of actions and emotions for which no model can pose. The painter of that school aims at possessing his man by an anatomical knowledge of his structure, so that he can compose with him freely. This was anathema to Ingres. When he caught a student indicating in his drawing a rib that the pose of the model did not show, he broke out against him for drawing 'what he knew to be there' instead of what he saw. For this reason, as well as for its ugliness, he could not abide the science of anatomy, 'cette science affreuse, cette horrible chose, à laquelle je ne peux pas penser sans dégoût. Si j'avais dû apprendre l'anatomie, moi, messieurs, je ne me serais pas fait peintre. Épiez donc tout bonnement la nature, tout bêtement, et vous serez déjà quelque chose.' 'Conservez toujours,' he said to a pupil who had rendered a direct impression of form, 'cette bienheureuse naïveté, *cette charmante ignorance.*' When his students subscribed for a skeleton and brought it into the studio, he bore it, with eyes averted, for a day or two, and then threatened to come no more. 'The muscles,' he said, 'are all my friends, but I don't know the name of one of them.' For like reasons he would have no measuring, and no lay figures. Except for the most mechanical parts of the dress in portrait, drapery must be drawn with the life of gesture in it.

It is this realism within raphaelism that makes of Ingres an original or rather an authentic artist, not the lazy imitator of a manner. To draw with a large, suave and continuous line, without violent accent and abrupt emphasis, a line light and buoyant like the flight of a bird, but also quick and infinitely flexible to bend with the shapes of life, so that contour is pressed closer and closer, taken up again 'avec nerf et rage,' is his accomplishment. 'In the matter of truth,' he said, 'I prefer to go a little beyond, at whatever risk, for I know the truth may seem improbable. There is often only the difference of the thickness of a hair between right and wrong in this.' His gift is least encumbered in his pencil portraits and preparatory studies, for his imagination is working in these only at its vivid points.

Ambitious to be famous as a painter, he regarded them with a mixture of pride and jealousy. When it was proposed to hang a row of them below the pictures in his 1855 exhibition, his face darkened. 'People will look only at them,' he said. But on another occasion he turned to them proudly, 'Never mind. They have taken everything from me, sir, everything . . . they have not taken *that!*'

How fresh and disconcerting his work appeared when compared with the classic stereotype that preceded it is proved by the fact that he was at first treated as an eccentric heretic, a Primitive, a 'Gothic' artist who wished to revive the art of Van Eyck. For that art, as the 'honest' art of a naïf realist, pressed close to life, he had always a respect, and on his first visit to Italy, before Raphael claimed undivided allegiance, he had a pre-Raphaelite phase. He drew at Perugia, Assisi and Pisa, said 'It is on one's knees one should study those men,' and he possessed pictures of the school of Fra Angelico. This early manner of his is represented by what he called 'historical miniatures,' pictures on romantic subjects, Ossian, Romeo and Juliet, Paolo and Francesca. In this last there is some impulse and abandon in the action of Paolo; but the Francesca warns us that propriety is not forgotten.

For colour, even of an abstract kind, he had no sure instinct, and it was against the spirit of his art that it should be a strong, predominating and emotional element. As the great virtue of art was tranquillity, exalted art should have a calm 'historical' colour. Realism of colour was a disturbing accident to his realism, that of the clear boundaries, not of beautiful forms only, but of the forms of beautiful persons and objects. Thus the study of reflected lights so much pursued by Delacroix on the example of Rubens, he condemned as 'unworthy of the majesty of art.' In opposition to that school he forced the note. 'When a picture is well drawn it is well enough painted.' 'It is without example that a great draughtsman should not have found the colour that went exactly with the character of his drawing.'

The force and vivacity of 'touch,' cultivated in the romantic school as a further instrument of emotion, of personal gesture, of sensuous pleasure, he abhorred. He 'saw no "touch" in nature.' It destroyed illusion *of thought*, drawing attention to the hand. Mist and atmosphere were also ruled out. Smoke should be represented by *drawing*. Detaching figures by vigorous modelling or making them 'turn' he despised. But he made some concession to a depraved taste, and, advising a pupil, said apologetically, 'Maintenant je fais tourner—on veut que ça tourne—je me moque pas mal que ça tourne—enfin, prenez garde, on ne comprendra pas—décidément plus de relief.' He was not, he declared, 'un peintre a la Michel Ange, mais aimable.'

He wrote a pamphlet against the establishment of schools of painting at the École des Beaux Arts, saying that the procedure of painting

could be taught to anyone in a week. In his own studio it was only by stealth and on Sundays that painting was indulged. The kind of colour that his happier examples suggest is an ivory flesh against spaces of enamel-like tone, a miniature colouring. The fittest convention for him appears to have been that of his decoration for a ceiling of the Hotel de Ville, destroyed during the Commune. This lovely design, *The Apotheosis of Napoleon* (1853), conceived something like Flaxman's Wedgewood relief cameos, detached itself from the dark blue ground of the sky in a few simple tints. The chariot was golden yellow, the horses white, the draperies orange and green.[1]

Later decorations were undertaken for the Duc de Luynes at Dampierre, representing the *Age of Stone* and *Age of Gold.* They were left unfinished, were long covered up, and have been little seen. Had not Chassériau's work preceded and (let it be whispered) perhaps influenced them, they might seem the key to the later mural painting of the century. The *Age of Gold* gives a good example of Ingres' method of invention. Part of it is a variation upon Mantegna's *Parnassus*; from the dancing ring there he has developed the figure beating time with her hands, only hinted at in Mantegna's picture and almost concealed. On this hint he studied from the life, and variations of the beautiful action may be found in the Print Room and in that precious monument of Ingres the draughtsman in the act of study, the collection he left to his native town, Montauban, recently made accessible in admirable facsimile.

The English classical movement had neither the political opportunity of the French, the clear direction of a David, nor a draughtsman comparable with Ingres. The sympathies of Reynolds, the founder of the English Academy, were with the Titan, Michael Angelo, in heroic art, and this direction of taste made for confusion in the gentle art of John Flaxman (1755-1826).[2] James Barry (1741-1806) the protégé of Burke and Reynolds, woke to the distinction in Rome, and took sides with the Venetians and the antique; but his powers were not equal to his insight or his ambition. Benjamin West (1738-1820) and John Singleton Coply (1737-1815), a remarkable painter, anticipated with Barry, our David, the debate between David and Gros on the modern or antique treatment of 'history.'

[1] There is a small sketch in the Louvre.

[2] Flaxman commended the early work of Ingres, and Ingres put the author of an earlier *Apotheosis of Homer* into his own. Among the abortive public schemes in England of a half-established classicism, was a project of Flaxman's (on the suggestion of Dance, the architect of Newgate) for a colossal figure of Britannia at Greenwich, to commemorate Nelson's victories. The thing was quite out of his range. The Gothic revival presently choked, for the time, these promptings of the classic.

IV.

The Titans

THE artists whom I have strung together under this heading, Goya, Blake, Géricault, Delacroix, Daumier, with Millet and Rodin to complete the chain, sharing a common imaginative impulse, share also a common language in design. Their drawing is at bottom the same drawing. The *Paganini* of Delacroix, the *Wood-sawyers* of Millet, might be the work of Daumier. Daumier's lithographs are of the same family as Géricault's and Goya's. And this drawing goes back through intermediaries like Ribera, Caravaggio, Tintoretto, and Rubens, the Bernini of painting, to its father Michael Angelo. Its aim is to add to the still-life element in form an equivalent of movement, energy, feeling, extreme character, vehement and rebellious passion. To give emphasis of relief, muscular strain, and torsion, it uses a vigorous contour ('I should trace my contour in iron if I could,' said Géricault), and models with strong shadow.[1] This drawing, therefore, is not what is called 'correct' drawing; it always has an element of caricature; it exaggerates for the sake of vivacity, and is ready to sacrifice the still-life form to the effect of movement, or the expression of feeling, elongating, amplifying, distorting. Its ideal is that the artist should thoroughly possess the essential forms of the object he draws, so that he may use them freely as instruments of emotion, passion, ridicule. The master of this school cultivates accordingly the power of drawing without the model, or if from the model, then freely and with an intensifying of shape and pose.

This art is on one side dramatic, endeavouring to render the movements and feeling of its subjects; but it is also lyrical and personal, lending to or imposing upon a subject the feeling of the artist. All drawing is gesture, *plus* imitation *plus* design; 'design' including two kinds of accommodation; first, a fitting of the imitated form into the geometry of a composition; second, the selecting, simplifying and modifying of contours for significance and expression. The schools of drawing and grammars of drawing differ according to the proportions they allow to these three

[1] No sensitive drawing uses an absolutely equal line for contours; some account is taken of the varying perspective and the inner modelling of the forms circumscribed; but in classic line the accents are barely perceptible. In the school under discussion the tendency is to model freely in the thickness of the contour, to underline and accent heavily.

elements. The 'classic' ideal is to make the first, the element of gesture, absolutely obedient to imitation and design: it remains only as a suave and nervous following of the line traced by the other two, and its design proceeds by the subtlest modification of the fact. The passionate schools are more personal, infusing something of the artist's gesture into the gesture of the model, and giving, therefore, an independent life to 'touch' and 'handling.' 'Now,' said Franz Hals, when he had prepared his imitation, 'let us put in the handwriting of the master.' The classic ideal is that of a writing that should be the same for all, or a perfect and legible printed type; the other ideal is that of a writing that conveys the fact, but with it the gesture and mood of the writer. The classic, teaching the one best common step to all, can drill an army or organise a dance; the other ideal asks in each man's step, his gait, his style, for the movement that fits and expresses the peculiar character of his machine and temper. If he be a painter, it encourages in him a dialect of touch, the staccato, legato, the abrupt or sweeping movement that is natural to his hand. In a critical mind like Delacroix', we can watch the favour and disfavour shewn in turn to all three elements of drawing. First he was by instinct all for gesture, for the fire of the stroke that comes when the eye is not nailed to a form. Then when he was eager for design to predominate in the touch, he taught his assistants to draw from the elbow, with the wrist rigid. Finally he became angry with the 'infernale commodité de la brosse,' and bent on keeping to the idea, gave up his dashing strokes for broken hatchings that do not tempt and betray into departure.

Michael Angelo's ideal of painting was that it should be as like sculpture as possible, and this kind of painting, with its aggressive salience, must always tend to pass over into sculpture. Géricault and Daumier actually took this step: in Delacroix the colour interest contended with the sculpturesque, in Millet effects of landscape. But with Rodin, as with Barye, all the strain and torsion of this line found a natural issue. Of them all he has the completest command of form, and the subtlest science of the additions and subtractions that make for expression.

The ideal of drawing that was bred in the Tuscan school of sculpture and inspired so much talent in the first half of the century, met a formidable enemy in the second half. This enemy was photography. Not only did this new invention spread in the schools a scruple for still-life exactitude and close dependence on the model, but painters became interested in rendering the actual signs by which the eye judges of relief and roundness, signs often consisting in delicate, almost imperceptible variations of tone. The expressive convention of a strong contour was ruled out by the study of the real appearance of contours as the limits, lost and found again, between two tones The aim of the older drawing was to make things look as round and solid as they are; the new made them no rounder than they look, and that, in photographic vision, is frequently very flat.

FRANCISCO JOSE DE GOYA Y LUCIENTES
1746-1828[1]

The Devil re-entered art with Goya and the nineteenth century. Fitfully present in the painting and sculpture of religious times, portrayed often by hands that collected talons and scales, ugliness and extravagance in vain to make a harmless bogey, he now found his own limner to render him from within. The country whose holiday colour has always the splash of blood, under whose churches the engines of the Inquisition are still treasured till their day come again,—the land of cruel devotion, bitter pride, feverish beauty, sombre lust, found a man to render its terrible gallantry and hagridden heart. 'Nature, Velazquez and Rembrandt,' said Goya, were his masters. How inadequate the list! Lucifer, Beelzebub and Legion had a hand in the teaching. What is the pride of Velazquez beside this fierce decorum and mad disdain: the pitiful night of Rembrandt changes to a horror of darkness, ambiguous with all that is furtive and unclean, featureless things that mop and mow, the bald harpy, the incubus and the bat. Nature is a various mother.

The youth of Goya passed in a turbulent carnival, with him for leader of the wildest popular sports, of feats of daring and gallantry. In the town of Saragossa, where the streets were full of the processions of religious guilds, he turned them into faction fights. The Inquisition marked him, and he had to escape to Madrid. Found in its streets one night with a dagger in his back, and once more under the dread of the Inquisition, he made his way to Rome as a bull fighter. There he copied the masters in a system of colour-patchwork notes, ignoring finesse of line, and there he knew David and skirted academic art. His feats of audacity had a wide range here, from making the circuit of the monument of Cecilia Metella, hanging from the cornice by his hands, to the attempt at carrying off a girl from a convent. He had to be smuggled home by the ambassador. Then he was employed at Court, and his tapestries give the first measure of his powers. These designs are the translation of Tiepolo into the terms of popular Spanish sports. From Tiepolo he takes over all the gathered science of setting up a scene, nailing its chief action by silhouette and chiaroscuro, freely composing by chic, but a chic into which his own store of memory and fire of invention could be struck. By this language he rendered all that was in his head of the mad dance and welter of the procession and fair, those brooding rings of the arena and tumultuous chains of masquers, that haunt his compositions to the end. They boil up later through the hollows of his landscape against hillside and monastery, splashed with haggard light, and are transformed at last into the rout of witches' sabbaths.

[1] Chief authority: Charles Yriarte, *Goya*.

But before Goya was shut up with fantasy, he produced for his patrons a quantity of less violently personal work, portraits and decorative paintings in churches. These last are mixed of easy bravado, occasional intensity, and languor. His portraits are as capricious. Some are in contemporary French eighteenth century taste, shallow and accentless. In others the subtle beauty of a model, or some sharper sting of character works up his powers, and when their full force was engaged he could touch the Velazquez-like silhouette and massing of the Buda Pest pieces, the Hals or Hogarth-like expressiveness of the laughing face of the *Blind Uncle*, or the charm of his *Duchess of Alba*, with the curious swaying stiffness of the figure struck sharp against the vast space that is magnified by an absurd little dog at her feet. In pieces like these he gives a loneliness and intensity to his subject as if it were the only thing in the world. It was in that spirit he painted his most characteristic work; a caprice or fury seizing him that was exhausted in a sitting, short or long. In these moods he would seize on the first materials that presented themselves, but his favourite surface was a red primed canvas. On this he dashed down a composition in charcoal or made it out in printer's ink. When the different parts had been painted over this, he went at the whole, sacrificing, intensifying, harmonising, and smearing in big touches with a rag over his thumb. The final effect was often arranged in the more exciting and emphatic light of the lamp. As time went on he seems to have become more impatient of colour, to have found all he wanted in black and white. In Goya's domineering snatches at expression, half-a-dozen modern styles seem to be anticipated; for example his brutal simplification into a few accents, a few values on a shadow makes his *Manolas on a Balcony* look like one kind of Manet.

In his own house, near Madrid, Goya let his imagination of all that is huge, fearful and sinister have full sway upon the walls. Among these was a piece that might be hung as satirical *finis* to an eighteenth century gallery,—a *fête champêtre* encircled by beggars; just as in one of the etchings a beggar is set in the *Balançoire*, that property of so much gallant painting. When war came, and portrait painting for years was in suspense, Goya shut himself up with his coppers and printing press, and in the concentration of black and white, and the sharper language of line and legend, wrought the great series of plates that display the Horrors of War, the wretchedness of Prisoners, and Satan's world, visible and invisible. In one the Titan appears huge and lonely, seated on a hill-top, looking at the moon going down behind the clouds, and a vast prospect of town and river. In another a meagre shape, with dragon's wings, clutches impotently at a rock; in the background two others fold their wings, and fall upon the ground; and a famous plate seals all the passion and horror with *Nada* (nothing) and the epitaph *Et c'est pour cela que vous êtes nés!*

SAMUEL PALMER

The Herdsman

Goya came to Paris, an old man, when Frenchmen, like Delacroix, who belonged to his line, were already becoming famous. In his retreat at Bordeaux he had vitality still to take up the process of lithography, then hesitating between its uses as a commercial maid-of-all-work, and as a new instrument of art. He inspired a generation of draughtsmen by what he made of it in his *Bull-fights*. His combination of etched line with aquatint shadow had in his previous work renewed the face of an old medium.

The diabolic inspiration counted other talents in the century; three may be named: Félicien Rops, draughtsman of the *femme-succube*, of the 'delegate of Satan upon earth;' Toulouse-Lautrec, and Aubrey Beardsley. The discovery of Japanese art brought new elements of delicate and monstrous beauty to the western embroiderers of the perverse and grotesque.

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757—1827 [1]

Men are admitted into heaven, not because they have curbed and governed their passions, but because they have cultivated their understandings. The treasures of heaven are not negations of passion, but realities of intellect. . . . The fool shall not enter into heaven, let him be ever so holy; holiness is not the price of entrance into heaven. Those who are cast out are all those who, having no passions of their own, because no intellect, have spent their lives in curbing and governing other people's by the various arts of poverty and cruelty of all kinds. —(A Vision of the Last Judgment).

No artist ever saw more clearly than Blake the conflict of ideals in the imagination or so enthusiastically accepted the consequences. Angel and devil fought within him, and he refused to listen to one only, thinking Swedenborg and even Dante but half poets because they believed only what the angels told them; Milton, better inspired, involuntarily made the Devil his hero. In the *Songs of Innocence* Blake wrote the angel's side; then song for song, pitted against them the *Songs of Experience*. The terrible beauty of the *Tiger* stands against the *Lamb*. The *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* is a bible written to include both. Hell is energy, passion, inspiration. Heaven is reason, a limit of sense, morals, intelligence put upon these. Thus our senses are a limit upon perception. 'May not every bird that cuts the airy way be an immense world of delight *closed* to thy senses five?' The system, with its prophecy and commentary on the imagination and sacred literature of the past, cannot be developed here, only indicated.

Much of the classic art, as he knew it, appeared to Blake negation and dull limit of inspiration. Statues like the Belvedere Apollo he thought must be imperfect copies from earlier primeval originals (the *Torso*

[1] Chief authority: *Life and Works of William Blake*, by Alexander Gilchrist.

naturally seemed to him more authentic). Reynolds's belief in art, not as inspiration, but as a reasonable thing that may be taught, was to him the height of folly.

The other arts, Titanic and mystic, he divined from a few examples. The tombs in the Abbey taught him Gothic, and their supine figures haunt his design. A few prints made him the disciple of Michael Angelo. The soft idyllic glee of the eighteenth century, with which he set out, was transformed by these two influences, on the one side a starkness and ecstatic rigidity, on the other terrible energy and gloomy passion.

In Blake we meet, in its extreme, the claim to draw *from imagination* that marks in greater or less degree all those to whom drawing is an expression of emotion and passion. 'Passion and expression are beauty itself. The face that is incapable of passion and expression is deformity itself,' was his starting point. But Blake never regards imagination as a *pis aller*, a recollection of expressions fainter than reality, and of poses which the model will not take. Nature to him is the faint and confused copy of something which is clear in imagination: it is therefore sheer stupidity to copy nature when engaged on imaginative work. It is useful to practice copying on nature, and copying should always be servile, because one has to copy servilely, exactly, from the imagination. But the imaginative vision is infinitely more clear and determined in the detail of its parts than anything in nature.

This clearness is bound up with a 'firm, determinate outline.' Whenever softness, shadow, and colour are allowed to eat away or interfere with the strength and completeness of this, the artist has fallen a victim to the confusion of nature. Titian, Correggio, Rembrandt, Rubens all fall under this condemnation:

'Men think that they can copy nature as correctly as I copy imagination. They will find this impossible; and all the copies, or pretended copies, of nature, from Rembrandt to Reynolds, prove that nature becomes to its victim nothing but blots and blurs. Why are copies of nature incorrect, while copies of imagination are correct? . . . No man of sense ever supposes that copying from nature is the art of painting; if the art is no more than this, it is no better than any other manual labour; anybody may do it, and the fool often will do it best, as it is a work of no mind . . . that infernal machine, called Chiaro Oscuro, in the hands of the Venetian and Flemish Demons; whose enmity to the Painter himself and to all Artists who study in the Florentine and Roman schools may be removed by an exhibition and exposure of their vile tricks. They cause that everything in art shall become a machine. They cause that the execution shall be all blocked up with brown shadows. They put the original artist in fear and doubt of his own original conception. The spirit of Titian was particularly active in raising doubts concerning the possibility of executing without a model; and when once he had raised the doubt, it became easy for him to snatch away the vision time after time; for when the artist took his pencil to execute his ideas, his power of imagination weakened so much and darkened that memory of nature and of pictures of the various schools possessed his mind instead of appropriate execution resulting from the inventions; like walking in another man's style, or speaking and looking in another man's style and manner, unappropriate and repugnant to your own individual character, tormenting the true artist till he leaves the Florentine and adopts

DAVID SCOTT, R.S.A.

Puck

the Venetian practice, or does as Mr. B. has done—has the courage to resist poverty and disgrace till he ultimately conquers. . . . Rubens is a most outrageous demon . . . though the original conception was all fire and animation, he loads it up with hellish brownness, and blocks up all its gates of light except one. . . . Correggio is a soft and effeminate, and consequently a most cruel demon, whose whole delight is to cause endless labour to whoever suffers him to enter his mind.'

Michael Angelo, Raphael, Albert Durer are the true seers because they see with a firm outline and distinct parts. Visionary to Blake means the reverse of cloudy, it means a concentrated, clear, defined image of unmistakeable expression.

'A spirit and a vision are not, as the modern philosopher supposes, a cloudy vapour or a nothing: they are organised and minutely articulated beyond all that the mortal and perishing nature can produce. He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments and in stronger and better light than his perishing and mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all. The painter of this work asserts that all his imaginations appear to him infinitely more perfect and more minutely organised than anything seen by his mortal eye.'

What, in effect, are the images drawn in this manner when we turn to Blake's pages? They are, as with all this school, in their foundation a kind of anatomical *maquette*, a framework of bones and muscles, a lay figure of humanity learned by heart. Blake's figure is at bottom Flaxman's, a very summary lay figure. But he makes of this figure, by his invention of movement, pose, expressive action, an amazing engine of emotion. He can render with it the extreme of supplication, menace, stricken exhaustion, intent watching, stony grief, wild flight, frozen oblivion, or the still upward movement of an emanation and the waft and effortless wreathing of forms borne upon winds of the spirit.

His colour has the emotional intensity and freedom of his design. In his *Job* he illustrated congenial matter; but he developed for his own unparalleled books a method in which written text and coloured image were printed from copper plates and worked over by hand. In his woodcuts for Thornton's *Pastorals* he designed quintessential landscapes as impressive, in their more familiar matter, as the vast limbus of his *Thel*, *Los*, or *Jerusalem*. A fine spirit, Edward Calvert (1799-1883), carried on, in wood engraving and painting, the Arcadian line of Blake. Samuel Palmer (1805-1881), the etcher and pastoral painter, was kindled at the same fire.

Round about Blake, sharing some part of his world of images, perhaps lending them to his inspiration, stand three men who must be only mentioned here—Thomas Stothart (1755-1834), the graceful idyllist and illustrator; Henry Fuseli (1741-1825), intelligent, an ardent student of Michael Angelo and of Milton, anxious to move the strings of hobgoblins, but an outsider;[1] and Flaxman, the gentle, pious visionary, born into a polite classic art, and doing his best, as has been said, to be titanic out

[1] To him is attributed the saying that 'nature put him out.' But it is also attributed to Boucher, in conversation with Reynolds.

of respect for Michael Angelo. Blake, treated as a madman till Rossetti's time, had an underground influence here and there. An example is the work of David Scott (1806-1849), a rather ugly gnome-like spirit. His attempts upon 'history' have died a natural death, but in the world of Puck he was more at home.

JEAN-LOUIS-ANDRÉ-THÉODORE GÉRICAULT
1791-1824[1]

When Guérin, coming upstairs to his studio, where Géricault was copying the *Invocation to Aesculapius*, received in his face a misdirected bucket of water, he was probably less insulted by that than by the discovery that his pupil had dared to add energy to an august and genteel composition ('j'avais imaginé d'y mettre de l'énergie, et vous pouvez juger quelle belle chose cela devait faire'). Vehemence, the wrestler's and the tamer's force, were the character of Géricault first and last, and the last was too soon: when he died at thirty-three, the century lost in him the promise of its greatest *agonist*. Horsemanship was his passion: among his earliest idols a jockey shared the throne with Rubens. 'Extrême en tout,' says Delacroix, 'il n'aimait monter que les chevaux entiers, et choisissait toujours les plus fougueux. Je l'ai vu plusieurs fois au moment où il montait à cheval: il ne pouvait presque le faire que par surprise: à peine en selle il était emporté par sa monture.' He goes on to speak of 'la fougue qu'il portait en amour comme en tout,' and tells how spent and weakened, but bating nothing of his reckless courage, he was finally thrown by his horse and received a fatal injury.

His art found in the horse its most frequent image of force, struggle and pride, like Athens, by the gift of Poseidon, εὔιππον, εὔπωλον, εὐθάλασσον, commanding 'horses, young horses, and the waves of the sea.' As a boy he drew in the stables and made friends with blacksmiths, and he went to Carle Vernet's school in search of horse painting. The inspiration of his first picture broke upon him in the street one day when he saw a grey waggon horse rearing in the sun. He went home, and after twenty efforts to fix and aggrandise the image, produced the *Chasseur* that first brought him notice. When later he went to Rome and drew from the *Last Judgment* he was 'stupefied' by its exalted energy, but straightway set about translating what he learned there of high abstract into a picture of the riderless horse race of the Corso. When he went to England it was to a land of horses, from the Epsom racecourse to the brewer's dray and the undertaker's hearse. One of his last projects was a picture of horses life size. Another was the passage of the Red Sea with its horses and chariots. *Horses fighting* was one of the projects he left to Delacroix to carry through. Horses are the

[1] Chief authority: Charles Clement, *Théodore Géricault.*

T. G. A. T. GERICAULT

most frequent subject of the studies he has left, and nothing gives a higher idea of his painter's talent than examples such as may be seen in the Museum at Rouen or Mr. Burrell's, exhibited at Glasgow. All is vigour in the muscular relief of the drawing and the handling of rich paste. He carried the horse into his tentatives of sculpture. An *écorché* that is to be found in most studios is his. A bas-relief is described of a horse rearing over a prostrate figure and held back by another man. This he attacked in the stone with a carpenter's chisel and finished with some stone-carver's tools for which a friend ran out. Yet another is the wax model of an equestrian statue of the Emperor of Russia.

But the gladiator in Géricault was not content with the horse only. He had an Assyrian sense of voluptuous and cruel force that called for the lion and the tiger, the fauve in man, wild kidnapping by Death and demons. *Cheval attaqué par un lion; Lion qui dévore un cheval; Lion debout; Homme terrassant une Panthère; Bœuf terrassé par un tigre; Nègre qui brutalise une femme; Centaure saisissant une femme qui se débat; Centaure qui emporte une femme; Démons qui emportent un homme et une femme; L'homme poussé par la Mort, Marche! Marche!*—these are some titles from a list of works that give us premonition of Delacroix, Barye, Rodin. Here is the Titan himself. '*Episode de la guerre des Titans; Un personnage de formes athlétiques soutient des roches qui s'écroulent; Tout le corps est en demi-teinte excepté la partie basse de la jambe droite, vivement eclairée; d'autres figures terrifiées à droite et à gauche.* A saying of his own stamps his nature better than much disquisition: 'Quand je commence une femme, ça devient toujours un lion.'

With all this fire and passion of his temperament Géricault combined the research and deliberate method that make a great artist. Unlike Delacroix he was not chilled and put off by nature and the model, but could press them closely and use them freely. His enthusiasm for a subject carried him into its details with a desire to strain out the extreme truth of them, whether of grandeur, horror or pain. Stories are told of his preparations for the *Radeau de la Méduse.* He was eager to get the very colours, expressions, rigours of death-sickness and madness. Legend has probably a magnifying part in the tale of a robber's corpse that he kept on his roof for fifteen days, but his studio is described as a veritable morgue with the anatomies he had carried from a neighbouring hospital, and he made studies from the head and limbs of a man who had been guillotined. Any of his friends that were ill were pressed into the service of his tragedy. One gentleman, cadaverous with jaundice so that children were afraid of him, was astonished to be greeted by Géricault with the shout, 'Ah! mon Dieu, que vous êtes beau!' He got hold of the carpenter who had made the raft and had a model constructed. He drew up a dossier of the whole affair from the survivors, 'comme un juge d'instruction.' When all this material was accumulated and thoroughly

digested, he made his composition, correcting, retracing, and correcting again, slowly and with pains, till it was ripe for the canvas. Then research was at an end. The contours were traced and the figures painted in from the model without further preparation. He had accustomed himself even in Guérin's studio to use the model in a curiously close and free way; interchanging, for example, the action of the model's arms. When he was painting his *Chasseur* he worked practically from his impression in the street and his knowledge of anatomy, but he had into his studio while he was working some splattered hack of a cab horse. It was unlike his subject, 'Mais je le regardais, et cela me remettait du cheval dans la tête.' His ideal was to possess man and horse so thoroughly that he could throw them on the canvas in their true authentic movement and expression, 'for the model grimaces always, and caricatures nature.'

In the *Radeau*, as in its derivative the *Barque du Dante* of Delacroix, we have the influence of Michael Angelo at its most direct; echoes of the *Last Judgment* with its ruin and flood and writhing forms. In some preliminary sketches the horror of the scene was more elementary: the mutiny of the sailors against their officers was represented, and a man mad with hunger was shown gnawing the arm of a corpse. For this was substituted the father with his dead son across his knee. This figure of blank tragedy was inspired by one of the actors in Gros' *Pestiférés de Jaffa*, a picture that also suggested Delacroix' *Massacre de Scio*. Géricault thus links himself to the innovator who took fright at what he had done and drew back again, but more by the fact that against the school of David, who tried to give the modern subject the form of antique incident, he restored the eternal language of tragic drama in the body under the form of modern incident.

The draughtsman and dramatist in Géricault had given their measure, but the painter, in this piece, had fallen in arrear. When Géricault was a student at Guérin's it was part of his mutinous novelty that he imitated Veronese and Rubens; from his love of rich impaste he was nicknamed 'le Patissier.' In this his first huge effort he could not carry all his art in line. But once it was painted he took it over to England, where it had more success than at home, and there his eyes opened to its brownness. The portrait, landscape and animal painting of the English ravished him. 'Là seulement,' he says, 'on connaît où l'on sent la couleur et l'effet . . . . il ne faut pas rougir de retourner à l'école: on ne peut arriver au beau dans les arts que par des comparaisons . . . je les vois ici se plaindre de n'avoir pas de bon caractère de dessin et envier l'école française comme beaucoup plus habile: que ne nous plaignons-nous aussi de nos défauts?' What he needs he says is, 'être trempé à l'école anglaise.' Time did not suffer him to complete his art. In a little while he was at his last drawing, that tracing of his left hand with his right he made on his deathbed.

One of the painters he mentions as painting animals in a way the

JAMES WARD. R A

TIGER AND PYTHON FIGHT

masters have never beaten is James Ward; and among his numerous copies after the masters is a *Lion attacking a white horse* by this painter. It is not remarkable that he was attracted by a man who had many qualities in common with himself, the love of vigour in nature and painting. James Ward (1769-1859)[1] stands very much alone in English art. He developed a brilliant painting, based on the technique of Rubens in the *Château de Stein*, but outvied his model in the glue-like clotted impasto of his varnish vehicle. He is extraordinarily big and sturdy. He was the likeliest man in England of his time to have done something corresponding to Géricault's work, and he did attempt the 'historical style' at a time when Hilton was the prizeman of the British Institution. Apparently the touch of the wilful, fantastic and even comic that haunts his painting overtopped his other qualities in this effort. So at least the authors of a 'Century of English Painting,' who have seen his allegory of the Battle of Waterloo, give us to understand. Yet one would think that it might be worth while for the authorities of the Tate Gallery to borrow this work, now rolled up and rotting at Chelsea, and let a new generation judge for itself. Along with Géricault in Guérin's studio was a man who resembles him and Ward in vigorous animal painting, L. G. Jadin. His dogs are treated sometimes with a brutal force of handling that surpasses even Ward's truculence.

FERDINAND-VICTOR-EUGÈNE DELACROIX
(1798-1863)[2]

Delacroix was the executor of Géricault's testament. What Géricault did not live to do for the French school was part of his work, *la tremper à l'école anglaise*, and thus restore colour to painting. That colour in painting should have to be fought for by a modern sounds preposterous enough, but every element in art decays, is discredited, dies, and has to be born again, the same and different, with travail and pain. If he had only restored colour to a place of honour, stood up for Rubens against Ingres, Delacroix would be an important figure in French painting history, not necessarily in all history. But to tradition he added a study of the reactions of light, intensified by Oriental travel, that alone would make him a cardinal figure in the century.

Delacroix was a later pupil in the school of Guérin, and painted his *Dante* under the eye of Géricault. He posed for one of the figures in the *Radeau*, and his own art is more at one with those shapes abandoned in the extremity of pain and dejection than with the athletes of Géricault. He was less robustly planned; a more nervous and feverish frame;

[1] For an account of him see an article by Mr. F. G. Stephens in the *Portfolio* for 1886.

Chief authorities: *Lettres de Eugène Delacroix*, ed. Ph. Burty; *Journal de Eugène Delacroix*, ed. MM. Paul Flat and R. Piot.

energy with him was rather spasmodic and convulsive; but the tension of his will carried his frail body through a vast production. By an instinctive economy of his powers, by the check that his catholic critical sense exercised on his own daemon (he detested most of the romantic art of his time, preferred Racine to Hugo, Gluck to Berlioz), and by the curious fortune that this chief rebel, this 'drunken savage' of the brush, was in spite of all official and popular distaste the chief decorator of public buildings in his generation, he came to shrink from satisfying too much the fever and black heart of melancholy which he recognised as his inmost nature. His work may seem never quite equal to his hunger, not always to find its own subject, but to diffuse itself too readily over the fields of illustration; but the command he obtained over his emotion made it possible for him to plot and carry through great schemes of decoration, and to produce in them more than a mirage of the great past.

Le Temps luttant contre le Chaos sur le bord de l'abîme, au jour de la fin de toutes choses.

Le Destin aveugle entraînant tous les suppliants qui veulent en vain par leurs cris et leurs prières arrêter un bras inflexible.

O sourire d'un mourant! Coup d'œil maternel! étreintes du désespoir, domaine précieux de la peinture! . . . je n'aime point la peinture raisonnable; il faut, je le vois, que mon esprit brouillon s'agite, défasse, essaye de cent manières, avant d'arriver au but dont le besoin me travaille dans chaque chose. Il y a un vieux levain, un fond tout noir à contenter. Si je ne me suis pas agité comme un serpent dans la main d'une pythonisse, je suis froid; il faut le reconnaître et s'y soumettre, et c'est un grand bonheur. Tout ce que j'ai fait de bien a été fait ainsi.

These are the projects and the spirit of the young Delacroix. His ideal was to work in a kind of lucid fury of mind such as he saw produced in some men by opium, haschish or wine, men 'who arrive at exaltations of thought that terrify, who have perceptions totally unknown to the man of cold blood, who soar above existence and pity it, to whom the bounds of our ordinary imagination appear like those of a little village as we might see it lost in the distance of a plain, mounted ourselves on heights immense and cloud-confused.' To reach his painter's intoxication Delacroix drugged himself with literature or by copying the terrible masters. 'Rappelle,' he jots down, 'pour t'enflammer éternellement certains passages de Byron.' To maintain the imaginative state unbroken, he seldom touched food till evening; in the morning, instead of coffee, tasting 'a little Rubens.'

To give the equivalent of this superhuman heat of conception to his scene, to preserve the mood itself at its full height, to charge and disencumber the image by accretions and sacrifices of memory and passion, and to translate the fire of mind into a freedom of execution,

meant for Delacroix working away from the model. He studied from life impatiently and against the grain. It was part of the nervous constitution of his imagination, easily heated by reading, but chilled in action, that he could not abide the presence of the model when at work on his picture. He could only love in anticipation; the presence of a woman froze him: so with his art. He had to carry off his prey of observation out of the day hated by tigers and beasts of the night and devour it in the shadows of his den. His first idea of the means for forcible expression were strong contour and dark shadow. To the influence of Géricault was added that of Goya. 'The first and most important thing in painting is the contours. The rest may be extremely neglected, yet if they are there the painting is firm and finished.' And he determined always to begin with that. A Daumier-like intention flitted through his mind of caricaturing his contemporaries in a mixture of Michael Angelo and Goya. He found the contours of his *Massacre* too washy, not frank enough. Then a Velazquez possessed him, he imagined this 'firm and yet melting paste combined with firm and daring contours,' and he itched to 'spread on a brown or red canvas good fat thick colour.' But Michael Angelo returned again. Would he combine with Velazquez? vigorous contours yet soft and marrowy painting? 'Ce serait une chose singulière et très belle.' He found in a copy after Michael Angelo something he had already the hint of in Géricault, a simplification of features and details that is possible if the contours are firm enough. But his natural love of the exaggeration in one part and neglect of another in Michael Angelo was shaken from time to time by the antique, by the Elgin marbles with their 'uninflated' beauty, and there came a moment when he pronounced Michael Angelo nothing beside the least of the antiques, refused logic, ensemble and even human feeling to his painting, and treated it as mere 'coups de poing.'

His belief in an all-sufficing contour was modified as he pursued the logic of effect less as a draughtsman, more as a painter. A sculptor, he argued, does not begin with a contour; he builds up his form by pellets, by constructing the masses and thicknesses of his figure—the contour is the last thing, the limits of these bosses; and the most distant part of a form from the eye. So a painter should work, by circumscribing the big planes of his figure as they present themselves to the light, and allowing contours now to be lost, now to be pronounced.

This conception of painter's drawing, well on the way to the most modern, came naturally through his study of colour. The real base of Delacroix, through all fluctuations of impersonal criticism, was the Rubens of the Luxembourg decorations. In him he found the freedom, the exaggeration for effect,[1] the 'sacrifices' that he admired in the great master behind Rubens, but an even greater suppleness of form, and also a

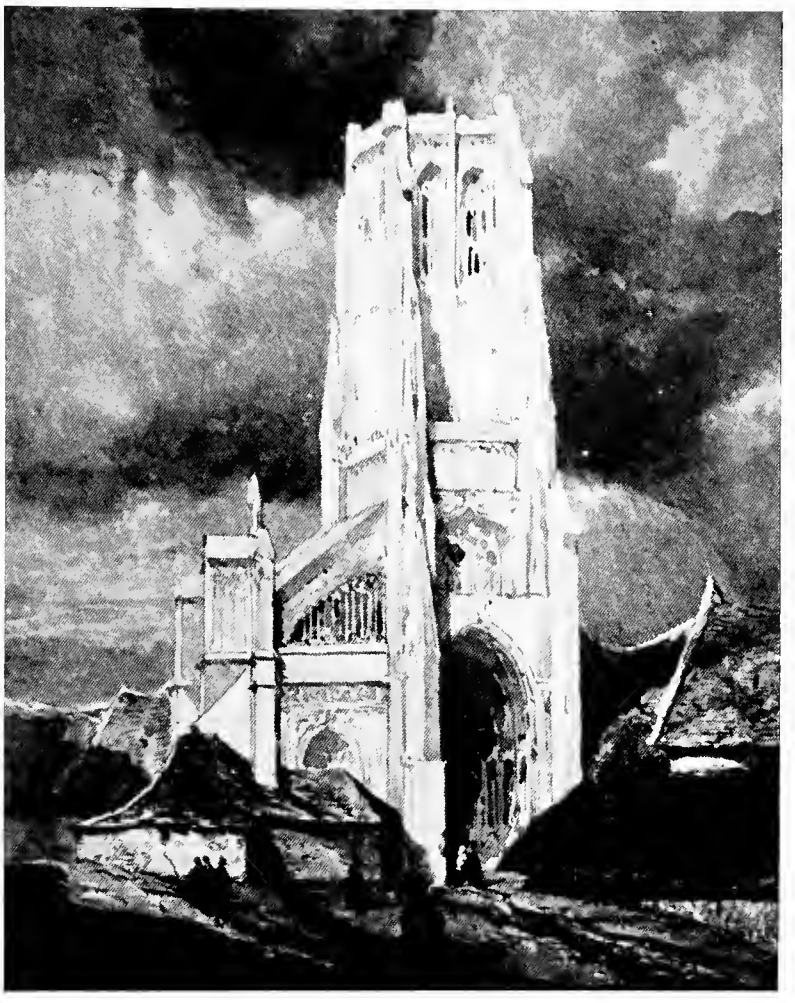
[1] 'J'aime ses formes outrées et lachées; je les adore de tout mon mépris pour les sucrées et les poupées qui se pâment aux peintures à la mode.'

comparable excitement in colour. When he was painting his first picture, the *Virgil and Dante*, and was in doubt how to treat a figure splashed with water, he bethought him suddenly of Rubens and his Nereids in the Luxembourg picture. In these figures lies half of Delacroix. But it needed the shock of a modern example to clear the face even of Rubens to him. When he was painting his *Massacre de Scio* he was rubbing his hands over 'ce bon noir et ces heureuses saletés.' He had, as he confessed, 'badly cleaned the palette of Gros' who inspired the picture. Delacroix had seen hints already of a fresher key in English painting; he knew and delighted in Bonington's[1] water colours, one of the Fieldings had even arranged his background, and he had seen work by Constable; but the contrast of Constable's pictures at the Salon with his own, just completed, converted him, and he spent a fortnight in repainting it What he saw in Constable was probably not only a frankness of colour but an audacity of handling, a communication to 'touch' of the expressive excitement that he had already sought in drawing. He remarks also in later days with what a variety of greens Constable's green was composed; instead of a monotonous tint, a score were interlaced, giving life to the colours.

Delacroix had been converted then to frank colour; but he had still to discover for himself the laws of effect. Composing his pictures as he did with only occasional reference to nature, he worked them out by a mixture of science, experiment in the abstract reactions of colours, and notes of chance natural effects of light such as are to be found in his journal. He grasped the action of reflected lights in determining the true colour of shadows, and substituted this positively coloured shadow for the negative black-degraded shadow he had been working with. What is more remarkable is the thoroughness with which he tested and applied the laws of the simultaneous contrast of colours, the subject at this time of Chevreul's famous treatise. It is claimed for Delacroix that he discovered these laws for himself, and a story is told of the finding of the clue. Delacroix had been painting his *Marino Faliero* (1827), and trying for brilliancy in his yellows. Unable to get the brilliancy he desired, he was once more going to the Louvre to consult Rubens when he happened to observe the black and yellow body of the cab that had been called. The black beside the yellow was not black, but tinged with mauve. Here was the law in germ—the bright yellow compels the eye to see its complementary colour in the adjacent space. If you want your yellow to look its brightest, put its complementary beside it, for that will force the eye to see yellower.[2]

[1] Richard Parkes Bonington (1801–1828) is compounded in various degrees of Girtin, of Lawrence, and of Gros, in whose school he studied. He was a prince of *chic*, and Delacroix could not sufficiently admire his easy invention and execution in landscape and history, and his English colour. We give one of his most impressive architectural compositions.

[2] There is probably some confusion in the story. The yellow of the *Marino Faliero* is actually reinforced by red in the shadows with very poor success.



RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON

An Old Tower

However this may be, it appears that Delacroix arranged in his studio a clock-face after the fashion of Chevreul's colour charts in which the colours were arranged so that complementaries faced one another. To correspond with these colours he had a quantity of small wafers like confetti, and when he wished to try combinations of colour he did so by wetting his finger and arranging masses of these coloured wafers side by side. Here we seem to run to earth the origin of the technique which the later Impressionist-Pointillists transferred to painting. One artist, M. Fournier, who has examined closely examples of Delacroix's decorative painting, has found in parts, like the halo round the Apollo, a certain amount of broken colour in allied tints, and he has had the curiosity to note in detail how far the colour-design of the St. Sulpice decorations has been governed by the balance and mixture of the complementaries. In Delacroix' own voluminous notes in his *Journal* of the colours used for his monumental paintings we can trace his steady increase of strong vibrating violets and greens in shadow as he came to allow for the weakening of tints owing to distance and the reflection from the surface of his picture. His final doctrine, so far as one can gather it, is not quite logical naturalism. He holds by a 'demi-teinte,' a fixed local colour of each object, such as it would have in suffused light, without any glittering direct lights upon it, and strikes his lights (warm, even if toplights) upon that. Veronese claimed his admiration because he built up objects after this fashion and obtained relief with delicate changes of colour in shadow. But the interest in Veronese was too equally dispersed for his own art; the emphasis of Rubens came nearer what he wanted.

Came nearer, but did not quite content him. The laws of impression, in form, colour, and composition, occupy him from first to last of his arguments with himself.[1] What he is groping for is a manner of statement that will give the necessary relief and intensity to the main facts without too obvious a violation of nature and credibility. He passes the different masters in review, the masters who have attempted this order of effect, and none of them, not even Rembrandt or Rubens, completely satisfies him. In this, his constant preoccupation, the possibility of giving truth of *excited* vision, impressionism in that sense, Delacroix is a son of his century. He confronts the idea sometimes under the form, How can one preserve in the finished picture the seizing intensity, the bare poignant language of the sketch? and he would fain define the nature of the 'sacrifices,' a favourite word of his, that must be made with this end in view.

[1] Here is an example. 'Les accessoires font énormément pour l'effet et doivent néanmoins être toujours sacrifées. Dans un tableau tres ordonné, ce que j'appelle *accessoires* est infini. Non seulement des meubles, de petits détails, des fonds sont accessoires, mais les draperies et les figures elles-mêmes, et dans les figures principales, les parties de ces figures. Dans un portrait qui montre les mains, les mains sont accessoires. D'abord elles doivent être subordonnées à la tête, mais souvent une main doit attirer l'attention moins qu'une partie du vêtement, du fond . . . comment le peintre, en copiant tous ces morceaux d'apres des objets réels comme ils sont et sans les modifier profondément, pourra-t-il ôter ou ajouter, donner à des objets inertes en eux-mémes la puissance nécessaire à l'impression?'

If Delacroix had ever visited Venice, he would have found his nearest kinsman in the past, Tintoret. There is much in the wonderful *Apollo Vainqueur* of the Louvre that recalls him rather than Rubens. The decorations of the Salon du Roi at the Palais Bourbon, on the other hand, are Delacroix' finest challenge of the calmer Venetians. His later work at St. Sulpice shows another state of his complex, critical mind. An admiration for Raphael's rhythm grew as he aged; he became afraid, as he looked at his fine 'agencement des lignes,' that he would have 'to throw everything out of the window'; and here he took over the composition of the *Heliodorus*, but ingeniously transformed it into an upright, and gave to all the action an intenser vigour. In the colour, on the other hand, natural logic and individual feeling have grown. He no longer clashes two systems together, as in the *Croisées*, where the full colour appears now in a half tone, now in a high light; nor endangers a lovely natural scheme, like the *Noce Juive*, by anxiety to have intense colour everywhere; there are large fields here of cool aerial colour, on which the intenser notes sing out. The landscape vision was asserting itself more and more over the compounder of picture-harmonies.

HONORÉ DAUMIER
1808-1879[1]

'Il faut être de son temps' has been attached to Daumier as his device. It does not describe very exactly the temper of a painter whose favourite hero was Don Quixote, the knight astray in his own time, whose projects on canvas, while he furnished his weekly tale of drawings for the press, included a *Christ brought before the People*, but it does mark Daumier as the translator into not only contemporary but everyday terms of the drawing that had been applied to heroic and mythical scenes. Daumier's style is grand and elemental, his matter is trivial: his effect is the angry assault of that drawing on this matter, the tilt of the lance against the windmill and the sheep. He takes his revenge on the Philistines, a Samson set to grind at the mill and play before them. He cannot bow himself against the pillars of their house, like the blind giant; but he sees them, and they quake in all their absurd lines with stormy laughter. The titanic drawing loses in his hands little that it had of terrible: it pays itself for what it forgoes of romantic, heaven-assailing flight in its mordancy of attack, transposing poetry into savage humour.

The invention of a new instrument determined this form of his art. When Hogarth, more than a century before, threw himself into an art of satirical drama and caricature, he had no ready journalistic means for multiplying his drawings exactly and cheaply: he had to engrave them painfully on the copper. The invention of lithography gave the draughtsman a direct,

[1] Chief authority: Arsène Alexandre, *Honoré Daumier, l'homme et son œuvre.*

HONORÉ DAUMIER

Bord de la Seine

exact, prompt, and cheap method of publishing his drawings. But, besides these conveniences, it offered the draughtsman the tools for drawing in strong contour, vigorous relief, vehement emphasis, a battery of blacks, all in drawing that buffets, grips, scars, or that sheds on a scene the fantasy of icy lights, the shadows of night and conflagration.

In Daumier we have the extreme case of what is always present in his school, drawing by 'chic' and memory. Hogarth, for the same reason, developed the same method. Eager to note down the violent life of gesture and expression that comes and is gone in a second, and can never be reconstituted by the grimace of a model, he attempted, he tells us, to contrive some other plan than drawing from the life.

'For this purpose, I considered in what various ways and to what different purposes the memory might be applied; and fell upon one which I found most suitable to my situation and idle disposition—laying it first down as an axiom that he who could, by any means, acquire and retain in his memory perfect ideas of the subjects he meant to draw, would have as clear a knowledge of the figure as a man who can write freely hath of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet and their infinite combinations (each of them being composed of lines), and would, consequently, be an accurate designer. . . . I therefore endeavoured to habituate myself to the exercise of a sort of technical memory, and by repeating in my own mind the parts of which objects were composed I could by degrees combine them and put them down with my pencil. Thus, with all the drawbacks which resulted from the circumstances I have mentioned, I had one material advantage over my competitors, viz., the early habit I thus acquired of retaining in my mind's eye, without coldly copying it on the spot, whatever I intended to imitate. Sometimes, but too seldom, I took the life for correcting the parts I had not perfectly enough remembered, and then I transferred them to my compositions."

By this means Hogarth pursued what was first revealed to him when he saw one man break another's head in a tavern with a quart pot, and struck down the instantaneous grimace. He was accustomed to make shorthand notes of action on his thumb nails. Other artists have formed the habit of impressing shapes on the memory by drawing with the tongue inside the mouth.

Drawing by memory and feeling[1] is the drawing with which all children begin and in which many of them have a remarkable facility, obliterated afterwards by model-drawing. There are two sides to it—that of the scaffolding, the general notion of the build of a body, of its 'parts,' and the inserting into this of the note from life or the invention that will give expression. Daumier's ideal was a drawing in which all mere explanatory structure should be reduced to a minimum, and no line inserted that was not expressive. A drawing all expression, all moulded on gesture and business, was what he aimed at. When he was sent to a drawing school it seemed to him perverse folly to be set to copy still-life noses and eyes. He would not stay, but was none the

[1] To draw *by feeling* was the expressive and more respectful English term for the French 'dessiner de chic.'

less determined to learn to draw as he understood drawing. He found his academy in the public baths. He never drew from nature, always from memory, and a search that gradually shaped itself clear. When offered a sitting for a portrait he excused himself and brought the portrait with him, done 'out of his head.' Only working so could he attain the concentration of character that the portrait-painter, working from the life, has to sort out from the disturbing material before him. To Daumier this must seem to be working from without inwards—from the imitation of what comes uppermost and at the moment, by successive corrections, to the heart of the matter. His own method was to grow his face or figure outwards from a kernel of expression firmly grasped in his mind.

Caricaturists differ in all degrees of remoteness from natural structure. Some contrive to give the essence of their man in a perfectly fantastic symbol. Daumier was much more than a caricaturist. The aspect of forms under light—the terrified, complaining, or astonished look of humanity under heaven —haunted him as much as the accusing line of satire. The double art of legend and drawing, of the witty point in both, was more Gavarni's than his; the vaguer, weightier suggestion of incongruity belonged to him. 'Voilà un garçon qui a du Michel Ange sous la peau,' said Balzac of some of his earliest work; potent, ironical and pitiful revealed themselves to him in the grotesque next-door thing, the bulk of misshapen bourgeois bathing against a squalid river-side, the look of an audience under the charlatan wind of legal oratory, the dreary, long-suffering countenance a third-class railway carriage lifts to the light, the shabby intensity of collectors' heads poring over a print. Out of his neighbour in the street, or a bit of waste suburb, he can give us, more than many a picture that essays to represent them, the awe of deluges and judgments, the vast doings of Tohu and Bohu, the beginning and end of things, and our tragi-comic behaviour in between.

He drew round and massive, modelling forms sometimes in clay, always conceiving them so modelled. The light slips and breaks about them like water over rocks. His painting, almost a monochrome, deals with light so cunningly that the colours of many painters, reckoned splendid in his time, turn beside his browns to superfluity.

V.

Landscape

THE sense of landscape, keenly as it was developed in the nineteenth century, was of course no new thing either in literature or in painting. There is small difference between the nocturn of Alcman (εὕδουσιν δ' ὀρέων κορυφαί τε καὶ φάραγγες) and that of Goethe ('Ueber allen Gipfeln'); lovely accessory landscapes without number had played accompaniment to the dramatic motives of painting, and Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Claude had given out the great themes of a more independent art. But this independence was grudgingly admitted; the foreground figures lingered jealously and assertively, however much they had been minimised and the space about them magnified; classic professors at the beginning of the century stood out against a new vision subordinating the old subject ('je ne vous dis rien du paysage—c'est un genre qu'on ne devrait pas traiter'), and we are ourselves familiar with complaints that the rendering of distance as it is seen, of what air and vapour take and give, is to 'sacrifice' too much.

But this new vision is not a sacrifice of the old or substitute for it; it is an addition of something different; it presents objects to the imagination with another kind of interest as well as a novel beauty, and justifies itself accordingly.

Ancient painting tended to describe everything in terms of one distance, that of the foreground; and of one focus, that of clear vision. The definition of shapes and the notation of values was that of things seen sharply near at hand. The more distant figure, the forms of distant landscape, were painted as if they were miniatures of near objects existing in the foreground. This proceeding had its justification in the fact that it followed the particular interest in the subject that belonged to ancient painting; it suited the mental focus, so to put it, of the painter. The subject of ancient painting was either dramatic tableau, or portrait. For each of these the right distance is a speaking distance, that is to say, the foreground, and the painter extended the same definition to the other parts. The eye looking at the distant town regarded it with the same portrait scrutiny.

But with the contravention of visual fact implied in this there is ruled out a whole world of emotion, of different kinds of interest.

We will suppose the figure of a man standing in a landscape for our subject, and throw him back successively to greater distances. When he is standing close up to us, he fills the field with his figure and personality. We can at this distance follow clearly the lines of his face, the minute traits of his bearing and dress, and are acutely interested in all that makes him an individual character. He stands at the portrait distance physically and mentally, he is 'Mr. So-and-So.' The landscape, so far as it shows, is unimportant—a kind of curtain behind him.

Now let him walk away to some distance. Definition at once alters; a number of traits and small features disappear, and the markings that remain are more softly fused. That is how the eye sees him. But the mental vision and interest is also changed. He is no longer so much an individual, a person. He relapses more into his type, his condition, his occupation, or his action for the time being. We say shepherd, or ploughman, or traveller, or beggar, or runner. All this rouses in our minds a different kind of thought and feeling, and this different strain of feeling is incompatible with a clearer definition. If we set to work with a telescope to restore the portrait we shall have two mental attitudes, as well as two visual experiences fighting with and neutralising one another. Observe the results in literature of suddenly altering and mixing up a second focus with a first. There is an example in Wordsworth's 'Resolution and Independence,' and we are all uncomfortably aware of the bathos that results. Wordsworth sees an old man at a distance, whose image suggests a somewhat stately poetic strain, to which his verse as he begins the poem responds. The figure, 'lonely as a cloud,' and heroic, was always one that appealed to and exalted his imagination. But Wordsworth walks into the distance of his picture, buttonholes his mysterious subject, and asks, 'What are you doing?' He replies, 'I am looking for leeches.' The verse at once rebels and turns sulky. Wordsworth extracted a certain moral satisfaction out of what passed, but the poem was broken. Fortunately for readers of poetry, in another case, 'No one told him what she sang,' the figure remained in its plaintive middle distance, since Wordsworth had no knowledge of Gaelic. Of the two effects mixed by Wordsworth the more distant was that of a J. F. Millet; the nearer is a Bastien Lepage, for that painter's originality consisted in bringing up the more removed figures of the former painter and scrutinising them at the footlights, where they became portraits of peasants.

Suppose now we send our figure still further away. Already in the second position the landscape began to tell for something beside the figure—the subject was no longer a person with a casual out-of-doors screen behind him, but was a man and a field, or a man and a road. The

landscape had become an important incident in relation to the man, determining our thought and feeling about him, and attracting some of the interest that was no longer sharply set upon his features. But gradually, as he departs, all individual traits, and even his action and condition are lost. He is only a spot which we determine to be a man; the position of man and landscape is reversed; he is become but an incident in the life of the road or the field. Once more we shall lose this particular emotion of a man merged in a great landscape if we insist on painting him on a reduced scale as we should see him near.

In our imaginary case we have practically been following the history of the extension of interest in painting. Landscape and the effects of distant action have emerged from under the elbows, and between the halos of saints and martyrs to become themselves a dominant interest. At this point we may sum up our ideas and feelings in the word *Prospect* or *View*. But observe that so long as that is the word, something of the habit of portrait scrutiny persists. As long as we look at landscape in this spirit we must define so as to explain or remind of a particular place in its historical or topographical bearings. We jump to an extreme order of thought and feeling when we pass from the idea of *View* to that of *Effect*, when the anatomical pattern of the landscape forms is dressed in a pattern of light or partly shrouded in mist or shadow. The mind has now emptied out so far as is possible personal and local interest, dramatic incident is replaced by the incident of light or shadow, and tracts of land and water, trees and clouds become the material of a visual art, with human associations still, but letting in the before, the after, and the under of the world: *not my house, nor thy house, a tree for the birds to roost in.*

Modern painting, then, using the instrument of aerial vision, can quit the personal local foreground to explore other regions that affect the spirit in their own way. If further example of the abstracting and generalising power of this art be needed, let us take the impression made on the eye and mind by *a crowd*. This the older art could not render. It treated a crowd on strictly dramatic lines; the painter knew what each individual of his group was thinking, and related him to the rest. Hence we get one or two groups, so many persons, *but no crowd*. For what we mean by a crowd is the impression at quite another distance and focus, the idea of mass and swarm, the ant-like busy look, the vague direction, the enigmatic expression, the patch upon patch of face half-revealed, the multiform life and unknown motive. The idea of a crowd is different from the knowledge of each person in it; as soon as we know everyone in a crowded party, it ceases to be a crowd. The crowd in painting, from Raphael to Mr. Frith, is a collection of people to each of whom we are carefully introduced with elaborate explanations. Expected as we are to look at each singly, we never see them altogether.

The same is true of any collection of individuals uniting to make up

a bigger whole. It is impossible to give the idea of a *forest* by a certain number of brightly defined trees. Trunks, branches, twigs, and leaves must be massed together by vapour, or by breadth of light or shadow, to overbear the individual forms. So the effect of the *ocean* cannot be rendered by neat, numberable waves. The pitch of light, the distribution of attention, must be so regulated that the whole breathes like one creature. So again in the nocturns of Mr. Whistler, a town and river were presented undistracted by the gossiping incidents of daylight—the minor definitions swamped in luminous mist. In all these cases, by a just treatment of definitions, the crowd, the forest, the ocean, the town, the river, are enabled to appeal to our spirit as such. No one would address a crowd by adding together the separate remarks he might make to its members; no one can hear a crowd by listening in turn to its members; no one can see a crowd by a series of personal interviews. To complain, then, that Monticelli, when he renders the flowerbed-look of a crowded revel; that Corot, when he paints the forest, and not six and a half specimens of trees; that Whistler, when he abstracts London by moonlight, are 'sacrificing' an enormous deal that we get in early art, is a confusion of thought. There are times when our interest lies in quick talk with our neighbours, others when we turn from talk to vague reverie. One or the other must be sacrificed, we cannot do both at once.

Connected with the shock given to established picture notions by the world seen under the abstracting influence of distance, vapour or dusk, was that of a change in the accustomed quantities of a picture, in the emptying out of the world so that space might tell not by infinite subdivision but by a blank sparely interrupted. Turner, in many of his pieces, intensified the packing of the picture with matter, the accumulation of the 'litter' he delighted in; but there were also the Pointelins, painting a dark cup of the earth that holds nothing but the faintly coloured evening air. In such extreme instances we see of what in its own way the nebulous, shadowy, reverie-image is capable, compared with that of clear cut or passionate form.

JOHN CROME

1768-1821 [1]

'John, my boy . . . if your subject is only a pig-stye, dignify it'
(Old Crome to Young Crome).

Crome, one of the great landscape painters of all time, is a master that the Dutch seventeenth century did not quite produce: there was a peak for him short of Rembrandt's, at the top of the efforts of Ruysdael and Hobbema and Cuyp, though Hobbema in one design, Ruysdael in one or two stretches of grave tone reached this larger seeing, rendered in the local view the 'something far more deeply interfused.' Let us describe him by the convenient

[1] Chief authority for Crome and Cotman; the *Portfolio* monograph by Lawrence Binyon.

THOMAS GIRTIN

Durham from the Wear

fallacy of enumerating the factors after the event, the mixture in the crucible before the spell was worked, the blend of a native matter rich and intimate with nature, and of a heightening, composing art. We have on the one side all the Dutch tradition, encouraging a man to paint the thing next to his door without going for a license to Italy, to ancient history, to mythology, encouraging him to go far, frankly, genially with things, to let all come into painting that comes into the natural pleasures of sight. On the other side is the example of Richard Wilson, the heightener and simplifier, the high-bred Italian who counts the idea-things (mountain, lake, building, foreground,) in his picture, balances and composes them, counts his tones, composes them, and develops a single charm and fixed ideal of colour through one or two pictures (his 'breeding subjects'), varying them a little, and cautiously translating out of Italian into Welsh. And nearer than Wilson was the example, rather than the model, of Gainsborough, flinging out from Dutch particularity to his masses of feathery trees and breadths of shining cloud.

Crome was born in a part of England that was almost a part of Holland, by nearness, by trade, by many resemblances of scenery. Plenty of Dutch pictures and prints were to be seen in the houses he visited. He had the sign and coachpainter's education that teaches most completely an easy command of the material and also respect for those handsome furniture qualities which picture-painting forgets at its peril. His literary education was not of the kind to divert him from what he was to do, and he remained a drawing master, painting for pleasure and such glory as the Society of Norwich Artists, founded by him in 1803, could furnish. There he remained anchored, having formed himself away from the school distractions of London or Italy. But very early he knew and understood the secrets of Wilson,[1] and applied this science to the range of subjects found at Norwich for which the Dutch had given him authority. A sale catalogue of a collection he had made of paintings, drawings and prints proves how widely he studied, but the way he took for his own art was thus narrowly, strongly, and happily chosen. He escaped by a hairbreadth the revolution of the century, the surrender to natural atmosphere and light, never abandoning the Dutch system, but pushing on in the relative scale; his forces were therefore centred in heightening and perfecting. The quarry subject in the National Gallery shows how, without historical crutches, he could rise to bare grandeur; the *Mousehold Heath* brings out the quality of his mind applied to simple material. The ordinary mind would be a blank before this bit of empty

[1] Besides Wilson's, one painting at least of Gainsborough, the *Cottage Door*, was early known to Crome and copied by him. It was in the house of his amateur friend, Thomas Harvey. Mr. Binyon has shown, from the catalogues of the Norwich Exhibition, how conscious the discipleship of Wilson was: Crome exhibiting 'compositions in the manner of Wilson.' There was one at the Academy 'in the manner of Gainsborough.' Crome had the run of Sir William Beechey's painting room, and doubtless learned something from him.

down and road, or be fussily entangled in the near weeds and stones. Crome painted it 'for air and space,' built up the 'flaming walls,' stretched out the floor of the world, and, with the helping gesture of a pointing figure, sent his road travelling endlessly; yet held his weeds in hand to tie together the local and the boundless, enrich the foreground with their design, and enhance the bare stretch of distance. The balance between this weed matter and the picture is one of the most beautiful things in painting. With the same command of grandeur and detail he swept up all the oaks ever painted into his *Poringland Oak*: what was the symbol of a tree in Wilson, whose mannered blobs look ill on a large scale, became in Crome vital and interesting of its kind, and the Wilsonian tone and colour was pressed closer into the secrets of evening light.

In his etchings, modelled close on Ruysdael's, Crome was one of the revivers of this medium. Turner's *Liber*, begun shortly before (1807), was an independent start from the engravings after Claude's sketches. Both Crome and Cotman employed also soft-ground etching, a method that was an alternative to lithography in rendering a pencil or chalk line.

In a letter to a pupil Crome summed up his teaching, his version of impressionism. 'Breadth' is the great thing, but '*muscle* gives breadth. In the sky, if the parts are made broad and of a good shape, that they may come in with your composition, forming the ground plan of light and shade, this must always please a good eye and *keep the attention of the spectator*. . . . Trifles in nature must be overlooked, that we may have our feelings raised *by seeing the whole picture at a glance*, not knowing how or why we are so charmed.' 'He has written,' he adds, 'this long rigmarole story about giving dignity to whatever you paint.'

Crome paid a first visit to Paris in 1814, and after visiting David and other painters, says: 'I believe the English may boast having the start of these foreigners.' The nearest equivalent to Crome that the French school produced at this time was Georges Michel (1763-1843), who naturalised Dutch art among the windmills of Montmartre, and gave muscle, breadth and dignity to an almost monochromatic painting. He was a lonely figure. Some good work on classic sites by Hubert Robert (1733-1808), Théodore Aligny (1798-1871), and others deserves sifting, but the transplanted graft of this stock flowered in the lovely feminine art of Corot. Nature, breadth and 'muscle' did not find their man in France at this moment.

JOHN SELL COTMAN

1782-1842

What was the work of a single genius in Crome, was the conscious and definite effort of a younger group, who are to be found learning their lesson and compounding their new art in an emulous association, with

JOHN SELL COTMAN

A Dutch Town

Dr. Monro's supper parties for its centre. Girtin, the eldest, died at twenty-seven, in 1802. Turner links him with Cotman, the youngest of the group, whose precocious talent reached its climax almost at once, and did not, like Turner's, have any further real development. The difference in circumstances between this group and Crome is that the landscape painters had now found a professional or trade basis. The landscape art of Gainsborough, Wilson, Crome, and afterwards of Constable, was amateur art, a poetry that no large public understood or would pay for.[1] But antiquarian research, with the romance and history attached to it, had called out a race of draughtsmen, of whom Piranesi was the giant. From the middle of the eighteenth century antiquaries like Athenian Stuart, military surveyors and travellers employed water-colour draughtsmen. The Gothic revival, after the classic, added to the volume of historical-romantic matter and employment, and a race of fairly decent architectural draughtsmen-tinters was represented at the end of the eighteenth century by Paul Sandby, and others whom insular pride has made sufficiently famous.[2] Out of this group, Dayes and Malton were the ducks who disapprovingly hatched the cygnets Girtin and Turner. At Dr. Monro's conceive, then, not the beginnings of landscape or even of water-colour art, but the joining up of this modest line of occupation with the splendid line of the unemployed poets. It was an excitement in the architectural offices. Like the men of Ephesus, they had not so much as heard that there was any Holy Ghost; now they rushed in to have their share of inspiration, adding just that fresh turn, zest, manner of approach that gives an art a new life-lease. At Dr. Monro's the link and chief incitement was a collection of drawings by J. R. Cozens (1752-1799), who had thrown an artist's *parti pris* into sketches, with moon-cold tintings, of travel with his patrons, Beckford and Payne Knight. But there were also on the walls and in the portfolios Gainsborough, Wilson, Canaletti, Salvator Rosa, Poussin and Piranesi.

These pictures and drawings the students were set to copy, or to compose on a given sketch or subject, with a definite aim at style—at dividing the lights and shadows of a scene broadly, deploying tones with economy and effect, studying the elegance of contours, the effect of masses. Turner and Cotman were thus composing Italian-born scenes before either had left England (Cotman never visited Italy), and had exercised themselves in the styles of half a dozen masters before they had attempted to digest nature for themselves. It is a stage of training that was constant in the old schools, where pupils were put through an education in prints.

[1] Gainsborough's landscapes remained mostly on his hands. Wilson made a living with difficulty. Crome's *Mousehold Heath* was sold at his death for £1. To be a drawing master was the only sure wage-earning business for a landscape artist.

[2] Matters are reduced to their proportions if we remember what the Japanese water-colour printers had done at this time, and what Debucourt was doing, in his exquisite gouache-coloured prints. The history of water colour should take all this into view.

The modern tendency has been to omit it, to give the infant no milk, and turn him loose to feed on grass.

Cotman is the purest style-result of this training. What Girtin, with his splendid balance of faculty, would have grown to we can only guess. Cotman was not a great digger, except at the one point of architectural form, and its attachment to the ground. Trees, men and beasts, clouds and water, he took more from pictures than from fact, simplified and arranged with the rarest instinct for strength and elegance. Within a range of conventional tone, ashy greys, umbers, orange and sometimes blue, he is perfect. The Print Room now possesses various drawings from the Reeve collection (it already had the superb *Durham*) that illustrate his best qualities. The monochrome *Château d'Arques* is the finest expression possible of an architecture that includes ground and building, bone and muscle in the anatomy of the hill, ruin half relapsed into geology but understood under its scarred and mouldered face, and all this expressed by decisive line and wash in a few tones. The *Interior of Norwich Cathedral* is a first-rate example of his colour washes added to drawing, the *Greta Bridge* of sky architecture added to that of earth and building. A *Fight with a Centaur* and a landscape composition in the same collection illustrate by what practice this splendid handling of architectural matter was won.

The precocious Cotman, a master in his teens, had to suffer later for the narrow base of his perfect art. The shock of real light and colour found Turner entrenched behind a thousand studies, and full of ruse and strategic resource: it wrecked Cotman. He followed the brightening of Turner's palette without understanding, changing his beautiful greys for hot and gaudy tints. It is his monochromes, drawings or etchings,[1] his sober-coloured drawings, and one or two masterly oils, like the *Wherries on the Yare*, that secure his fame.

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER
1775-1851[2]

'The sun is God, my dear' (a saying of Turner)

Girtin-Turner was not the equal of Girtin, as the sketches the two did together remain to show; Turner's education had a wider circle to complete with a slower movement; his ambition was all-assimilating. There was a Gainsborough-Turner, a Wilson-Turner, a Morland, a Crome, a Vandevelde, a Claude, a Poussin, a Salvator, even a Wilkie and a Laurence-Turner before the schooling was finished. It has been pointed out how deliberately he pitted his forces against all masters in turn. He painted a *Venus and Adonis* in emulation of Titian, an extraordinary

[1] See particularly his *Liber Studiorum* and *Antiquities of Normandy*.

[2] Chief authorities: Thornbury, *Life of Turner*; Ruskin, *Modern Painters*.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

THE TROUT STREAM

piece in emulation of Rembrandt (in the Farnley collection). No possible opening escaped him. De Loutherbourg struck him by his scene-painting ingenuity and command of effects of light (illustrated by his *Eidophusicon*, a stage landscape entertainment with realistic effects of light, wind and water movement, and sound). Turner is said to have hung about his studio to discover his secrets till Madame de Loutherbourg ejected him.

All this competition and trial in oil painting was backed by study in the Academy schools, and at the outset, it is said, by copying in Reynolds's studio. On the other side was study in an architect's office, practice in tinting, in sketching and composing from sketches in the Monro circle, and upon the bones of style gathered the life observed in countless tours. Nineteen thousand sketches and studies were arranged by Mr. Ruskin from Turner's bequest to the nation. He had a perfect physique, nerves, and eyes; was a tramp who could carry all his baggage about him, sleep and feed anyhow; was free all his life from social ties[1]; had no distractions but his art; had trained his memory to a rare pitch, and elaborated a system of note-taking, half sketching, half writing, by which he could nail his impressions with wonderful rapidity and sureness. His 'impressions' were deliberately compound. 'What! Do you not know yet, at your age, that you ought to paint your impressions?' he said to a painter who was searching for a scene as he remembered it[2]; that is to say, the picture, as he studied the place, was a combination from several points of view, with features freely redistributed and proportions altered to give the epitome and emphasis of his feelings about it, and to this end he made his notes.[3]

Turner's art, then, was an extraordinary elaboration alike on the composer's and the observer's side. He once said to a friend that if he had to begin life over again he would be an architect. The side of design in his pictures is evident enough: no form is introduced of which the rest are not aware, a motive of form is pursued and varied upon throughout a piece, as consistently and persistently as in highly wrought architectural or musical composition. But this design is not a rhythm forced on objects from without or uncertainly apprehended in them. It is an eye for their own principle of construction, their private rhythm. Mr. Ruskin has amply illustrated Turner's difference from his predecessors in this respect. Claude has the general idea of rhythm, but the particular

[1] The wonderful Thornbury sentimentalises over love-romances in Turner's life that require better evidence than he gives. One is founded on a letter which, so far from suggesting an offer for his hand from a lady, is really a proposal that she should make him an offer for his house. Turner appears to have been excellent company with his cronies, but detested company when he was working. This is represented as jealousy and secretiveness. It is a remarkable thing, as Mr. Alfred Hunt used to say, that people who would never dream of looking over another man's shoulder if they saw him writing, regard a man engaged in painter-composition as a public entertainment.

[2] *Modern Painters*, iv. 231.

[3] Mr. Ruskin once searched a whole day to discover Turner's point of view for a particular drawing. 'The rascal,' he exclaimed at last to his companion, 'he has made the river run the wrong way!'

objects that are to fill it out do not yield up to him their principle of construction, never get really into step and time with the general tune, they have to be carried round in the dance like parcels. When he puts two trees together the inner trick of their pliancy and stubbornness escapes him, they are too unaccommodating for an easy solution, and he compromises often with a feeble waggle of curves. So with rocks and hills; he had to build them into approximately harmonious lumps as if he were a child building in sand. Turner pierced through the bewildering accidents of growth down to character, to a system of curve or cleavage. He could grow trees and rocks from within. Every line of the pines in the great Farnley drawing is a picture-line, but also a tree-line; the tree is more lucidly a tree and a part of the general flow, strain, and pressure of the forces about it than any tree we shall see by going to look for one, because its main motive is disentangled and also reinforced, for it is taken up fugally and echoed all over the picture.

His constant system of reinforcing the rhythm of one object by reference to it in all the others may be instanced from the *Garden of the Hesperides*. The dragon is not here a detached preposterous toy. Everything bends itself, so far as its own nature will allow, to make him credible and awful, or, at least, very forcibly present. The rock on which he lies echoes his movement in a huger bulk, and his anatomy in its stony ribs and fractures; the clouds above him coil.[1] To conquer the anatomy and architecture of clouds as well as of stationary rock and tree was a feat wonderful enough, but to surprise an intricate rhythm in the welter of waves, to wreathe a sculpture out of the waste wrath and torment of the sea, was his supreme triumph. The leap from the Dutch machine-made waves to these whelming and majestic living forms seems measurable by a difference in kind rather than degree of faculty; and features of translucency, pitch of lighting, foam-lace, elaborated by later painters, are minor curiosities compared with the coiling of Turner's wave.

With a tradition thus enriched and extended, Turner from 1800 to 1820 is again and again one of the most perfect of painters. He had absorbed all the building art of the picture, the painter-cook's knowledge of paint, acquired an unparalleled command of natural form, developed an unparalleled delicacy of vaporous mystery ('indistinctness is my forte'), and elaborated a system of imaginative portrait for places compacted from separate studies under abstracting and heightening recollection. In this period he paints mountain and sea as Rembrandt painted humanity, with the same sculpturesque solidity of anatomy firmly grasped, the same wary, infinitely flexible hand for form, so that the eye is surprised and satisfied by every touch, the same rich, beautiful pastes of paint, fluid or 'short' as the texture of things demands, the same infinity in simplicity, so

[1] Mr. Ruskin explains the reverberation of forms in Turner as a device for withdrawing attention from an aggressive shape. It is rather surely the tendency to coherency in design by working from a root or unit.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

Old Bridge at Shrewsbury

that one can watch the elusive pattern in the coiling of his waves close like a tune and yet escape and continue like moving nature, even as one can watch for a morning the growing of a feature out of a face in Rembrandt's portraits. As Rembrandt the face of a man, so Turner paints the side of a ship or of a hill with an aspect of drama, of long-suffering, of much living under the visit, the welling out, the majestic benediction of light. The *Calais Pier*, the *Shipwreck*, *The Sun Rising in a Mist*, the insuperable *Bligh Sands*, the *Kilgarron Castle*, the *Trout Stream* are some of those pictures of complete attainment before he broke the mould.

Turner's imaginative attitude through this period was of a vast elegy. It ranged from the serene melancholy of Claude and mirage of classic empires, to the wrecks of feudal landscape reinstated by Scott, and the passionate pilgrimage of Byron, evoking history and passing on where history gives out at the last peopled crag under rock and snowfield, or launches on the obliterating sea. As he painted, there trotted through his head verses of this vague lament, never begun or ended in words. It had the eighteenth century cut of fashion that survived in the poets of the 'Pleasures of Memory' and 'Pleasures of Hope.' Turner's poem was the 'Fallacies of Hope'; its title and the obscure fragments he printed in Academy catalogues convey at least the colour of his mind.

He poised, then, for a time, in an admirable balance of old and new. Then, as if tired of this perfection when it was mastered, but drawn on really by the deep attraction and emotion of light, its events and passionate chemistries, he pushed out into newer, more difficult and lonely regions. With a firm hand on convention all this time, he must have debated much with himself over the possibilities of coming to closer terms with light and colour. His rare quoted remarks, the elaborate diagrams and studies he made to explain aerial perspective to his pupils at the Academy, prove the conscious analytic working of his mind. He pointed out to Mr. Trimmer, for example, the complementary colour appearing in a black cow against an orange sun; he discussed the theories of Brewster with Thomson of Duddingstone; he read with some disappointment Field's *Chromatology* ('you have not told us too much'); he haunted, in his later days, Mayall the photographer's shop (as a 'Master in Chancery'), and lent him money to carry on his experiments. The painter's colour-lore of Du Fresnoy and the new speculations of Goethe alike interested him. But the peculiarity of his position was that he could not deal, like Constable and later painters, with effects imitable in the positive scale of nature: he was for facing the source of light, as Claude had done, who 'set the sun in the heavens,' but he wished to add to painting the most emotional matter in nature, the colours and clouds of sunrise and sunset. Painting a source of light, he could not be positive, he must remain relative; but grasping at those effects of flagrant colour, of scarlet, orange and purple, with conflicting light from the moon, he must quit the scale

of gilded browns and make some new compromise between the logic of nature and the possibilities of paint.

Turner cut his knots imperiously, adding even to their natural complexity. Mr. Ruskin has given what he conceives to be the general nature of his compromise, the lightening up of shadows towards their true value, the consequent telescoping of the upper region of the scale, with a reserve of the last extreme steps for the highest lights. But Turner used any device that would steal an equivalent of extreme brilliancy, doctoring his shadows with vermilion to make them strong and yet bright. He is not satisfied with the difficulties of a single region of the heavens, but brings opposite quarters into the same picture, and hangs the moon under the same visual angle as the setting sun, in her own nest of tone while supposing her light to come from the natural quarter.

This special development of Turner's interest had several effects upon his art. First of all it tended to cut him away from the topographical root out of which it had grown, an influence that had persisted in an historical or portrait grouping of his material. He was now more purely the artist of emotional effect, and sought for material like the walls and canals of Venice that were so many reflecting surfaces for the shafts of light. In his water-colour *studies* we get this pursuit of effect least sophisticated. It appears that he also made a number of direct oil studies of skies. In the second place, not only the subject-centre, but the build of his pictures was affected. The tradition of picture-composition is determined by the fact that pictures commonly have a rectangular frame. The reason for this lies less in vision than in architecture, pictures being designed on the principle of panels. Our natural vision has the shape of a vague, ragged oval, the subject, by our attention, shaping itself on this vague ellipse, clear in the centre, dim at the edges. This shape often threatens to assert itself as against the panel shape, either in oval frames or in a vignetted composition with the corners of the rectangle sacrificed to darkness. This tendency, noticeable in Claude's tree-framing of his light, became very marked in Turner. It proclaims itself in his book vignettes, and appears with little disguise in his pictures, which lose their strong architecture of square and straight, and their sculpturesque forms, curving into a receding shimmer of iridescent tone, a kind of rounded pit opening into space. Sometimes the picture tends to be a collection of vignettes, each object seen in delicate gradations in a little pool of its own. With this change to a shimmer of high tones the technique changes; solid opaque oil work is replaced by washes of transparent colour over a white ground in imitation of water-colour. In the third place, as the restraint of his schooling relaxed and Turner stood out alone, developing his personal taste to its utmost, there emerged, along with the magical and fine in his sense of light, certain grosser elements of his taste. One is reminded of the discrepancy between the voice of a perfectly trained servant speaking to his master

JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

Kenilworth

JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

Opening the Lock

and the same man at his ease in the servants' hall. The *Marriage of the Adriatic* is a climax of these lapses into the garish and flimsy which it is enough to mention.

The *Fighting Temeraire* is perhaps the nearest equivalent in masterly completeness and gravity to the earlier perfection. It ties up as closely as they were ever tied the strands of Turner's art. Looking at a Vandevelde, once, he had said, 'That made me a painter!' Vandevelde, like the topographers, represents a professional draughtsman-art, that of making portraits of warships, pushing out into free picture making. Turner's earlier sea pieces are constantly planned with the pieces of Vandevelde's game; the contrast of the liner riding high and straight with the smaller craft dipping past. Then he transposed this native sea piece into the mythological Claude line with the addition of his new range of effect in the *Polyphemus*. Here his fancy may be thought too free, marring the sunrise with something theatrical in the invention of the ships and nymphs. Ten years later the subject came back, with what resonance of imaginative effect! to native history. Turner already, by his sea fights, was the best of our 'historical' painters. Now all that a sunset or moonrise can commingle of splendid dirge and ghostly passing was poured upon the veteran ship. The colour of the picture is probably damaged; was never, it may be, thoroughly harmonious; but as the creation of an art of tragic light it is one of the century's master-works.

JOHN CONSTABLE
1776-1837[1]

I might put on a suit of Claude Lorraine's clothes, and walk into the street, and the many who knew Claude slightly would pull off their hats to me; but I should at last meet with some one more intimately acquainted with him, who would expose me to the contempt I merited. It is thus in all the fine arts. A new Gothic building, or a new missal, is in reality little less absurd than a new ruin. *The Gothic architecture, sculpture, and painting belong to peculiar ages. The feelings that guided their inventors are unknown to us. We contemplate them with associations, many of which, however vague and dim, have a strong hold on our imaginations, and we feel indignant at the attempt to cheat us by any modern mimicry of their peculiarities. It is to be lamented that the tendency of taste is at present too much towards this kind of imitation, which, as long as it lasts, can only act as a blight on art by engaging talents that might have stamped the age with a character of its own, in the vain endeavour to reanimate deceased art, in which the utmost that can be accomplished will be to reproduce a body without a soul.*—(From Constable's last lecture on Landscape, 1836.)

'A good thing,' said Constable, 'is never done twice'; and he quotes with approval from a conversation with Northcote: 'It should be the aim of an artist to bring something to light out of nature for the first time. Something like that for which in mechanics a patent would be granted; an original invention or decided improvement.' In the preface to the *English Landscape* he writes:

[1] Chief authority; C. R. Leslie, *Life and Letters of John Constable.*

'In art there are two modes by which men aim at distinction. In the one, by a careful application to what others have accomplished, the artist imitates their works, or selects and combines their various beauties; in the other, he seeks excellence at its primitive source—nature. In the first he forms a style upon the study of pictures, and produces either imitative or eclectic art; in the second, by a close observation of nature, he discovers qualities existing in her which have never been portrayed before, and thus forms a style which is original. The results of the one mode, as they repeat that with which the eye is already familiar, are soon recognised and estimated, while the advances of the artist in a new path must necessarily be slow, for few are able to judge of that which deviates from the usual course, or are qualified to appreciate original studies.'

Constable, in his closest dealings with former masters—and he studied them intimately, as his letters and landscape lectures show—never lost the very strong conviction, necessary in some degree for an artist, that he had it in him to patent a novel view of nature. He adored and copied Claude, and Ruysdael 'haunts my mind, and clings to my heart, and stands between you and me while I am talking to you . . . the whole so true, clear, and fresh, and brisk as champagne; a shower has not long passed.' In Rubens he found 'dewy light and freshness, the departing shower, with the exhilaration of the returning sun, effects which he, more than any other painter, has perfected on canvas.' Gainsborough and Girtin opened painting to him as an English art,[1] but he regarded pictures steadily as helps and incitements, to be judged by what they could contribute to something fixed in his eyes and stamped upon his affection from boyhood that was not all of it to be found in them.

This conviction and a gentle obstinacy were just strong enough to prevail in his learning years against his modesty, home dutifulness, and affection of another kind. He had to prove his ideal to many doubters. But he held on, and these virtues, so dangerous to the attempt, were knit into the achievement. Constable never lost force by becoming the parvenu of arts more aristocratic than his temper properly allowed: he lost nothing that was his by being born a miller. Like the greater miller painter, he grew, untransplanted, with all the homely sap in him. This, which the free range of modern art may claim as one advantage, is too often cut away by the schools. Constable learned no ventriloquism; he said no more and no less than what he had to say.

The dissuaders were not only of his own household, active enough as these were. His father urged him to 'stick to the paying parts.' 'You must not choose your subjects.' 'When you have hit on a subject, finish it in the best manner you are able, and do not in despair put it aside and fill your room with lumber. . . . I fear you make too serious a matter of the business.' Miss Bicknell, the object of his calm attach-

[1] There was a set of eight early Suffolk oil sketches by Gainsborough given to Joshua Kirby, that came into the possession of Mrs. Trimmer, and excited Turner's and Constable's admiration equally. Turner examined them so carefully one evening that he hurt his eyes. Constable 'used to say that it made him cry to look at them, and that no one at the present day could approach him' (Thornbury, *Life of Turner*, II. 60). In his lectures he says of Gainsborough's landscapes, 'In looking at them we find tears in our eyes, and know not what brings them.'

ALEXANDER FRASER, R S A

THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST

ment, with marriage in the middle distance (he was rebuked for taking her hand after a five years' engagement), added her counsels.

'That dread of being a mannerist, and that desire of being an original, has not, in my imperfect judgment, produced to you the full advantage you promised yourself from it. . . . By a sedulous attention to your profession' (*i.e.* portrait painting) 'you will very much help to bestow calm on my mind, which I shall look for in vain while I see with sorrow how unsettled you appear, and consequently unfitted to attend to a study that requires the incessant application of the heart and head. You will allow others, without half your abilities, to outstrip you in the race for fame, and look back with sorrow on time neglected and opportunities lost, and perhaps blame me as the cause of all this woe. Exert yourself while it is yet in your power; the path of duty is alone the path of happiness.'

This perfectly reasonable and true view of his worldly prospects was not all; his artistic advisers, with equal sorrow and prudence, pointed him to ambition in the direction of Claude. Constable loved Claude above most things. 'I don't wonder,' he wrote in later life to his wife, 'you are jealous of Claude. If anything could come between our love, it is him.' But after a winter of picture worship and copying, a day in the country was enough to assure him that there was a way to be broken out for himself that was not Claude—that before nature he 'must forget he had ever seen a picture,' so as to grope for the starting-point and then come back to the picture again; that 'there was room for a natural painter.'

What precisely did 'natural' mean for Constable? First, it meant that grass was green. Sir George Beaumont, the connoisseur to whose collections and kindness Constable owed so much, was the painter of the picture that struck from Wordsworth his magical line:

'The light that never was on land or sea.'

In Sir George Beaumont's theory and practice this light was 'a warm fiddle-brown.' His tone was an interpretation of Ruysdael's and Claude's chiaroscuro *plus* various coats of varnish. In Ruysdael's and Claude's landscape the picture is thought out and made out in tone, transposed lower than the natural pitch, and local colour is only an allusion: green in particular a variation within golden brown or silver grey. Constable carried out a fiddle, placed it on the lawn, and asked, Is so much sacrifice necessary? Chiaroscuro, a strong opposition of lights and darks, I mean to preserve at all costs, but can I not push up closer to the beauty of a green tree or meadow and get my lights and darks ('darks of silver') in a more vivid register of colour? Turner had been content with the old register in respect of green, because the effects he preferred were those of golden mist that resumes green into itself. This was not Constable's effect: he was rearranging the machinery of painting for another. He disliked autumn; he loved the green foliage and herbage of spring and summer, and of the times of the day he had a preference for bright noon.

Second, he required that water should be wet. The dry sea-pieces, the landscapes that rain and dew never moisten, did not content him.

What to many of his predecessors would have seemed a disturbing accident, the glitter and flash of wet surfaces, was his favourite engine of effect, and associated in his mind with sap and lush growth. His dearest subject is *wet light*, when a countryside flashes silver green and silver dark as the rain passes away. The 'nature' he wishes to insinuate into the traditional picture is the nature of this effect. He is not a painter of mist, he is not a painter of serene sunshine, it is the rain or dew-drenched herbage or foliage that haunts him in clear washed air under the shadow of clouds and shafts of light. The rain turns all the greens into bright reflecting surfaces, so that on the upturned facets there is a glister of the highest attainable pitch, and the shadows, by contrast, are almost black.

It was in pursuit of these glittering points[1] that Constable found himself knocking against the limits of paint in vain. Paint, at its brightest and smoothest of pure white, can never reflect light as sharply as a drop of water, and Constable's spots of glitter were laughed at as 'Constable's snow.' But what paint could reasonably do to convey those wet reflections Constable conjured out of it. His ideal transformed his technique. To get the utmost of flat reflection, sharply struck surface, and liquid edge, he combined with the brush the palette knife. His technique is that of the flash and the splash of light. His principle of handling was expression of all the degrees of pace and attack for which music has elaborated a vocabulary. Thus he says of Titian's *Peter Martyr:*

'It is striking to observe with what consummate skill the painter, like a great musician, has varied his touch and execution from slow movements to those of extreme rapidity. Thus the quick and vivid sparks of light near and upon the assassin's arm, hand, and sword, give inconceivable energy to his action, and contrast finely with the solemn quiet of the retiring forest.'

As well as the sparkle of light he loved its movement and that of the air; to give this movement the more fluid handling helped, and he had a preference for trees like the ash that yield motion and silver at once to wind and sun. The love of these two elements, massive shadow and flashing points of light, determined Constable's favourite choice of effect, noticed by the Redgraves, with the sun in front, but high and out of the picture, and a sky broken by clouds. He did not, like Turner, constantly challenge the source of light; it was part of his 'naturalness' to deal with a range of effect in which paint is not so completely baffled and compelled to work by ruse and transposition. Nursing this effect[2] of

[1] Constable is something of an old master now. Perhaps Claude was once much less so than we think. Blake is reported to have said that he had seen a few Claudes 'really untouched and unscrubbed, with great delight; and mentioned as a peculiar charm that in these, when minutely examined, there were, upon the focal lights of the foliage, small specks of pure white which made them appear to be glittering with dew which the morning sun had not dried up.'—Gilchrist, i. 355.

[2] 'I am planning a large picture, and I regard all you say, but I do not enter into that notion of varying one's plans to keep the public in good humour. . . . Perhaps you think an evening effect might do; perhaps it might start me some new admirers, but I should lose many old ones.

DAVID COX

Going to the Hayfield

WILLIAM J. MÜLLER

Via Mala

his, studying its natural conditions, he enlists the two most potent allies in making a world seem natural, solid, familiar—unity of lighting and truth of tone. In ancient dramatic painting the landscape is frequently illuminated by a quite different system from that of the figures, and these stand up illuminated against the light; the same convention persisted in the English portrait school, the landscape background being treated as a painted screen. Turner took wild licenses with his lights and shadows. Constable was recommended to regard his sky as 'a sheet let down behind his trees.' Against this he revolted; space and the objects in it he saw constituted by a light coming from one source, variously distributed and interrupted, but a continuum. So the sky was part of something here as well as there, in front of trees as well as behind them, an atmosphere extending outwards from one's hand. Given the unity of light, truth of tone followed, and this, along with his love of effects that gave an opposition of dark and light, made him, in a curious way, an ally of Sir George Beaumont and Wilkie against the Turner group in the Academy. Turner's rush to the extremes of colour, his replacing of the lower tones by bright tints and free falsifying of tone displeased alike the traditional painters and the 'natural' painters who loved 'chiaroscuro.'[1] Wilkie epigrammatically brought in a Rembrandt on varnishing day, and when there was a shout against the 'hole in the wall,' and 'black master,' remarked, 'Then, gentlemen, if we are right, all the old masters must be wrong.' Constable, secure in his own effects, which did not except at one part raise the casuistries of tone and colour, retained tradition so far as to design his pictures on a brown monochrome foundation, and only on the point of vivid greens and wet glitter vexed the traditionalists. This practice tells in his larger works; it is chiefly in his sketches we get his full freshness; the 'brown tree' reasserts itself in his bigger pictures; all the more that

I imagine myself driving a nail; I have driven it some way, and by persevering I may drive it home; by quitting it to attack others, though I may amuse myself, I do not advance beyond the first, while that particular nail stands still. No one who can do any one thing well will be able to do any other thing equally well.'

[1] By 'chiaroscuro' Constable meant painting by *values*, not necessarily with dark shadows. In a lecture he says: 'Chiaroscuro is by no means confined to dark pictures; the works of Cuyp, though generally light, are full of it. It may be defined as that power which creates space; we find it everywhere and at all times in nature; opposition, union, light, shade, reflection, and refraction all contribute to it. By this power the moment we come into a room we see that the chairs are not standing on the tables, but a glance shows us the relative distances of all the objects from the eye, though the darkest or the lightest may be the farthest off.' He opposed to this drawing by outline, as when David and his contemporaries 'exhibited their stern and heathen petrifactions of men and women, with trees, rocks, tables, and chairs, all equally bound to the ground with a relentless outline, and destitute of chiaroscuro, the soul and medium of art.' He had the modern sense that the full aspect of a thing, a thing not abstracted into line, but seen in its atmospheric values, is always beautiful. 'I never saw an ugly thing in my life,' he said to a lady; 'for let the form of an object be what it may—light, shade, and perspective will always make it beautiful.' There must be selection, but only because we cannot compete with the beauty and delicacy of nature; and the last selection is learned from nature, 'who constantly presents us with compositions of her own, far more beautiful than the happiest arranged by human skill.' 'Painting,' he finally lays it down, 'is a science, and should be pursued as an inquiry into the laws of nature.'

for foliage, between his rather painful detail studies and free mass-sketching he never effected a quite satisfactory mean.

Add to these habits of vision a pervading 'moral sentiment,'[1] and we have perhaps got fairly near to Constable's meaning. He called the engravings from his pictures with an intention *English Landscape*, and 'English' was not narrow enough for him. The scenery of the lakes depressed his spirits. The 'Dyke' at Brighton was 'one of the grandest natural landscapes in the world, and therefore a scene the most unfit for a picture.' He was only happy when painting his own country. He was delighted with a perversion of the Catechism by Archdeacon Fisher's boy, 'and to walk in the *same fields* all the days of my life.' It was his idea of heaven. Boats and coast scenes seem to him 'more fit for execution than for sentiment.' 'I hold,' he goes on, 'the genuine pastoral feeling of landscape to be very rare and difficult of attainment. It is by far the most lovely department of painting as well as of poetry.' To Fisher he writes:

'How much I wish I had been with you in your fishing excursion in the New Forest! What river can it be? But the sound of water, escaping from milldams, over willows, old rotten planks, slimy posts, and brickwork—I love such things. Shakespeare could make everything poetical. He tells us of poor Tom's haunts among 'sheepcotes and mills.' As long as I do paint I shall never cease to paint such places. They have always been my delight, and I should indeed have been delighted in seeing what you describe and in your company. . . . Still, I should paint my own places best; painting is with me but another word for feeling, and I associate 'my careless boyhood' with all that lies on the banks of the Stour. Those scenes made me a painter, and I am grateful; that is, I had often thought of pictures of them before I had ever touched a pencil.'

His 'own places,' 'with all their endearing associations,' were the spring of his painting. He was the reverse of the passionate pilgrim, he was the affectionate stay-at-home, and it was part of his feeling not to alienate those scenes by imported incident[2] or epical grandeur that was not his sentiment about them. His habitual feeling was one of fresh air, moving, vivacious light, and a certain solemnity of shadow. 'My *Lock* is now on my easel; it is silvery, windy, and delicious; all health, and the absence of everything stagnant.' 'My last landscape . . . is one of my best in colour, fresh and bright, and I have pacified it into tone and solemnity.' Again: 'One of the largest is quite complete, and is my best in sparkle with repose, which is my struggle just now. What a sad thing it is that this lovely art is so wrested to its own destruction! used only to blind our eyes, and to prevent us from seeing the sun shine, the fields bloom, the trees blossom, and from

[1] Mr Trimmer had it from him that he painted for 'breadth, tone, and moral sentiment:'

[2] He was early impressed by a saying of 'Antiquity' Smith: 'Do not set about inventing figures for a landscape taken from nature; for you cannot remain an hour in any spot, however solitary, without the appearance of some living thing that will in all probability accord better with the scene and the time of day than will any invention of your own.' Mr. Whistler once made a remark that may be added to this bit of philosophy, viz., that the draughtsman need not despair because the actors that belong to a scene, for example the children playing about a door, are perpetually in movement, since with patience it will be found that the movements, actions, and grouping recur.

WILLIAM M'TAGGART, R.S.A.

When the Boats come in

CECIL LAWSON

Landscape

hearing the foliage rustle. . . . On seeing the "House" she [Lady Morley] exclaimed, "How fresh, how dewy, how exhilarating!" I told her half of this, if I could think I deserved it, was worth all the talk and cant about pictures in the world.' He sums up once more his aims: 'Light—dews—breezes—bloom—and freshness; not one of which has yet been perfected on the canvas of any painter in the world.'

Much that Constable valued in his pictures has gone out of them. 'Take their crispness away,' he said, 'and you take my picture.' Blacking has been used to tone down the glitter. Chantrey and other friends used to glaze away his 'snow' on varnishing days with asphaltum. The *Hay Wain* does not now suggest the Somerset House porter's 'So natural, with the frost on the trees!' a rustiness has overtaken many skies and landscapes. Constable, moreover, was anything but an infallible composer. But once or twice he beat out, from long-handled, familiar material, a magnificent design, and dressed it with the most brilliant life. The *Leaping Horse* is one of these masterpieces, wrought up from an incident of the Suffolk towing-path. We have the full-sized sketch, and also the picture, and the picture shows how the design has improved upon the sketch, by transposing horse and willow, and thus gaining a crescendo of movement in the forms; for the subtlest device of movement in painting is to repeat an action in a series of different objects, so as to suggest successive positions leading up to the final, or, as here, a wake of widening movement. Forcible, solid, glittering, native of his parish, it has the 'new fact' that Constable thought necessary to reopen the process of painting, and it has also old mastery.

This picture illustrates his final method. He said to an inquirer that he had none, but 'got up his pictures anyhow,' but his practice, like Crome's, was to work from studies, and finally, when he had the picture in his head, to plot out a full-sized canvas, and design it by masses with the palette knife, dead colouring with black and white or vermilion and prussian blue, and then colouring by solid painting and glazing. When he wanted to plaster he added copal to his linseed oil and turpentine.

The excitement that the exhibition of his pictures caused at the Salon of 1824 has become famous. Delacroix has recorded the effect on himself. On others it has perhaps been exaggerated. Paul Huet (1804-1869) preceded Rousseau, and it is doubtful if Corot would have been greatly different without the English impulsion. Yet directly or indirectly this native art, with its vivid light, natural logic of tone, handling governed by aspect and feeling, must have helped to root and vivify French landscape.

In England, it is sometimes said, Constable had no successors. The truth is rather that special 'patents' in subject were pursued with no equal sense of style. His close contemporaries, David Cox (1783-1859), and Peter De Wint (1784-1849) show most nearly, in their water colours, the same balance of quantities; but the water-colour drawing masters were driven to recipé-making for pupils. William Müller (1812-1845) exploited Con-

stable's manner brilliantly in both oil and water colour; he had the quintessence of drawing-master facility in flinging together a composition, striking detail on wet tones at the critical moment and shaping splashes with an unfaltering hand. The patentees of new material, the explorers of a place and an effect, received a fresh impulse from Millais. In England Henry Moore, Mr. J. C. Hook and Edwin Ellis are the most notable; in Scotland, out of a large group, Alexander Fraser (1828-1899) and Mr. William M'Taggart are illustrated here. The sentiment of the last named for movement in light and air leads him to an extreme, at times, of fly-away execution, but the sentiment is a true one, and includes the figures that remain so obstinately outside of Mr. Hook's solid marines. The *Minister's Garden* and *Harvest Moon* of Cecil Lawson, who died in 1882 at thirty-one, are the landscapes of the last generation that recall Constable most in largeness and dignity of vision applied to fresh material. In our own generation the influence has come back with fresh strands in it from France. Certain landscapes by Mr. Mark Fisher and Mr. P. W. Steer give to us the shock of brilliancy that London and Paris received from Constable, but we no longer.

JEAN-BAPTISTE-CAMILLE COROT
1796-1875[1]

Corot is often described as a 'classic' painter in the sense that he derives from Claude, the painter of Roman scenes, rather than from the Dutch; that the build, grouping, filling of his statelier compositions, and their stately sentiment itself, are stamped with that origin; that the buildings of his distances are seen under a 'souvenir d'Italie,' and the figures of his foregrounds sometimes taken from mythology. All that is true, but we must beware of a label that more correctly describes things than the feelings about them, which is the true essence of art. Claude's feeling about the classic sites and buildings that he painted, and the *revenants* with whom he peopled those scenes, was evidently what we call romantic; the ruins of classic times affected him, a modern, with the same nostalgia for a distant, half-lost, half-recovered world as the later romantics drew from mediaeval ruin and legend. In the middle ages this haunting of a submerged world, surmised from a token here, a disguised survivor there, sounded most thrillingly in traditions and relics of classic times; the 'gods in exile' were to the mediaeval imagination what the knights and pilgrims of that time have been to ours; romance lies in such intrusions and returns. When Corot was a boy—and he was a boy of five when the nineteenth century began—the politicians even had their romantic vision of a classic life: they saw themselves in the attitudes of Brutus and the Horatii, survivors of a noble republican valour and piety. The 'classic' art of that time forbade any

[1] Chief authorities: Henri Dumesnil, *Corot, Souvenirs Intimes*; T. Silvestre, *Peintres Vivants*.

JEAN-BAPTISTE-CAMILLE COROT

THE BATHERS

place to landscape, except as a theatre for the memorable actions of exalted patriots. In this sort of classical landscape Corot could not live, and it was his feat to take up and save from the midst of it the mood born two centuries before, throwing into it all the modern poetry of vision, the suffusion of reverie, of vague light and lustre, impalpable shadow and mist, renouncing the clear-cut shapes of noon for the uncertain coming of day and withdrawing, the release and pity of evening, the 'far-folded mists and gleaming halls of morn.'

Corot's landscape, then, is not the classic landscape of his own youth; but if by classic we mean a serene and happy dream, without storm, passion, and dark melancholy, the conviction of a solemn and radiant Arcadia, born somehow with the first sight of moonlight and branches falling upon a pond, and hovering through all experience, the word may stand. What is extraordinary about Corot's art in our age is its unwavering consistency with one mood, its unbroken march step by step, and gathering up of means as for a foreordained goal, its completeness and content. The modern enchanter, when his spell is half woven, himself is disenchanted, and breaks his wand: Corot to extreme old age wove on at his filmy vision. From the first he is seen collecting the sticks for it as for something instinct held secure like a bird's nest to a bird. The picture that was to grow directed and limited his studies, and the business of his eyes was there in its elements from the first. Black stems, the cloud of green, the ivory and silver and pale blue of air, only took to themselves surer sweep, suaver adjustment, more delicate gradation. Corot is never the struggler with nature, sifting the accidental heap of the world for a picture undescribed. He holds its invoice, he is 'advised' of it, and seems rather to go out to meet, to verify and remember in its details, what has been consigned to him from the first.

A tree is of all matter of painting the most amenable at once and obstinate. It is not, like a man, made on a pattern of proportion and limbs that alter little. The accidents of growth will multiply the arms to hundreds, and dispose them in countless shapes. For the painter who has his pattern secure they come obedient because of this variableness, but for the painter who goes to them with a blank mind they are terrible creatures, cutting jagged lines and spotty arabesques against the sky, and teasing the mind with frustrate and interfering lines. In Corot's mind a certain tree grew. He recognised a part of it in the olives of Italy, in their spare serpentine arms and cloud of grey-green with glittering points of light. He saw more of it in the larger points of light and denser mass of the poplar at home, with outlying fringes of willow. He broadened the lights and modelled only the larger masses of the leaves, so that his tree became almost a ghost of umbrage and shimmer. The lines of his stems and branches are not the property of the tree only, they belong to the picture as well. Line echoes to line across the canvas:

on this side the branches thrust out over the water, on the other side movement and curve are taken up and an answering line flings out of the picture. The germ of the scheme is in Claude, but never in him so singled out and made completely musical with intentional arrests and countermoving subjects, so that the rhythm may not be too easily discovered. The pupil, too, betters his lesson in his treatment of the outline and mass of foliage, in his consideration of the shape of the spaces it occupies and leaves. There is no accidental serration or ungainly cutting in his work. When a silhouette is desirable for a tree but not for the picture, his cunning is endless for leading the eye on a false track by some feathery boundary line thrown up by a subsidiary growth.

Corot naturally saw things blurred, *émoussées*; 'je me suis laissé *encotonner* par le ciel cotonneux de Paris,' he said, but the cotton-soft heavens were the weather of his mind; the cloud or ghost of an object was what he first took of its form. He also took, secondarily, a strong impression of its rhythm; the ghost of mass and the directing lines of build are what made up objects to him. His painting is the poetry of such appearance. The difficulty for him was not to present this natural taste too baldly. The tree threatened to resolve itself into black stick and nebulous green. To model in between these limits, to persuade the eye that all was there without overlaying this impression which was to be the final as well as the first, to *verify* it enough, to make his ghost substantial so that it should not separate off from the thing like an impalpable fancy, and to keep the taste of reality was the task for Corot. In face of nature itself his temptation was not to forget his picture but the thing; to nail his eye to the tree and follow it out was impossible for him; he took a hint here and a hint there, cautiously anchoring his green nebulæ to the earth strand by strand, so that the soft cumulus and feathery cirrus and sky-borrowed silver of them should float at the boundary of strangeness and truth, of fact and dream.

It follows that Corot could not learn to draw in a drawing school. To make out things by adding definite part to part was to reverse the natural working of his mind. He discovered this at once in Italy. He went out with his sketch-book and attempted to draw groups in the street. He came away with bits of noses, arms, and legs. Then he threw the system overboard, and practised catching an ensemble of shape and movement, drawing by masses. In his full-grown method he painted in the order of his mind. He did not build up his most vigorous near forms and then hang a distance and a sky behind them. He painted his sky first, then bosomed the forms out upon it by tender approaches to nearness and addition of substance, but left them more distant than the setting out of the picture suggests. Thus one observer found him working from a foreground that was actually a middle distance.

No man was ever more completely and happily wrapt up in his

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

LA CHASSE

NARCISSE-VIRGILIO DIAZ DE LA PEÑA

L'Orage

own dream. He came into the world to paint a single picture, and was distracted by nothing else. Music was his favourite relief. He read nothing. He had repeatedly begun *Polyeucte* and would say hopefully, 'This year I really must finish *Polyeucte*.' If he bought books it was because they were handsome, and to give to his models to read. A Magdalen was found posing for him with a heavy volume of law Latin. Examples of his efforts to enter into conversation on current topics are 'Il paraît que M. Hugo est un homme assez fameux en littérature,' and in the thick of the revolution of 1848, 'Il paraît décidément que l'on n'est pas tout à fait content.' His memory, unburdened with things of no importance to him, became singularly tenacious of the matter of his art. He could repeat his own pictures from memory and complete a picture from a sketch. He had methods in his scale of tone so that he could indicate by numerals, 1, 2, 3, 4, the values of objects, and his first step in painting was to note the extreme light and shade between which the gradations were to lie. A passage, too familiar to quote, in which he describes under symbols from *bim* to *boum* and back again, the growing of light from dawn and its dying away, illustrates at once his sense of *key* in tone and his resolute choice of the cool and silvery keys for himself.

PIERRE-ÉTIENNE-THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

1812-1867[1]

Avec notre malheureuse passion de l'art nous sommes voués à un tourment perpétuel: sans cesse nous croyons toucher à une vérité qui nous échappe.

The sense of differences is obscured in England by the habit of speaking of the 'Barbizon School,' a name used to cover Corot, Rousseau, and Millet, three artists as distinct as well can be. Their lives overlap, occasionally the sites of their pictures were the same, and the natural science of vision occupies them all. But Rousseau as an artist is nearly the antithesis of Corot; of the three he is most self-made, least a son of pictures. He breaks with the old wary art in a vast love of things. With each picture he must go anew through the sicknesses and pains of picture-bearing with no certainty of deliverance. He competes with intricacy and infinitude, is rebuffed and brought up short by the limits of the art, is challenged at the frontiers and turned back. When he sets out to paint a tree he forgets his picture in its history, obsequious to all its tough confusion. For Corot a tree is a picture-mass, dosed carefully with as much of the most pliant tree character as the shape and simplicity of that mass will bear: for Rousseau the tree before him is an obstinate, insistent person whose portrait he has wagered to execute in all its traits; and of trees he prefers the oak, with its short thrusts and blunt

[1] Chief authority: A. Sensier, *Souvenirs sur Th. Rousseau.*

turns. Corot went out each morning happy to the marriage of his picture-mind with la belle nature ('je vais saluer la belle'). Rousseau went, the anxious, unhappy wooer, with no picture terms to offer, only a hopeless, all-accepting passion. Every new aspect and place enticed him; he wanted to include the impossible, to draw whole ranges of mountains ('si, c'est que je veux tirer tout le pays en perspective,') to get down to the infusoria in the ponds. And the most luckless aspects of country were sure of his painful affection. As he took into his house a sick, half-mad woman and watched over her with dolorous tenderness, so he spent himself in painting, now with the illusion of embracing the whole of being ('pour un peu j'aurais pu me croire le soleil d'une petite création') then with his eyes open beside a sulky swamp or unmanageable tree ('si mon étude ne m'eût rappelé que j'avais tant de mal à singer un pauvre arbre, ou une touffe de bruyère'). 'Je me suis mis à poursuivre tout le temps une chimère; elle me tient encore en haleine, mais la queue tout au plus me restera dans la main.'

In this chimera-chase of complete nature Rousseau was associated at first with a remarkable man, who wore himself out in an ideal of painting that should give microscopic detail near at hand and a succession of more general aspects as the spectator withdrew. This was Charles Delaberge (1807-1842). On a badly-lit wall of the Louvre may be seen one of his pictures, gone to a horny brown, but showing an extraordinary fineness of drawing in the lacework of chestnut leaves against the sky. Here is one of his rhapsodies as Rousseau gave it:

'Oui, oui, je détaille et j'exagère, parceque, pour faire œuvre de créateur il faut aller du petit au grand, de la graine à l'astre, de la nuit au jour. Je tâche à suivre la marche de la nature et de procéder comme elle. Pour nourrir un ton, pour fortifier une harmonie, il faut, à l'exemple du temps, faire surgir de terre des milliers de végétations et des myriades d'existences, puis illuminer tout ce monde par le grand coup de feu qui féconde. Vous verrez plus tard, quand le désir de l'analyse et de la paternité s'emparera de vous, vous verrez quand vous aimerez la vie jusqu'à en perdre l'esprit, comme il est bon de regarder jusqu'à l'âme des infusoires, de grandir en se rapetissant et de couver l'œuf avant de sentir remuer l'être. Alors vous retrouverez l'univers dans la fourmi et notre planète sur une tuile ou sur une mousse.'

Delaberge, in his last invalid days, limited himself to a vine, which he had trained to grow into his room. The vine died, and he was reduced to *natures mortes*, 'ou plutôt endormies,' as Rousseau said, to please him.

This mystical particularity, it may be noted, is dated 1833. The logic is at work here that wrought later and with wider recognition in Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Hunt. Jules Dupré (1812-1889), who can here be spoken of only in this association, seems to have led Rousseau in the direction of greater pictorial concentration. 'Je dois beaucoup à Dupré, il m'a fait entrevoir des choses que je ne soupçonnais pas, et entre autres l'art de machiner le tableau et d'en condenser les forces.' Moreover, they became fully conscious together of the landscape secret, what

MATTHEW MARIS

THE WALK

CHARLES-FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

Sundown

Rousseau calls 'aerial modelling.' This became for him the object of a semi-religious veneration as being the universal element, and he came to think that it matters nothing what is enwrapped in light and air, so long as this universal medium is faithfully represented.

'Quelque soit l'interêt qu'on puisse prendre par l'occasion de temps, de religion, de mœurs, d'histoire, ou à la représentation de certain type particulier, rien ne vaudra que par la compréhension de l'agence universelle de l'air, ce modelé de l'infini, rien ne pourra empêcher qu'une borne autour de laquelle l'air semble circuler ne soit une plus grande conception dans un musée que l'œuvre ambitieuse d'expression particulière qui manquera de ce génie. Toute la majesté particulière, spéciale d'un portrait de Louis XIV. par Lebrun ou par Rigaud sera vaincue par l'humilité de la touffe d'herbe nettement éclairée par un coup de soleil. . . . Que de bavardages, mon Dieu, pour en dire si peu, pour dire qu'en art il faut être plus bonhomme que malin!'

He uses two words, *le modelé* and 'its derivative' *le mode*, to bring out his meaning. Modelling in the school sense is to make out a figure without thinking of its background, of the aerial ensemble. *Le mode* is the total envelope, grey, silver, or golden, in which this particular modelling is wrapped. He is expressing thus Constable's 'chiaroscuro,' in other words, 'values,' and in the phrases quoted above he makes the vision of light and air more unreservedly the whole of art than Constable himself. But when he touches on what he loved best after all, trees, he allows its full part to the object and its associations.

'Si l'on peut contester qu'ils pensent (les arbres) à coup sûr ils nous donnent à penser, et en retour de toute la modestie dont ils font usage pour élever nos pensées, nous leur devons, pour prix de leur spectacle, non l'arrogante maîtrise, ou le style pédant et classique, mais toute la sincérite d'une attente reconnaissante dans la reproduction de leurs êtres, pour la puissante action qu'ils éveillent en nous. Ils ne nous demandent, pour tout ce qu'ils nous donnent à penser, que de ne pas les défigurer, de ne pas les priver de cet air dont ils ont tant besoin.'

No studio modelling then! black one side, a half-tint the other, cutting them out, dragging them from 'the life of their *mode*';—only their 'very little part of the whole plenitude of relief, the atmosphere that makes them a part of life.' When someone bothered him for views upon painting, Ingres *versus* Delacroix, and the rest, Rousseau replied that when an elephant dies at the Zoo they stuff it, and it is always something. A fine ancient art being dead, Ingres stuffed that. 'We are no longer in the time of the Olympians, like Raphael,' but our troubled time has brought us this universal means of aspect.

On all this side of his art, then, Rousseau is an ardent naturalist, a Dutchman, a Hobbema, impassioned. He admits two processes. First, exact delineation; then composition, but the composition is a scrupulous, modest putting of 'what is in us' into the tree, 'entering the utmost possible into the exterior reality of things.' 'There is composition when the objects represented are not there for themselves, but with the object of containing under a natural appearance the echoes that they have laid up in our mind.'

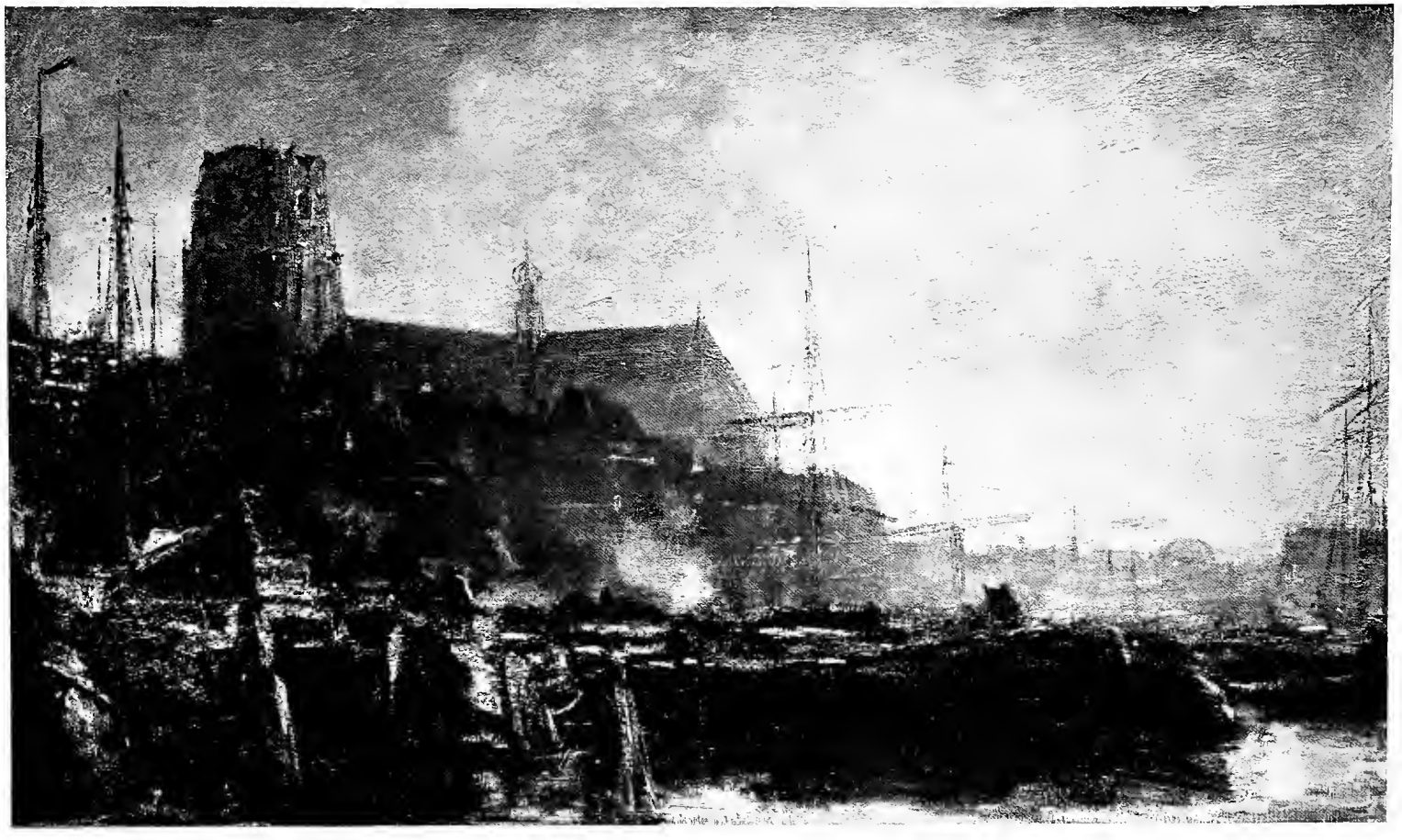
But there is another side to Rousseau. If he was Hobbema, he was Hobbema-Delacroix; there is a check upon this pure naturalism. When he brought his study home and shut himself into his painting-room, the synthetist woke up and claimed his freedom in one province of the picture. He did not disturb very much its configuration and contents; its documentary construction, so dearly bought, still claimed his respect. But over this scrupulous skeleton of perspective planes in the ground, the bones and nerves and muscles of branches, he let his passion for jewel-work in paint have its fling, making up his tones to the nearest that foliage, bark, and moss will bear of the emerald, the topaz, the amethyst, and enhancing this lustre by every device of paint cookery, solids, scrapings, glazes innumerable and scarce perceptible, drenches of treacherous bitumen, and varnish.

'Il vous semble que je me borne à caresser ma toile, n'est-ce pas?' (the results being hardly perceptible) 'à n'y déposer que des gestes magnétiques. Je cherche à procéder comme le travail de la nature par des alluvions qui, réunies ou amoncellées, deviennent des forces, des transparences, du milieu desquelles j'agis ensuite avec des accents définitifs comme sur une trame neutre. Ces accents sont à la peinture ce que la mélodie est à la basse harmonique, et ils décident de tout, de la victoire ou de la défaite. Peu importe une méthode en ces moments où le dénouement survient; on use de tout, même de conjurations diaboliques, et quand il en est besoin, quand j'ai employé toutes ces ressources des couleurs, j'use du grattoir, du ponce, de la sèche, et s'il faut encore, du manche de mon pinceau.'

Under these processes the pictures came and went, wrought up to incredible glitter one day, critically re-seen and returned to sober grey the next. Some of his pictures were thus repainted, caressed, 'regulated,' broken up for years, one or two for as many as fourteen; and the best chance for a picture was to be snatched away by some friend at a happy crisis of its history.

Some Japanese prints that had come into Millet's possession shook the limitless naturalist in him, and fevered still more the decorator. In these he saw sharp-struck, simplified results, based on aerial modelling, and a daring range of harmonies. And he went at his canvases again, resetting their scheme, resuming detail, sharpening their effect.

This character of Rousseau, with its mixture of curiosity, absorption, scruple before nature, and alchemist's hallucination when shut up with his picture, is written clearly enough in their texture. In a fine example belonging to Mr. Donald, shown in Glasgow, *The Forest of Clairbois*, we can trace the story. Here is the picture only vaguely present in the choice of subject, the delight in the splendour of sunlit woodland, the half-dozen manners of rendering, as he hesitates between careful making-out and broad statement of foliage; ingenious passages, like the striking in of the clouds over a tone in the canvas to represent their shadow, and, last, the full emerald, russet and marble of woodland and cloud. From such a nature satisfactory pictures must be few. From many of his pictures we get a keen sense of place and atmosphere, of the explorer



JAMES MARIS

Souvenir of Dordrecht

JAMES MARIS

The Bridge

trying to push back the picture limits and find a free entrance for Alps and oaks, heaths and swamps; also we foresee the door opened for the indiscriminate sketcher. But when the scene falls into a picture, it is a rare one. An early example, *The Terrace of St. Cloud*, may be remembered at a Burlington House exhibition. The picture illustrated in this book is surely a great discovery in the disposition as well as rendering of deeply emotional matter. A high horizon line bounds all the lesser shapes, and a frame of dark clouds continues this architecture in the upper part of the picture-field. From under this threatening brow sunset glares down the valley, through whose darkness the hunt passes. This flight and chase are like words set to the tremendous theme of that hour when whatever in our heart can tremble or own foreboding is at the mercy of the sky.

We can measure better Rousseau's stature when we see how, by the culture of one corner of his field, artists more concentrated and prudent than himself could reap a rich harvest. He found Diaz,[1] a man with the colourist's senses, but a mind too easily content with prettiness and confection. He taught him how to use his palette; gave him a tree trunk and other pages out of his book to exercise it upon, with something of his own spirit that lent itself gladly to outer things. At a second remove the natural jewel-work of the woods and of the palette was taken over by Monticelli,[2] and by him married to fanciful assemblages out of Watteau, made possible for his century by their uncertain and mirage-like appearance, like figures painted from a dream, and come together to celebrate neither the high Venetian pomps, the lusty romp of Rubens or gallant fête of Watteau, but an extreme feast of the palette. It is through Rousseau that the whole fantastic vision hangs together: it is his woodland, painted always on the fiery red ground he sometimes used, and wrought up to a frenzy of scintillation in those masqueraders. Monticelli's own exquisite sense of grace in women and invention in grouping add the positive new part without which his art would be the mannerising of Rousseau.

That admirable painter, Charles François Daubigny (1817-1878), the living artists, Harpignies and Pointelin, and a whole group of Dutchmen, including Matthys Maris (b. 1839), Jacobus Maris (1837-1899), Johannes Bosboom (1817-1891), and Anton Mauve (1838-1888), who naturalised English and French landscape in their own country, must be barely mentioned here.

[1] Narcisse Virgilio Diaz de la Peña (1808-1876).

[2] Adolfe T. J. Monticelli (1824-1880).

VI.

France

Heroic Art fused with Landscape: Titan Sculpture: Etchers

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET
1814—1875[1]

On peut partir de tous les points pour arriver au sublime.

L'art n'est pas une partie de plaisir, c'est un combat, un engrenage qui broie. . . je ne suis pas un philosophe, je ne veux pas supprimer la douleur, ni trouver une formule qui me rende stoïque et indifférent. La douleur est peutêtre ce qui fait le plus fortement exprimer les artistes. . . . Ce n'est jamais le côté joyeux qui m'apparait, je ne sais pas où il est, je ne l'ai jamais vu. Ce que je connais de plus gai, c'est le calme, le silence dont on jouit si délicieusement, ou dans les forêts ou dans les endroits labourés, qu'ils soient labourables ou non. . . . Vous êtes assis sous les arbres, éprouvant tout le bien-être, tout la tranquillité dont on puisse jouir; vous voyez déboucher, d'un petit sentier, une pauvre figure chargée d'un fagot. La façon inattendue et toujours frappante dont cette figure vous apparaît vous reporte instantanément vers la triste condition humaine, la fatigue; 'Tu mangeras ton pain à la sueur de ton front.'

Voyez ces choses qui remuent là-bas dans une ombre; elles rampent et marchent. . . . Ce sont les génies de la plaine. Ce ne sont pourtant que de pauvres gens. C'est une femme toute courbée sans doute, qui rapporte sa charge d'herbe, c'est une autre qui se traîne épuisée sous son fagot de bois. De loin, elles sont superbes, elles balançent leurs épaules sous la fatigue, le crépuscule en dévore les formes; c'est beau, c'est grand comme un mystère.

'THEY brought Millet to see me, he speaks of Michael Angelo and the Bible,' is a note in Delacroix' *Journal* that sums up the new spiritual turn the art of Géricault, Delacroix, and Daumier was to take. Athletic in Géricault, feverish and exalted in Delacroix, angry, actual, modern in Daumier, this art of expression and drama was to have its accusing vigour mated with a humble and pitiful strain. If the Titan, the earth-born, lifts a puzzled, dangerous head in '*L'homme à la Houe*,' he stoops again to his long resignation; it is the pieties, not the mutiny or brutality of his hard-driven race that impress themselves on Millet. He is the most religious figure in modern art after Rembrandt. As Rembrandt found pity and awe for his drama in light and shadow, so Millet discovered a patience of beauty, a reconciling, in the concert of landscape mystery with labour.

[1] Chief authority: Sensier, *Vie et Oeuvre de J.-F. Millet.*

A. T. J. MONTICELLI.

FÊTE ON THE HILLSIDE.

Millet was carefully nursed for his vocation. Born of a family of severely religious peasants, aristocrats of their class, he began with a biblical vision of the peasant's primitive, necessary world. He seems to have determined from the first to guard his patrimony, the poetry of his class, and never to be the snob of any other. To the world in which the accumulation of wealth allows intellectual play or play of art to be a man's occupation, piety of his home and fixed ideas forbade him to belong, and when he came to Paris to study he went through it fearful, suspicious, secretive, like a man carrying a treasure among thieves or a light through a windy street. He went about the city a somnambulist, hugging his possession of hard, melancholy, faithful life, afraid to be happy, resentful of the invitations and opportunities of pleasure that might dim the gaunt images to whose convoy he was vowed. He avoided the people he was introduced to, would hardly ask his way in the streets, was a mute and obstinate pupil in the schools. He had the prudence of his genius, refused to become flexible, to have any traffic with city ideals, sought counsel only of the masters who could nourish his grandiose and austere dream, his premonition of an antique-modern art, of a sublime to be found among the poor and simple, near the earth. He was of a family who, one by one, renounced the soil, and as he received the letters that told of the farm going down in the hands of the women, he must have felt that such treachery must be paid by an art as grave and strenuous as tilling, as nearly as might be 'necessary.' His mind, therefore, was constantly occupied with those universals that are the whole of life to the simple and poor, that are banished in a life of leisure till they cannot be avoided. The ordinary man hastens to forget the beginning and the end and the narrow securities of life; he expatiates in its truces and its pleasures. Millet is with the mothers and the priests, to whom the awfulness and pain of life coming and going is ever near, who almost love sickness, because it makes the soul conscious again and tender. Joy and beauty, save in the narrowest respite for the field-worker, he refuses to see as he might refuse to receive stolen goods.

Millet, then, when he came to Paris had a clear premonition of his art. 'Je suis venu à Paris avec mes idées toutes faites en art, et je n'ai pas jugé à propos de les modifier.' His first sketch had been of a peasant bowed and foreshortened, appearing at the turn of the way, as he was to find him again at Barbizon. The drawing hung in his studio to the end, and he said, 'I have done nothing else since.' He had nourished his sense of grandeur at deep sources in books, Virgil and the Vulgate Bible (the French he naturally found feeble compared with that). The pastorals of Virgil had caught him—the line 'C'est l'heure où les grandes ombres descendent vers la plaine,' from a translation, was one of those key-words to him such as De Quincey cites from his own childish reading—and the pastorals of the Bible, with their rock and honeycomb grimness and

sweetness. For the graphic counterpart of this poetry he had gathered hints in engravings after Michael Angelo and in the copies of masters at Cherbourg. Millet, it will be seen, was as little as possible a peasant or 'rustic' artist in the sense of growing an art without education. He had found his way straight to the grandest models; his aim was grand art, but the sublime reached through what his own life gave him the right, the understanding and the affection to deal with.

Once in the Louvre, he found all his anticipations confirmed; the landscape on the way to Paris he had hated; it was like a 'décoration de théâtre' not 'true nature'; the art in the shop-windows had been all fashion-plate and perfumery; but here he was 'en pays de connaissance, dans une famille où tout ce que je regardais m'apparaissait comme la réalité de mes visions.' First came the Primitive Italians, with their 'douceur, sainteté et ferveur.' Then the later, with their science and charm of composition. He lingered over Mantegna. But when he saw a drawing by Michael Angelo of a man in a swoon

'Ce fut bien autre chose. L'expression des muscles détendus, les méplats, les modelés de cette figure affaissée me donnaient toute une série d'impressions. Je me sentais comme lui supplicié par le mal. J'avais pitié de lui, je souffrais de ce même corps, de ces mêmes membres. Je vis bien que celui qui avait fait cela était capable, avec une seule figure, de personnifier le bien et le mal de l'humanité. C'était Michel Ange; c'est tout dire. J'avais vu déjà des gravures médiocres à Cherbourg, mais là je touchais le cœur, et j'entendais la parole de celui qui me hanta si fortement toute ma vie.'

Delacroix, by affinities with this, touched him among the moderns; the rest was waxwork and fadeur. Delaroche was a 'maker of theatrical vignettes.' The theatre itself, the idea of an actor lending himself indifferently to various characters, he could not abide. Masquerade and the factitious in painting revolted him as much, and the eighteenth century fell under his ban. Boucher was a mere 'entraîneur,' Watteau's world 'un petit monde de théâtre, bonshommes de coulisse condamnés à rire.' But wherever he found 'puissance' he admired; all Boucher was not worth a woman of Rubens; Murillo and Ribera had something of this, Velazquez was judged ill by his *Apollo and Vulcan*, and by figures not sufficiently doing what they pretended to do. Rembrandt he only understood later. 'Il ne me repoussait pas, mais m'aveuglait. *Je pensais qu'il fallait faire des stations avant d'entrer dans le génie de cet homme.*' The passion of Michael Angelo, and Poussin came first, and the tenderer and more religious side of Millet expanded rather among the Primitives than with the Dutch master who would have contested the throne of the Florentine.

'Subjects simple as childhood, unconscious experience, beings who say nothing, but feel themselves overcharged with life, or who suffer patiently without cries or plaints, who submit to the human law and have not even an idea of asking anyone

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

GOING TO WORK

how it may be justified. Those men did not practise a mutineer's art like that of our days.'

To practise drawing Millet entered the studio of Delaroche—where, shy and silent the 'Wild Man of the Woods' pursued his own ideas, going for the muscles and their attachments in the model. Delaroche watched him with a mixture of irritation and misgiving as a pupil he could neither advise nor correct. 'Vous êtes si nouveau pour moi, que je ne veux rien vous dire.' But when he found the pupils one day taunting him, 'Le voilà encore qui fait du chic, qui invente ses muscles,' he struck in from his experience of the 'Hemicycle' he was then painting. 'Il a raison, lui, il faut se servir de ses souvenirs.' 'Prometheus' was set as a competitive subject; Millet's aspiration was to paint him 'in such a sort that his sufferings should appear eternal.' Once more we see how the sympathy with titanic action and suffering is associated with a system of drawing by memory and knowledge, emphasis and sacrifice, rather than by the direct innocence of imitation preached by David and Ingres.

There was a period when Millet's light flickered. Under compulsion of poverty he was forced to paint little pieces nearer to Boucher than he liked; then came a glint of success, marriage, his 'flowery' period, when the particular side of his art he was working at led naturally to a deviation. He was becoming more definitely a painter, was in love at once with rich paste and with the action of light and air on surfaces. This means passing on from Michael Angelo to Correggio, 'son modelé l'accent sculpturale de la forme noyée dans l'air,' and the production of a group of idyls, 'prétexte pour m'exercer dans le nu et le modelé lumineux.' Under this preoccupation Millet was converted into a happy painter. But a word was enough to throw him back on his deeper inspiration. 'Un nommé Millet qui ne fait que des femmes nues' the description of himself overheard before a shop window, was the sentence upon this art, and he vowed to his wife to paint no more of these pieces even if they had to go hungrier, but to accomplish 'ce qui m'occupe l'esprit depuis longtemps.' It was not a question of the nude, but of the spirit and significance of the painting. He was hesitating still between the field-subject in a modern form or thrown back into ancient legend with its more abstract freedom of treatment. He began a commission from the State on a *Hagar and Ishmael*, a magnificent essay in the latter form; he ended by taking another canvas and painting *Reapers, men and women, resting beside haystacks.* He never forbade himself the legendary form, but what turned the balance was that sense of his of 'ce qui convient,' that it was proper for him to take his trivial-seeming share of life, and make that sublime, and also a feeling that there is a deep congruity in anything that nature presents to us, that we must not be impatient to take off all its wrappings and circumstance, and say 'this is the whole that matters,' still less disdainful because it does not present

us with some 'absolute beauty' we have expected. He has a mystical belief that beauty consists in a necessary connection of all the parts that present to us this particular face; 'the straight tree is not more beautiful than the twisted,' and the plain and weary labourer is completed by what he is there to do, the task before him and the sunset behind him. 'All is beautiful that comes in its time and place.'

Millet's method and maxims of work follow from what his imagination demanded of powerful and of proper to a situation. The first idea, the *idée mère*, must be strongly conceived and strongly held. Bandinelli was only half an artist because he allowed an *Eve* to become a *Ceres* under his hands because he saw his way to finishing that way with greater ease. And this idea must be expressed in its utmost force.

'I wish to put down very fully and strongly what is essential, for I believe that it would be almost better that things feebly said should not be said at all, for they are as if deflowered and spoiled by it.'

To give this force everything must seem to be there of necessity, nothing by way of padding, and the actors must be profoundly absorbed and occupied.

'I endeavour that things may not have the air of being a chance amalgam made for the occasion, but may have an indispensable and forced connection. I would that the beings I represent should have the look of being *vowed to their position*, and that it should be impossible to imagine that it could come into their heads to be something else. People and things should always be there for a reason. . . . I profess the greatest horror for useless addition, however brilliant, or fillings in; these things can have no other result than distraction and enfeeblement.'

To convey occupation strongly and with its exactly proper sentiment demanded above all study of the gait, gesture, even grimace habitual to an act, so that a weight should have its right counterstrain, a movement be neither too quick nor slow for the work it was to do. When people said his men carrying a calf did it too solemnly, as if they were carrying the 'saint sacrement,' he retorted that if two critics were to balance a corresponding weight on a stick, and carry it between them, they would be forced to fall into cadence. For the benefit of one critic he analysed one of his pictures at length, the *Woman who had been drawing Water*.

'I have endeavoured that she should be not just a drawer of water, nor even a servant drawing water, but the housewife who has been drawing water for the use of the house, to make soup for her husband and children: that she should unmistakeably seem to carry neither a less nor a greater weight of it than the weight of the full buckets; that behind the sort of grimace which is scarcely avoidable because of the drag of this weight upon her arms, and the screwing up of her eyes because of the light, one should divine on her face a look of peasant goodness. I have avoided, as always, with a kind of horror, anything that could turn to the sentimental, and have wished, on the contrary, that she should accomplish with simplicity and bonhomie, and without considering it a task,

CHARLES-EMILE JACQUES

The Return of the Flock

an act which, like the rest of the household work, is a daily act and a habit of her life. I wish also that the coolness of the well should be imagined and that its look of ancientness should make it clear that many, before her, have come to draw water.'

Of so much intention a good deal may be impossible to render definitely, but in spite of this evaporation, the concentration and gravity of Millet's dealing with the common everlasting acts of life do not fail to communicate his religious sense about them. The exhibition of his pictures and drawings at the École des Beaux Arts in 1887 revealed how the final image was beaten out by successive studies, till it answered in gesture, in importance, in atmospheric presentation, exactly to the pressure and colour of his thought. Thus the *Sower* grew out of a little insignificant figure sketched in the distance of a plain into the commanding rhythm of man and hillside in its last shape. A large design of a man and woman, with a child between them, gave an idea of what he might have accomplished on a grander scale, and in his last year he was occupied on a commission for the decoration of the Panthéon with the legend of Ste. Geneviève. It was left for Puvis de Chavannes to carry out the project.

The influence of Millet has touched many, among whom may be named his friend Charles Jacque, and Josef Israels. But the outsider has been more common than the adept; as Millet said, Nature goes back into her shell before many people, is on reserve and constrained, and like God, resists the proud but gives grace to the humble.

THÉODORE CHASSÉRIAU
1819-1856[1]

'*Faire monumental mais pourtant réël; mettre les clairs et les ombres comme dans la vérité.*'
(From Chassériau's notebooks.)

Chassériau died young and half-declared. He has suffered a period of oblivion, due partly to the ruin of his greatest work by the incendiaries of the Commune and subsequent neglect,[2] partly to the break of continuity that the events of that time brought about, partly to lack of partizans for a non-partizan talent, but also to a certain jealousy for the fame of those who had appropriated and developed his ideas. He was neither wholly for Ingres nor for his enemies; he was Olympian, indeed, but he was a modern poet by the melancholy in his pride, 'une melancholie forte et tranquille,' and he was a modern painter by his desire to make the monumental 'real' and to combine it with landscape art. The pupil of Ingres, by his own desire at the age of ten ('Venez

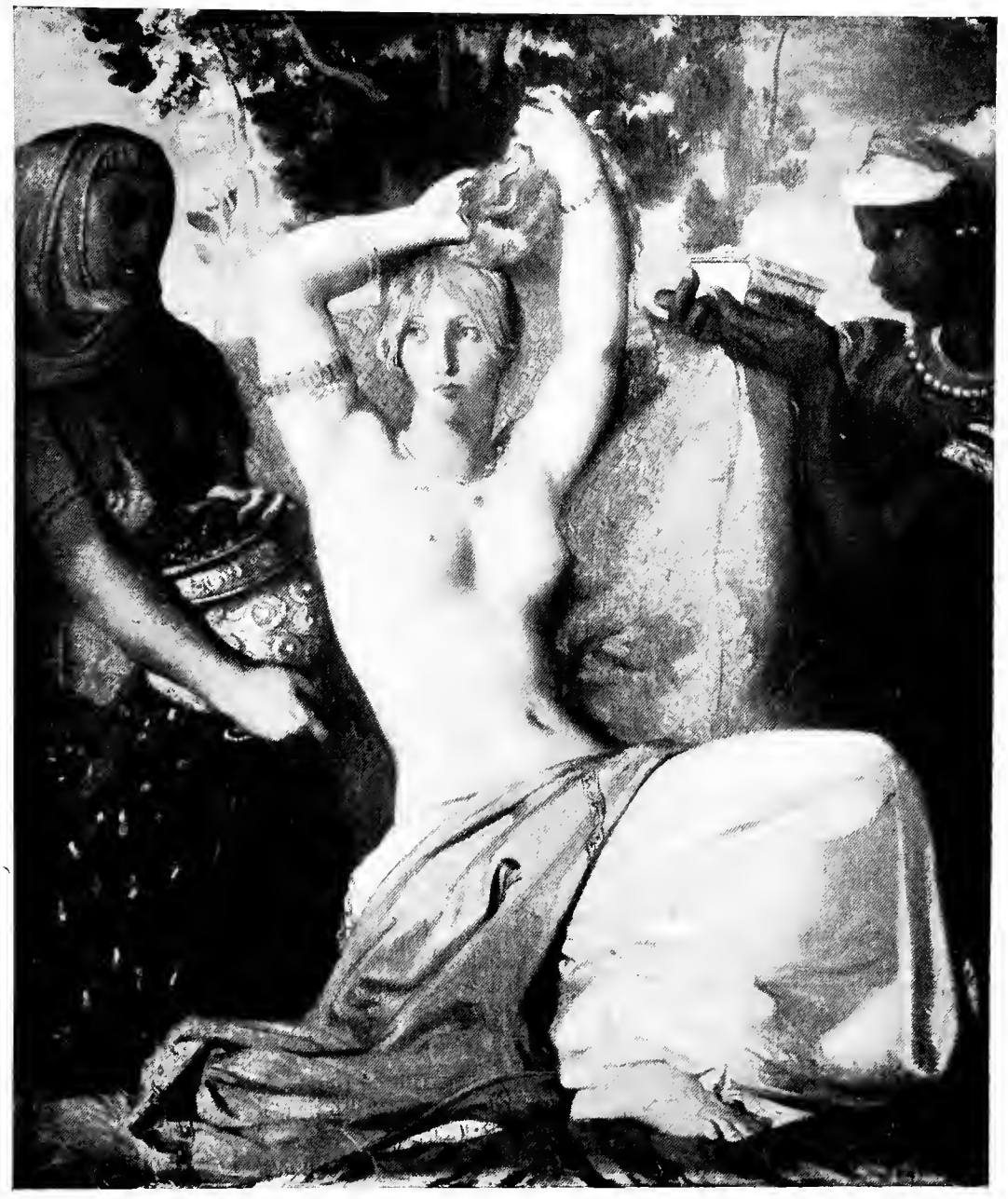
[1] Chief authority, V. Chevillard, *Théodore Chassériau.*

[2] Fragments of the staircase decorations in the Cour des Comptes have been saved, and are stored, but not yet exhibited, in the Louvre. The principal of these, *La Paix*, was seen at the Exposition Universelle of 1900.

voir, Messieurs! venez voir,' said the master, 'cet enfant-là sera le Napoléon de la peinture'), he left that school for research into colour and light, tacked far towards the coasts of Delacroix, of passionate romance, visited and painted the East, and occupied his youth with rumination and experiment on the marriage of the noble types of the Trajan column with the poetry of air. He had something moreover of creole blood and personal sentiment, difficult to express, that Gautier called Greco-Indian, exotic and seductive, a slow fire kindled in Ingres' Odalisque. We can unravel these threads better by prolonging them into the next generation. This last strain worked out, almost isolated, even caricatured, in the fevered impotence of Gustave Moreau, a lover of the pungent spices and heady incense of painting, but unable to distil them from the thing. His *Young Man and Death* was dedicated to his master. The other strain of a monumental art, full of ancient quiet, of the gods and their sacred seats, submitted to the powers of light and air, worked out in Puvis de Chavannes, with a bias towards the 'doux' rather than the 'fort.' The influence, which can be read clearly enough in the works, has never been fully acknowledged, but was very close and personal. It survived the death of Chassériau, for a remarkable woman, who had been the friend of Chassériau, treasured his ideas and inspired the disciple. By her an attitude of mind was transfused and maintained; the noble *raideur* of her gestures was a school of design. She appears in many of his pictures, in the last as Ste. Geneviève watching over Paris, and in a portrait as the wife of his last years. The art of Puvis de Chavannes is the widow of Chassériau's.

Chassériau, then, is a watershed of influences; he had elements in a troubled solution that crystallised later; but in the work already spoken of he came by his own, knotting up what was proud and serene in his Olympian vision with a large sense of landscape and the colours of air, setting the novel decorative formula of the century. Ingres cast him off indignantly when he saw him attracted by Delacroix, and affected to feel the infernal flames (the 'sulphur' of Delacroix) when he found himself beside Chassériau's pictures. But Delacroix, however near Chassériau came to him in some of his Eastern studies, was not his goal; he sought 'le beau,' the perfect idol form of man and woman that Delacroix, in the instinctive part of him, resented; in his own words, 'voir dans les têtes, en les copiant, la beauté éternelle.'

It is impossible here to trace the whole line of decorators who, starting from the school of Ingres, found thus in Chassériau their first genius to set over against Delacroix. It was complicated by having been turned to Christian uses. No sooner had the Revolution swept out the churches than by the collection of their sculptures and treasures in Lenoir's museum the romance of them returned, and first Napoleon and then the



THÉODORE CHASSÉRIAU

Esther

Bourbons brought back the Church itself. Simultaneously with this detracking of the Olympian line came the impulse from Germany, semi-religious, semi-philosophical, bound up with the revival of fresco. It was to touch England later. The philosophical frenzy worked itself out in the troubled, discouraged brain of Paul Chenavard, who spent himself on a complete scheme of history, with the developments of the arts and sciences in their necessary order, for the Panthéon. Only the cartoons of it were executed. It would have been a vaster cousin of Barry's Adelphi paintings. On the other side Ingres had to make his attempt on Christian legends, and his pupil Flandrin, and that gentle weathercock of sentiment, Ary Scheffer, produced a brand of academic-ecclesiastical art. Chassériau himself was employed in the churches of St. Philippe du Roule, St. Roch, and St. Merry. But his favouring chance was for the staircase of the Cour des Comptes (1844-1848). He had been promised the upper part of it; he sketched a scheme for the whole, with so fine a grasp and treatment of the spaces and lights that the whole was given to him. Up the shadowy staircase he ran a decoration in grisaille, with preparatory figures of *Study*, *Silence*, and *Recollection*. At the top of the staircase were two principal groups, *Peace and War*. A fragment of the *Peace* is the most important salvage from fire and long exposure. In this, with its grand sense of line and grouping, the monumental pastoral of its landscape and solemn trees, the lovely sculpturesque motions of women, children, ploughmen and reapers, we get the savour of Chassériau's spirit and measure of his picture-building power. Another relic, a group of horses, if nothing else were left, would proclaim him a designer of a rare order: it might be a classic fragment.[1] Whether he had arrived in the colour at a balance so harmonious we can no longer say: what he sought for we can gather from the notes collected from his sketch-books, jottings and plottings for pictures, an ideal of blonde freshness, tender greys, and golden lights. Thus:

'To do a wood in a powder of sun, all the tones of the trees clear and thin, all in a fog of sun, and only the sharp lights hung on the trunks of the trees (soft, rich, and novel).'

'The trunks of the trees very white, the shadows soft and greyish, the light strong and high coloured, the trees of a hardy rich green, the sky pure, clear and blue.'

'The sky, like a mother-of-pearl shell, grey, with reflected silver.'

'A sky all marbled with a greenish and white tone, but in places blue, the moon glittering, the whole fantastic and sad.'

Again, in a trumpet phrase:

'Ne pas oublier les tons d'or et puissants, quelque chose qui soit royale et qui reste.'

From these notes one can follow him in his ideas and methods. His use of the model places him very exactly between Ingres and Delacroix: he worked closely from life till he found the pose or gesture he needed,

[1] In his numberless sketches nothing is more striking than his study of the action and design of the horse. I owe my knowledge of these to the ready kindness of the Baron Arthur Chassériau, nephew of the artist, who owns some thousands of his studies and many of his pictures.

then dismissed the model, and finished from feeling. 'Ne pas faire mince, ne pas modeler misérablement et sans amour; tout mettre naïvement et pourtant envelopper dans la grandeur des masses générales,' is one of his notes. 'Quand on veut faire une chose forte, l'éprouver comme geste, et on le fait,' he says in another. In a third:

'Si on a un sujet mystérieux, aller jusqu'au bout; si on a un sujet tendre, aller jusqu'au bout, ne pas reculer jusqu'à ce que l'on veut soit rendu à fond jusqu'à l'inconnu, et toujours essayer du nouveau . . . . inventer, toujours inventer, s'échauffer et chercher dans le hasard qui a quelquefois des forces . . .'

And then the Ingres in him takes the word from the Delacroix, and adds:

'et là, savoir s'arrêter jusqu'à ce que la chose aît jailli et arrive à l'aspect fort et doux . . .'

The same classic impulse speaks in this note:

'Se rappeler que lorsqu'on a un talent original, il l'est toujours sans qu'on ait besoin de le chercher; pousser aussi loin que possible l'étude du vrai . . . Ne jamais être aride ou allemand, mais bien italien ou français, c'est à dire du charme et de la raison . . . *que la forme soit plutôt au-dessus de l'idée que l'idée au-dessus de la forme.*'

At times the modern, the realist in him anticipates Courbet:

Ne rien faire d'impossible, trouver la poésie dans le réel. Ne pas se torturer, chercher ce qui est beau et l'exécuter; si dans la nature c'est beau, ce sera beau dans la peinture . . . apporter la connaissance de l'antiquité et de ce qui s'est fait de plus beau dans les choses de nos jours, cela est être nouveau et aussi fort qu'on peut l'être dans ce temps; la beauté est vérité. Pour faire beau il faut bien voir—et une chose inventée, si grande qu'elle soit, est inférieure à une chose médiocre copiée; l'idée de l'art c'est l'exécution, la reproduction intelligente de ce qui est.'

This conviction that to make beautiful one must 'see well,' in the sense of seeing naturally, revolutionised the Ingrist ideas of seeing and painting, bringing in landscape methods. Chassériau held by his school in making careful cartoons of figures and draperies, but painted the canvas by colour-values, putting in solid shadows in clear tones, without bitumen, and frank tones, 'la gamme chantante,' for the lights, 'par facettes,' in facets or planes. Here is a note in which the modern doctrine is stated:

'Ne pas faire de mélange dans les tons; la nature est peinte comme une mosaïque; les tons apposés salissent, ôtent toute franchise et toute fraîcheur . . . les tons, les poser frais et par facettes; pas d'équivoque de tons louches et faux; la couleur dans la nature est un mélange de tons entiers adaptés les uns aux autres . . . ne jamais faire jaune, être vrai dans le clair obscur . . . la vérité et la distinction de la nature, qui est grise avant tout.'

With all this naturalism he combines the larger sense of aspect and decoration.

'Ne jamais oublier qu'il faut, pour toute peinture historique, d'abord la solidité et la simplicité dans les tons, aussi qu'un bel et facile agencement des lignes, gracieux pour l'œil même dans un rêve terrible; le plaisir qu'on éprouve devant un tableau vient toujours en premier de ce *qu'il se laisse voir* . . . Prendre garde, avant de faire une chose belle et charmante, qu'elle puisse se voir. Il faut à tout le relief nécessaire. Ne jamais oublier cela, faire fort et rude, que cela se voie, ensuite broder là-dessus.'

LOUIS-GUSTAVE RICARD

Lady in Yellow

One of his notes deserves a place in every manual of impressionism—his distinction between a 'living' and a dead value. 'Blood,' he says, 'circulates under the skin, and this difference detaches flesh always from other objects.' It must, therefore, have its equivalent of 'valeur vivante' in painting.

'*De beaux jeunes gens, un escadron tournant, beau comme la colonne Trajane.*'

'*La peau rose, blanche et morte, les cheveux doux, blonds et cendrés, des fleurs rouges, une robe grise, dans les joues des fossettes d'un modelé large et bon, les cils tres blonds, ce qui donne un air pur et particulier . . . De beaux yeux bleus tristes, le haut de l'œil cerné et un peu cave . . . Des têtes dans la lumière pleines d'air de jeunesse et de fraîcheur; que ce soit séduisant . . . faire vivre les corps dans l'intimité, la lumière et le fluide de la nature . . . Ne peindre que les choses qui me touchent l'âme.*'

From words like these, added to the mutilated work, the vision distils itself; the noble force, the tired exotic grace, the fluid grey and gold of the deeps of air . . . *quelque chose qui soit royale et qui reste.*

From several painters of the Chassériau groups, like J. E. Delaunay, who invites attention, one must be singled out for mention here, the portrait painter Louis-Gustave Ricard (1824-1873). An example of his work was at the Glasgow Exhibition. His love of poetical Italian portraiture, and research of its procedures, raise points of resemblance between him and Mr. Watts; the portraits of men by the Englishman and Frenchman are sometimes comparable: but the Frenchman is more flexible and penetrating in his women's portraits; does not extinguish them with a formula of poetry and decoration, but lets one divine the woman of the world, companion of artists, lending herself a little with her mundane charm, but also the not-herself in her beauty, to an artist's reverie.

PIERRE PUVIS DE CHAVANNES
1824-1898 [1]

'*Le véritable rôle de la peinture est d'animer les murailles; à part cela, on ne devrait jamais faire de tableau plus grand que la main.*'

Before he found his walls and his manner of animating or pacifying them, Puvis de Chavannes knocked about among warring schoolmasters, always however in the circle of the decorators. Henri Scheffer, the first, may at least have introduced him to cartoon drawing and pale tint, and prepared him to see the Italians in his two early voyages. Then there was a fortnight with Delacroix, who was admired, but thought too lenient to brilliant falsity in his school. Then followed a collision with Couture, who, as between Chassériau on one side and Courbet on the other, was to represent in this generation an able systematic painting in the Flemish tradition by brown transparent rubbings in shadow and handsome paste in the lights mixed by receipt. Already Puvis de Chavannes' sentiment was

[1] Chief authority: *Puvis de Chavannes* (Les Maîtres Contemporains), par Marius Vachon.

for pale aerial tones. He attempted to paint the model in these terms, and Couture repainted his study with the 'sauce' and prescribed mixtures that he has left on record, and lost his pupil. Then followed nine years of study alone or in association with friends like Ricard, and the influence of Chassériau. This period, 1852-1859, was one of ostracism at the Salon; a private exhibition with Courbet stamped the two new men as the 'fou furieux' and the 'fou tranquille.' In 1861 he reappeared at the Salon with *La Paix* and *La Guerre*, afterwards placed at Amiens, conceptions and compositions reminiscent of the Cour des Comptes. From that time on he developed his monumental art with its roots in Chassériau and the paintings at Arezzo of Piero della Francesca, and its translation into a decoration for grey walls of silvery aerial effect.

Puvis de Chavannes' is the abstracting mind that comes after the accumulation of natural effect and revolution of tonality in the landscape school, to renew decoration. The pale tones and broad flat masses of fresco charmed him, as they had charmed ineffectually the ecclesiastical decorators of his time; he, heir to Corot as well as Chassériau, found a logic for these tones by reference to a natural key, to the reading of a scene in milky dawn colours or pearly light, a means of organising at once his harmony and its sentiment. Landscape is dominant in his compositions, a modern landscape of delicately coloured light and shadow. The *Winter* of the Hotel de Ville, a snow scene in broad masses of rose and blue, may stand for an example of his innovation. To set his key he would carefully note in his sketch-book the ground tone of the wall, and return after to verify it. On this he built, choosing a few leading values to express his scene. He became a painter, he said, after his first exhibition, when he learned the lesson of values by finding that the violet drapery of a figure disappeared into a background of the same tone. In his compositions he worked from what he called his 'relays' of tone, fixed points between which the rest were modulated. He composed without dark shadows to preserve the flatness of the wall. When he was told that another painter had said, 'Je me fiche de la muraille,' he retorted, 'S'il se fiche de la muraille, la muraille le vomira.' He reduced his execution to the simplest,—a transference to the canvas of the plotted cartoon lines and the fitting between these of the colour values, also plotted in a sketch. Painting directly from the model in the Amiens pieces, he thought he had been tempted to show off in the 'morceau.' Later he simplified with self-suspicious rudeness, and copied from the design like a child. He admitted no repainting and cookery; the intended tone must be painted directly, and if wrong, scraped away and painted again. Glazings, he said, were gold for twenty-four hours and lead afterwards. He was terribly bored by Delacroix' *Journal* and its anxious noting of methods.

He had the Olympian hatred for all that was tumultuous, violent beyond the means of expression, and 'impossible.' Under the last head he

classed the whole tradition of ceiling decoration, since artists learned to *faire plafonner*, an art revived by Delacroix. He was disgusted to find that at the Hotel de Ville walls were to be covered with carvings and tapestries.

'A part cinq grands nigauds de plafonds dans la salle des fêtes à une hauteur vertigineuse. Et puis des plafonds! Mais j'aimerais mieux ramasser du crottin sur la grande route!'

He thus expresses his classic bias for reserve of force:

'Il faut que l'homme conserve le sentiment de la puissance dans la création; et faire beaucoup avec peu est une bien autre jouissance pour lui que de se traîner péniblement à la remorque de certaines beautés qui ne sont pas à l'échelle humaine.'

He loved plains rather than alps, and quiet statuesque pose rather than furious action. He wished to remain parallel to natural laws, but not to compete with natural effect.

'Mes visions qui sont, à prendre les choses du mieux, une complète transposition des lois naturelles. Bien heureux si je leur suis resté parallèle.'

This 'vision,' which might start from pigs in a farm (*Prodigal Son*), or a view from a railway train (*Ave Picardia Nutrix*) mixed with a legend, he saw very complete in his head, and turned over till all 'holes' were filled up: then put it on paper. After that he turned to the life for verification.

'Une fois tout ce monde tiré du néant, entrevu, et les places indiquées, j'ai du rentrer à Paris pour demander à la nature son autorisation, et marcher sûrement. Elle m'a donné raison; et comme elle est sensible aux avances qu'on lui fait et au respect qu'on lui témoigne, elle m'a fait bonne mesure.'

In this tempestless, passionless art, with neither blood nor the colour of blood in it, the Olympian dream revived, but purged and spare, humble and more remote, a 'Vision Antique' that keeps something of ancient *pietas* and *gravitas*, of ascetic schooling and candour and temperance, in the Greek and Roman of France. In a setting of frail tree stems, of silver-green and grey-blue, no sharper note in the colour than primrose upon ash, the gods and heroes survive, not in their pride of life, but wistful, painted as if remembered only. The Olympian art, arrogant and dry in Ingres, pays toll to landscape, to poverty, to pity, to reverie: the 'Poor Fisher' is seen bowed over his nets in jealous space that sends up out of its mud a niggard flower or two: the divine Muses have something frustrate in the rude simplicity of their form, as if their carver had been more used to a spade than a chisel. The husbandman and woodman of Millet have died and come to heaven in Chassériau's golden age, but stiffness, shyness, and doubt cling to and cramp their limbs. They take up less strenuous toils, with marmoreal gesture, in vaster space; space weighs upon them, and melancholy resignation broods above the sacred seats.

AUGUSTE RODIN

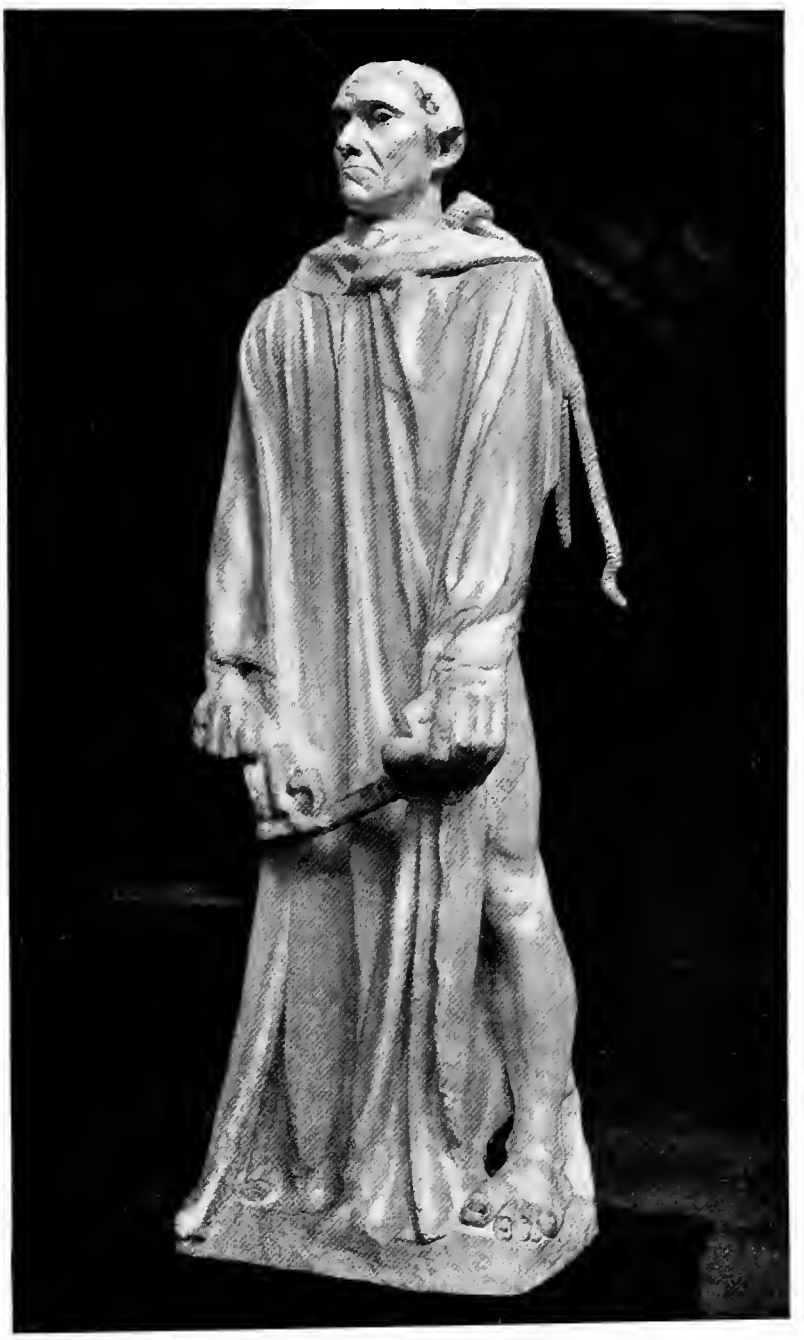
Born 1840

We have traced from the beginning of the century the line of artists whose principle it was to amplify and modify freely the still-life form in the sense of movement, energy, and passion, and to admit into art the extreme emotions, or rather eagerly to pursue by whatever means it may be rendered the violent last that the flesh can enjoy or endure from the spirit in conflict and desire. All that had been gathering and threatening in that line culminates in Auguste Rodin; what had been a snatch at beauty and terror becomes close grapple, an unexampled lust of form. Here is not half-embodied legend, romantic illustration, but the impassioned body speaking its direct and eternal language. The knotted, the writhing, the stricken frame, buffeted and spited, stung by madness, wounded by love, chimera-ridden, broken by dreams, laces and relaxes in his sculpture the coils of its rapture, rage, and pain. He does not fear to tread the last measures with humanity; he presses beauty from ravage and dissolution, figures the pitiful havoc and disgrace of age in his *Vieille Heaulmière*, the fury of *L'Enlévement*, the heavy drag, the gaunt starvation of the *Bourgeois*, the abandonment of the *Danaïde*, the terrible appeal of *Prière*.

Such a mixture of ardour and tenacity has had few examples, for few are able to hold fast an impassioned dream through a tireless search of form; the rest must clutch it in a hurry of emotion, and work withdrawn into memory and fancy lest they should be robbed of it before the stupid frozen world of models. Rodin was endowed with the rare patience, that would spend months in unravelling the secret of a movement, and a pertinacity of imagination that rather gathered fire from hints thrown up by the model, and gained for his figure a nearer terror, a more bitter reality, a volume of life behind the act and the look. The man of the snatch and fling, of romantic emotion, half seized, half possessed in a wild sketch, came before him in Auguste Préault (1810-1879), the author of *La Tuerie*, of many projects, of a force half squandered in biting words. But if Préault was the half effective sketch of the Titanic sculptor, there was one predecessor of Rodin who, in a special order of subject, had expressed the same spirit in forms as highly vitalised, and deserves fuller treatment than he can receive here. This was Barye,[1] who came out of Davidic times, and because he sculptured animals chiefly, did not encounter the full hostility of traditional school. In his feline and serpentine groups the intention and impulse of the other art is declared.[2] He went back to Greek and Assyrian sculpture to pick up neglected strands, and by his treatment

[1] Antoine-Louis Barye (1796-1875).

[2] Delacroix was Barye's fellow-student in the 'Jardin des Plantes,' and made there some of his most living drawings. It is related that he would often, in a friend's house, take up the drawing of a tiger by Barye and stand copying it on a scrap of paper, unable ever to satisfy himself in his rendering of the nervous twist of the tail. Rodin was Barye's pupil, so far as he was any man's. He studied under him for months, at one period, the anatomy of the horse. His early schooling was small and short; his real training was gained in the intervals of a long drudgery.



AUGUSTE RODIN

Un Bourgeois de Calais

of animals recovered for the sculpture of man a richer animal life. He is a true colleague, as well as contemporary, of the landscape painters, giving to sculpture a new lease, as they to painting, by the extra-human exploration.

Rodin, then, developed to the full the heresy, if heresy it be, of the Laocoön, of the 'Pumpkin' and bony Baptists of Donatello, of all that departs from the still centre and canonical types of Polycleitan art, its restrained emotions, composed limbs, rhythmically disciplined gesture. Yet the larger includes the less, and the modelling that is elastic, that increases in abrupt intensity away from the still centre, can return to it, become quiet for quiet things, and pass to that other extreme of the scale where rude salience gives place to tender slipping of light unbroken, to dreamy contemplation rendered by a film of relief, and faintest hollow of shadow. Rodin indeed contends that his system is true Greek, that the dry modelling of the *École* is as far from that as it certainly is from his own life and fire.

The ardour of that life and fire, its contrast with the most reputable work of the unpossessed, the huge cemetery of the sculpture court in 1900 seemed laid out to prove. On a hundred altars the priests of an absent god went through the accustomed and decent rites, or danced and cut themselves in furious incantation; on one the wild prophet had called down the flame, the god had answered and was there. Critics, indeed, were still discussing whether they 'liked' the *Balzac*. The *Balzac* was away in a separate exhibition of Rodin's work; but in the hundred years' collection, with hints of what was to come in Rude and Carpeaux, stood a figure that was a sufficient witness. It was the first man, made of clay and half awake, reluctantly heaving himself up out of lethargy. To see it was to be released from the obstruction, the cold tedium of a thousand marble mummies. Moving within itself, profoundly occupied, possessed by the trouble and astonishment of the awakening in its every part, in the heavy head, in the limbs that hear the call a little later and answer slowly, this figure gives back all that we suffer or thrill to when day summons us from dreams or that we can recover or conceive in the first passage of a spirit out of Night. So simple, so free, so quickly delivering to dreams it stands, that only by a second thought one measures the art of its design. It will bear long examination from one point after another to note how this shape, quick as it is, with natural life, plays also a rhythmical music among its parts, and that this is one secret of its vitality. It might seem impossible that a head, a torso, two arms, two legs, elements so few, should recombine in so many patterns, all simple, all subtle and surprising, all enforcing that one slow upward-dragging gesture of the awakening man. From in front the shape is almost rectangular, the head droops so low upon the shoulder, with its profile in the slightest relief upon the plane of the chest, while the arms hang in heavy parallel. From other points of view the forms so simply enclosed in this set up new correspondences, and you would think the whole had been designed for each new angle of vision. How far away we are here from the ordinary 'well posed'

statue, that vacant embarrassed porter of the luggage of his own limbs, who appears to say, 'I think I get over the difficulty of possessing a head with some success in this position, and I trust that parcel, my arm, will not seriously be in your way if you go round to the other side.' The artist who relies for beauty on the divine perfection of the human being must be both inspired and wary to carry conviction; and if he begins with the idle god, is likely to end with the empty doll. Man is an animal, perverted by a divine spirit. He stands upright and shows a noble front, but shows also what the beast concealed; he dangles two awkward arms, and the angel of him or the beast is less complete in its symmetry than a frog. Therefore, when he is treated as a still ornament, with limbs unoccupied and uninspired, he may be beautiful as a man and yet but middling as a statue; for that his limbs must be adjusted or surprised in some pattern beyond their own. Every art-student knows how lovely are the attitudes of a model when resting between the poses or when getting into position, the body logically obeying an impulse of action or lassitude; the same model, brought up to the chalkmark and hung in a mixture of painful rest and frozen action, all his muscles in contradiction, is the ugliest object possible, and conveys nothing but an uncomfortable suspicion of the grotesque in man. Rodin's subject is not the model, demonstrating his own pattern in a pose emptied of all other purpose and growing ever more abstract; it is the various animal of man, instrument primeval and perpetual of impulses that set the limbs dancing in the woods, cramp them in threatening tension, relax them in the oblivion of sleep or torment them in wild embraces. And it is to him, with this zest for many beauties, that the transfiguring moments come, the particular beauty the academic would have only, and reaches never: Apollo leaves Olympus, denying his faithful, and flames, beside the Python, on the base of *Sarmiento.*

The *Creation of Man*, following on the *Age of Bronze* and *John the Baptist*, was the climax of Rodin's early efforts after life and style, during years in which he pursued his art obscurely to himself and others, subsisting as the drudge of tradesman-sculptors.[1] He began as the close ardent modeller of character in heads like the early one of a priest, and the *Man with the Broken Nose* that followed. He saw in contemporary sculpture a system of meagre profile from one or two points of view, helped out by facsimile copying from the cast. In his own modelling he strove in the first place for that infinite of drawing, the multiplied profiles of the turning form, which is the ideal of solid sculpture, a fresh outline from every point of the circle; and in the second place for that something that is wanting in the cast-copy, the amplifying and heightening of relief that takes away dryness, coldness and stiffness, that gives fluidity of movement, emphasis of the form's intention and the eye's interest in it. From this sacrificing,

[1] For the story of Rodin's early career much the fullest account is that taken down from his own lips by Mr. W. H. Bartlett, and published in the *American Architect* for 1889, a series of ten articles that ought to be reprinted.

simplifying, and intensifying among the smaller contours, planes, and bosses, he sprang to the point marked by the *Creation of Man*, the conception of that architecture of the big planes and volumes in a figure of which Michael Angelo, with his daring torsion and distortion, is the conspicuous designer. He was at work on the figure of a sailor in Brussels about the year 1870. Here are his words cited by Mr. Bartlett:

'While making the figure of a sailor I was struck by its resemblance to the statues of Michael Angelo, though I had not had him in my mind. The impression astonished me, and I wondered what should cause it. I had always admired Michael Angelo, but I saw him at a great distance. My studies had been a blind search after the movement of figures, and in making this one, I was, for the first time, impressed with its resemblance to the composition of the great Florentine. I tried to understand and explain it to myself, but could not. My interest and curiosity were greatly awakened, and to satisfy my mind of the reality of this resemblance, and to confirm my hope of its depth and value, either as the result of my long years of effort, or as the effect of my admiration of him, I made a lot of sketches to see if I could get the same character, but without success.'

The puzzle recurred when he began the *Age of Bronze*, and he went to Italy to solve it:

'In looking at the Medici tombs I was more profoundly impressed than by anything I have ever seen. I mean as a matter of impression simply. For Michael Angelo, great as he is, is weak in modelling compared with the antique. I like his works because they are living, and because I could find in them what I wanted. After looking at these figures long and well, I returned to my room at the hotel, and began making sketches to test the depth of my own capacity of composition, and of the impression I had received; and I found that I could do nothing with my sailor unless I copied Michael Angelo. I made no end of sketches, always with the same result. During my journey to Rome, Naples, Vienna, and Venice I continued drawing in the hope of discovering the principles upon which the composition of Michael Angelo's figures was founded. I was, at the same time, struck with the idea that those principles were not original with him, but the result of discoveries made by those who had preceded him. I also had my doubts about his being conscious of those principles, or that he was the consummate artist and man that many think he is. He seems to me to have worked little from nature, to have had one figure or type, which he reproduced everywhere and constantly, and to have taken entire figures from Donatello, besides using a certain movement of the wrist and foot common to the latter. I think Michael Angelo simply completed a movement and general scheme in figures whose natural principles of composition were discovered by those who went before him.'

Back in Brussels he solved the problem, and discovered the principles which explained what he had been doing. These principles, he goes on to say, in Mr. Bartlett's account, 'Are found in Nature, or she verifies them, if you look carefully enough. They are so simple that they can be taught in six months to any student of average intelligence, so that he can exemplify them, in fact, almost as well as I can myself. In a word, Nature tells the whole story.'

What Rodin meant by these principles is not clear from this account, in which two stages of his thought seem to be confounded, and he was good enough to explain to me his ideas more precisely. The ordinary Greek composition of the body, he puts it, depends on a rhythm of four lines, four volumes, four planes. If the line of the shoulders and

pectorals slopes from right to left (the man resting on his right leg) the line across the hips takes the reverse slope, and is followed by that of the knees, while the line of the feet echoes that of the shoulders. Thus we get the rhythm A, B, B, A, and the balancing volumes set up a corresponding play of planes. Michael Angelo so turns the body on itself that he reduces the four to two big planes, one facing, the other swept round to the side of the block. It is a system occasionally found in Greek sculpture, and not constantly in Michael Angelo, but it is characteristic of him. Raphael, imitating Michael Angelo, missed the point; 'he was too Greek.'

We may put it otherwise and more generally, and to this M. Rodin assented. This system of tormented form is one way of referring the body to the geometry of an imagined rectangular block, enclosing the whole: the parts of the body are turned and adjusted so that their chief planes become coincident with those of the block. We may see, indeed, in the systems of design in sculpture the influence of different materials. The designer in bronze is under no suggestion or limitation of a block; the man, on the other hand, who cuts his figure out of a block of stone, a beam of wood, or a tusk of ivory starts with a shape that affects his design, and in the case of stone or marble the more the forms are kept solid the less danger is there for the brittle substance. In Gothic sculpture this influence of the block, the beam, and the tusk is very notable, and passed from that school into the Florentine.

Having clearly grasped and applied this special system of design with the planes and masses of the body, Rodin went back to 'Nature' again, seeking for less tyrannical composition, for modelling more intimate and less conventional than Michael Angelo's. But the commission he now received from the French government for a work that still occupies him after fifteen years, illustrates how closely he was inspired in imagination as in design by the great Florentine.[1] This was the *Porte de l'Enfer* for the Museum of Decorative Arts. It also illustrates, this greatest effort of the plastic imagination in the century, how a sculptor must suffer in a time that has no architecture to support and control his art. Rodin's architectural sense, so keen within the patterns of the human body, does not extend to a framework, obeying laws not of natural form but as strict. His architecture is the lawless Titan's, a rocky, shadowy matrix, a chaotic womb from which the statue is delivered. When pedestals, portals, and other architectural forms are given into his hands, his impulse is to violate

[1] The motive of the figure already referred to, the *Creation of Man*, is repeated in three figures that crown the framework of the doorway, 'Shadows,' bent together under a weight of despair, and pointing the way inwards. It is a *terza rima* of gesture, echoing, perhaps intentionally, the tremendous reiteration of the opening lines of Dante's poem:

'Per me si va nella città dolente,
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.'

VICTOR ROUSSEAU

Une femme de trente ans

them, to carry sculpture across the frame. For this reason, perhaps, the *Gate of Hell* has refused so long to be completed; the *fourmillement* of groups and *morceaux* has not enough curb and guide in the frame; the limits are no limits, and the dream expands and relaxes endlessly like a river with crumbling banks.

But how astounding a creation against all these disabilities of the time! Rodin, who is the most terrible poet, as he is the most original sculptor of our age, has here handled in its reality what, mixed with obscure matter of mythology magic and fancy, had thrice already appalled the imagination of literature, once already that of sculpture. In the Inferno of Homer, among the querulous thin shades, unhappy by mere privation of life and sunlight, there are already ominous figures, actively desiring, actively tormented—Tityus, Tantalus, Ixion. These reappear in Virgil with a louder chorus of lamentation, a sharper distinction of penal and happy regions in the under world. Dante's Inferno is all a place of torment, not a cold obscurity in which the 'nations of the dead' are together in hungry, ghostly impotence; the torments are punishments affixed to sins. In the modern vision this idea of something imposed or added by way of penalty to a passion slips away, leaving the torment, present and inherent, of desire unappeased and insatiable. '*We are come to the place of which I told thee, where thou shalt see the dolorous people, who have lost the good that lies in reason.*'

The vision of passion-tormented bodies had received plastic shape twice from Michael Angelo; once in the traditional subject of the Last Judgment, a second time in the invention of the Medici chapel. From these, the painting and the sculptures, the elements seem to have come to Rodin for his remaking of Dante's Hell; the writhing chains of humanity from the first, the sombre watching figure that is seated above their swarm from the second; but the event loses its futurity and legal character, the presiding genius his personal and historical colour. No 'Unknown god of unachieved desire' appears to bliss or to damn his votaries: a mortal hangs above the unending welter, burdened and haunted by such formidable strains as have sounded in modern verse, in modern music more infallibly.[1]

The sound of Hell had been given by the writers: the Latin and Italian tongues, the best endowed for these effects, had rendered the clang of iron gates and adamantine chains, the plangent voices, the dismal reverberations of infernal vaults, and Milton had schooled English syllables to their utmost of gloomy resonance. What a sculptor could give more immediately was the frenzied clasp, the coil and recoil, the violent, the spent and frustrate of desire, the eddying and drifting on the hot winds in the Circle of the Luxurious. And this Rodin has done with

[1] For an example take Swinburne's chant on the death of Baudelaire. 'Vedi Tristano . . .' says Dante. We have heard him.

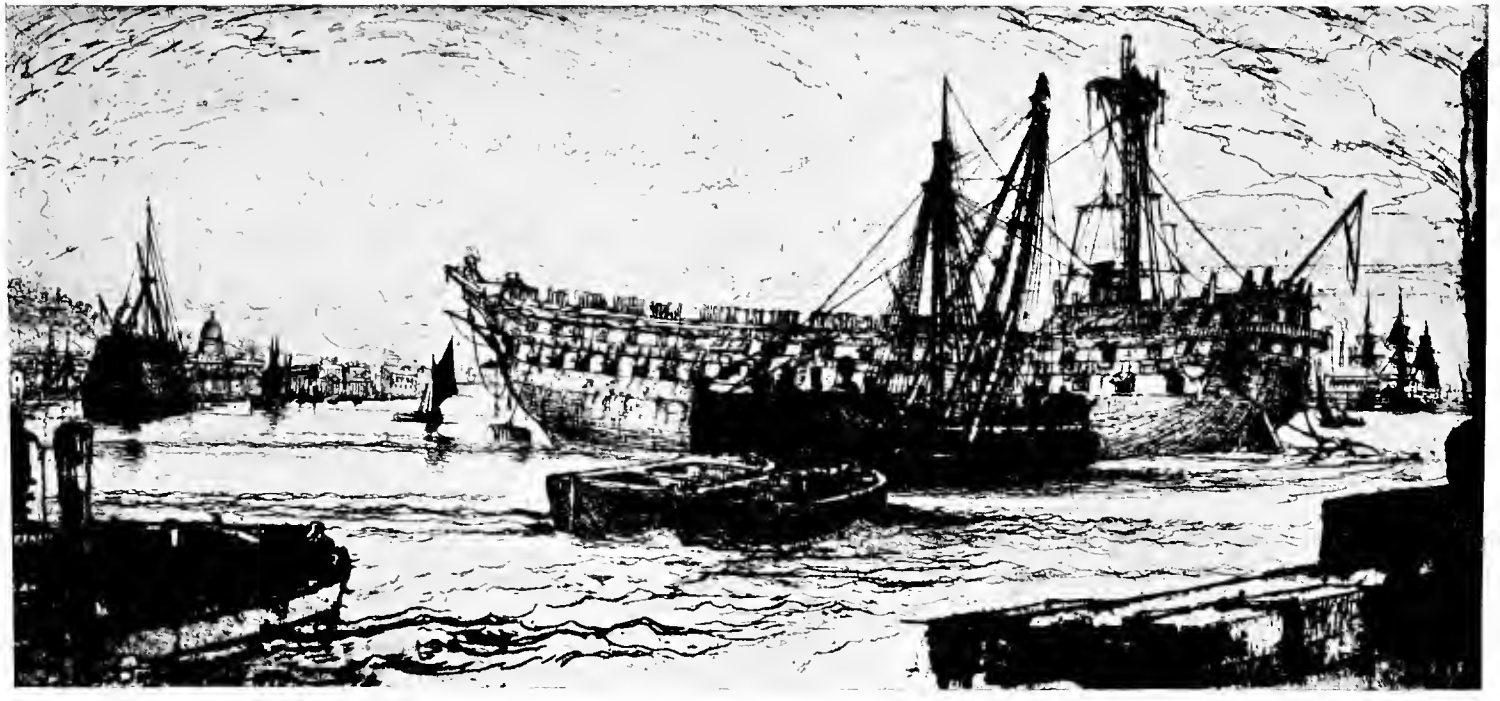
whatever of movement and passion modelling can express. The shapes, beaten about like birds on the infernal blasts, that Dante saw, those that Virgil saw strewn in the Mourning Fields 'quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit,' are here taken from the evocation of verse and made visible.

A monument begun later, and sooner finished, the *Bourgeois de Calais*, illustrates Rodin's architectural sense working within the limits of the human structure, the ingenuity by which he contrives enveloping lines for his composition out of the figures themselves, as an incident of expressive action. It has been said that the *Bourgeois de Calais* is a group of single figures, possessing no unity of design, or at best affording only a single point of view. Those who say so have never examined it with attention. The way in which these figures move among themselves, as the spectator walks round, so as to produce from every fresh angle sweeping commanding lines, each of them thus playing a dozen parts at once, is surely one of the most astounding feats of the genius of design. Nothing in the history of art is exactly comparable with it. What Donatello could do with a group of children, close wreathed together in a relief, presenting a single aspect, is here carried out with detached, highly individualised figures like portraits, in the round. It is a degree of design clean beyond the conception of ordinary powers. In the run of light on the flesh and draperies of these figures Rodin attained more nearly than before his ideal of a modelling that should not be dry or tight but have some equivalent for the vivacity of life. In the *Balzac* he came closer still, though for the head he was forced to work without the living model. He fashioned a block simple at a distance as a menhir, yet even at a distance impressive in its slow-turning upward surge: *An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle.* As you draw nearer, the defiant head with a lion's mane shines out, and brows terribly bent. Go round it, and the simple-seeming block lives and moves. It affrighted the committee that commissioned it, as did Samuel's apparition his disturbers. They had proposed, perhaps, to have no more than the marble likeness of a professional writer in hat and trousers, but by some mistake had knocked at the wizard's door, the one artist who has a familiar, a commerce with shadows and terrors, who can cast a spell and bring up spirits; who models the folds of a dressing gown, the hollows of a mask—and the daemon.

Another monument remained to mark the summit; Titan poet rendered by Titan sculptor. For Victor Hugo's head Rodin had made studies as close as for half a dozen insuperable portrait busts—the *Dalou*, the *Henley*, the *Rochefort*, the *Puvis*. The old man sits, fire and anger smouldering in his life-beaten head, and the voice of all tempests swoops at his ear. One hand is up to catch the sound, and the other is already thrust out to deliver the storm-verse, but behind him, as in a pause of the hurricane, rises the stiller counsellor, the *Voix Intérieure*. Compare this

CHARLES MÉRYON

Galerie de Notre Dame



SIR SEYMOUR HADEN

The Agamemnon

design, with the range of its movement and emotion, from violent to still, wrought into a sequence like the parts of one wave; compare the intensity of this grouping with what has been accomplished in memorials of effigy and attribute-allegories, and it must seem not a variation, but a true addition in the story of great art.

The designer of these things has entered into so close a commerce with life that design and nature now appear to him to be one thing, present everywhere, and he calls them both 'nature.' Press him, and he will admit the part of 'enveloping lines,' of plane-composition in a figure, but he will refuse to acknowledge them as preconceived or imposed. The artist has but to watch the welter of composition thrown up by bodies in movement and choose; the sculpture-seeing habit has become one and indivisible. It is for us to make the qualification, and recognise what of the highest and rarest power of art lies in this ignoring of its presence because its marriage with life has become so complete. The lesser artist is painfully aware of art, as a separate teasing responsibility: he complains that Nature 'puts him out'; the greatest finds that she lets him in.

CHARLES MÉRYON
1821-1868[1]

The face of the town, the carcase in it of ogres, the fantastic shell, the thorny tracery of dead and vanished creatures, the thousand eyes, blank or still spying, of its windows, the stony daedal of its streets, the danger of its shadows—the shudder and oppression of all this found a transcriber in Charles Méryon. A puny, nervous being, but gifted with telescope eyes and craftsman's hands, he went through the world with a wounded imagination: 'I was mad from the time I was told of my birth on first going to sea' (he was the illegitimate son of the doctor and secretary of Lady Stanhope and an opera dancer). He saw himself as one disinherited and disqualified, and quitted the navy, of which he was an officer. But with a mind thus marked for trouble and discouragement, he had fits of capricious morbid determination. The frail creature who, on one of his tropical voyages, spent three months chipping out a canoe for himself among wild beasts because he had been refused the use of the ship's boat, had fits of the same tension, just this side of madness, as an artist, and they were long enough to make him an immortal etcher. He had sketched while he was a seaman; one of the sketches that he preserved, with a word as of dolorous recognition, is significant enough. It was a cryptogam—a little fungus he saw in a wood at Akaroa, the parasite of a lofty forest tree.

'Its ephemeral existence dated back to the morning which had followed a rainy night. Distorted in form, and pinched and puny from its birth, I could not but pity it. It seemed

[1] Chief authorities: P. Burty, *Charles Méryon*; H. Béraldi, *Les Graveurs du XIX^e Siècle.*

to me so entirely typical of the inclemency and, at the same time, the whimsicality of an incomplete and sickly creation, that I could not deny it a place in my *souvenirs de voyage*, and so I drew it carefully.'

He studied drawing under various teachers and painting, but he was colour-blind; finally he found an opening into art through the etchings of Zeeman, the seventeenth century artist, who attracted him as a painter of sailors, but was also a draughtsman of town views. Others in this line whom he copied were Ducerceau and Nicolle. An etching by the latter of a riverside view through the arch of a bridge is like a link between Méryon and Piranesi, that predecessor who also followed the torment of space and multitude and the threat of prison walls over the verge of madness.

In Méryon's imagination there was the kind of mixture that was seen, more robust, in Durer; a realistic vision, almost beyond nature precise, and invading that, a 'dream-work.' But with Méryon, the obsession by the thing, the solemn fever of hallucination in its actual lines, broke away into mad fancy, and a troop of incoherent images rushed in upon the severely drawn architecture. The suspicion of guilty secret and hypocrite in house and lane that dogged his art sent him to dig for murdered bodies in his garden, and his sense of being one pushed out, for whom there was no place in the world, drove him to refuse to eat, because he was stealing another's share. His great series of etchings of Paris begins with *Le Stryge*

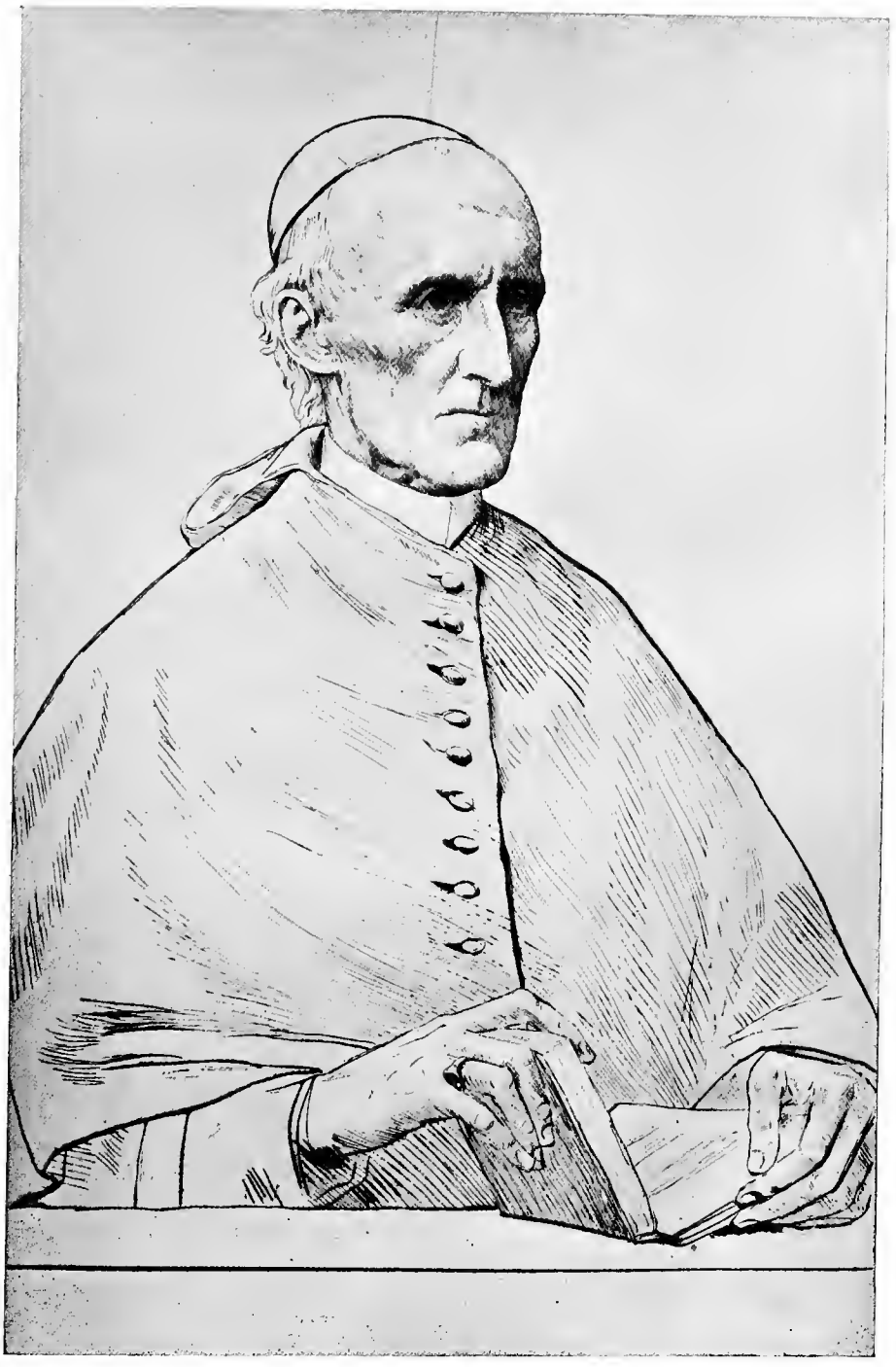
'Insatiable vampire, l'eternelle Luxure
Sur la grande cité convoite sa pâture'

and ends with the tomb of Molière. Notre Dame and the Morgue are its pivots. Here are his lines for *L'Hôtellerie de la Mort*:

'À ses pauvres enfants
Une mère charitable
La ville de Paris
Donne en tous temps gratis
Et le lit et la table,'

and for the *Rue de Mauvais Garçons* these:

'Quel mortel habitait
En ce gîte si sombre
Qui donc là se cachait
Dans la nuit et dans l'ombre?
Était-ce la vertu
Pauvre silencieuse
Le crime diras-tu
Ou quelqu'âme haineuse?
Ah, ma foi, je l'ignore
Si tu veux le savoir
Curieux vas-y voir
Il en est temps encore.'



ALPHONSE LEGROS

Cardinal Manning

WILLIAM STRANG

Henry Newbolt.

Méryon built up his compositions from exact studies of different parts of the subject on small pieces of paper, drawing, in reverse of the usual order, from the bottom upwards. He used certain freedoms in combining a view from several points and modifying proportions. Thus he added slightly to the height of the towers of Notre Dame. 'I consider this a permissible license, since it is often in this way that the mind works when the object is no longer before our eyes, and the picture is composed from memory.' His formidable impression of a scene was sharp and severe: he allowed nothing to the accidents of inking.

ALPHONSE LEGROS

Born 1837[1]

In the order of time M. Legros, like Rodin, would take his place in a later chapter, and his earlier pictures, like *L'Ex Voto* of 1861, are strongly influenced in manner of painting and manner of seeing by the Courbet of *L'Enterrement à Ornans*. But temperamentally and intellectually he was of another kin. By temperament he was more nearly allied to Millet. Follow out the lines of the *Angelus* and of *La Mort et le Bûcheron*, and they branch into a great deal of the younger master's work, on the one side the subjects of peasant devotion, with a grim world of choir and sacristy added; on the other, a landscape more gaunt, more emptied of colour and pleasure, and a people—a brood of the *Bonhomme Misère*—more huddled, hunted, weather and toil-beaten. To this hardness of the villagers' life professional misery is added in the race of beggars and vagabonds, and the gallery that includes *Job* and the *Prodigal Son* and a hundred other *maudits* ends with the splendid *Death of the Vagabond*. This strain reaches its climax in the *Triumph of Death*, a subject that Alfred Rethel had brought back into art by a famous series.

But, competing with all this that links him to the family of Goya, there is a strain in M. Legros of intellectual and critical allegiance to classic art and to Ingres. He leaves his vagabonds to model the delicate *Torso* or to paint the *Psyche*. What is severe in the beauty of this school links it for him with what is hard and grim in the grotesque of the other; for drawing, in his mind, has always some tincture of discipline, and if it does not deal with the bare and stern things of life, is austere and strict with beauty. The scholar and connoisseur in him were developed by the long period he gave to teaching in England, where his piety for the masters and disinterested enthusiasm for art have been a salutary influence and honourable example.

In his own schooldays (under Lecoq de Boisbaudran, the teacher of

[1] Chief authority: Léonce Bénédite, *Catalogue des Œuvres exposées de Alphonse Legros au Musée du Luxembourg*.

Rodin and other celebrated artists), discipline of the memory was carried to a quite special pitch. He was able, it is related, to reproduce Holbein's *Erasmus*, which he had been set to copy, by a systematic exercise of this power, having reduced the composition first to leading lines and their points of intersection, and gradually added to these the lesser. The mastery he gained in attacking a form by this habit of analysis was illustrated, when he came to teaching, in rapid demonstrations of painting from the model, executed before his class, as well as by its application in imaginative compositions.

The mass of his etched work is enormous. Nearly six hundred plates have been enumerated, executed in etching proper, dry-point, mezzotint, aquatint, or with the burin, and including portrait, drama, and landscape.

The revival of etching in the late fifties that followed on Méryon's activity counted other talents, of whom we may mention here Jules Jacquemart (1837-1880), the exquisite translator of the form and quality of precious things, and Sir Seymour Haden (b. 1818), who had begun etching earlier than Méryon, but developed in association with Mr. Whistler. A pupil of M. Legros, Mr. William Strang, resembles his master closely in his powers as a draughtsman, their direction, and the abundance of his works. Two younger Scottish artists, who have come under the influence of Méryon, are illustrated here from the Glasgow collection, Mr. D. Y. Cameron and Mr. Muirhead Bone.

D. Y. CAMERON

Siena

MUIRHEAD BONE

Old Jail, Glasgow

VII.

English Art, Grand, Philistine & 'Decadent'

THE English character and the English poetical character of the last century were astonishingly different things, so much so that for an Englishman in whom the national fibre was strong there was something almost shameful in acknowledging himself an artist. The English, an athletic and amazonian race, enamoured of physical perfection, of self-restraint and calm, stoical against pain and ill-fortune, steeled against expansion, gesture and tears, have evidently many of the elements of 'Greek' character. If they had the art of their heroic ideal it would be an art as proud and severe, as little indulgent to emotion, to passion or religion, as that of Athens in the fifth century before Christ. Yet a public heroic art is against the grain in England. The temper of the people goes far beyond the Greek in self-repression: goes so far as almost to rule out art as a form of indulgence or affectation; and puritanism gave a moral colour to the disdain of show, stamping the pleasures of the sense as a sin. The Englishman who avoids equally a uniform, an oration, a display of affection, does not come halfway to meet arts that imply display: his virtues are the Philistine virtues, valour, sanity, temperance, control of his feelings, and of his ideas too, against any possible traitors. It is of this character that Olympian art is made, when poetry takes fire at it, and beauty rises to its stubborn terms. The Olympian is the Philistine raised to his highest power.

Among the leaders of such a nation, its soldiers and sailors, its statesmen and administrators, little sympathy with art is to be looked for; they will put it aside as something for women and the effeminate; and throughout our governing classes this is its general fate. Moreover, the progress of democracy aggravated, at least for a time, an attitude inimical to art and show. The idea that all men should be equal, and if unequal should conceal the difference, is clean against the idea of certain individuals singled out to appear as models and symbols of what every man might wish for himself but cannot, in a poor world, possess. A period of such self-effacing modesty on one side and grudging on the other was a poor soil for the splendid forms of beauty.

Such is the prevailing English character; and poetry, baulked of an entrance here, has been a rebel, or a dreamer and shy fugitive, inspired by yearning and disheartened melancholy, the desire to avoid, to escape, to sleep, to die. The Englishman, it is true, has struggled with the poet; Coleridge, the father of modern vagabonds of the mind, and dwellers in forbidden paradises, became, after his youthful flush of imagination, an anxious theological owl. Keats, who abandoned himself at first so simply, was about to change, feeling, like so many English poets, the reproof behind him of Milton's figure. In Tennyson the pendulum swung between the everyday sturdy Englishman and patriot, and the lotus-eater. Yet near the end of the century, the glamour of poetry had so far prevailed that the cheerful, self-possessed, vigorous Englishman came near to having decadence imposed upon him as his public artistic form, if 'decadence' is the name for poetry in retreat from an inhospitable world.

But the Philistine, and it will be seen that I am using the word in a positive and not vituperative sense, was not without his art, as Puritan influence declined, and that art was not without its masters. The Olympian ideas, translated into their pettier middle-class version, are, it is true, barely recognisable. For majesty, heroic force and beauty, we must read propriety, breezy robustness, prettiness; the virtues and restraints of the one become the narrow limits of the other, enclosing a few sentiments, a humorous waggishness, reflections brought up sharp at every turn by morals that are notices of No Thoroughfare to thought. Yet the comedy thus shut in, with its standard of prettiness, of what is amusing, touching, naughty or shocking, gave play to the art of Dickens; Charles Keene set up house with the middle-class joke; Wilkie deserves his European name, Mr. Frith very nearly took up his succession; and the collision of this art with poetry touched the work of the illustrators round about Millais with a fire at once homely and strange.

In what follows, those artists are taken first who made an attempt upon heroic art, with a certain stimulus from public schemes for monumental work; among them Stevens, who did more than attempt, succeeded. Then Wilkie heads the Philistine artists, and the poetry that was turned by the Preraphaelites into the line of the bourgeois painters, separates out in Rossetti and Burne-Jones.

WILLIAM ETTY

1787-1849[1]

The measure, considerable as it was, of beauty that Etty reached in his art is less impressive than his attitude of inveterate and devoted studentship. He spent his life as if it were the schooldays of a painter who should never die: at the end of it he was still a student in the Academy

[1] Chief authority: *Life of William Etty*, by Alexander Gilchrist.

Life School, going there nightly, a little to the scandal of his contemporaries; he studied the tradition of painting by diligent copying in the galleries of Italy and France, and, like Reynolds in the eighteenth century, made it his aim to unravel, to pick up, and recombine the threads of Venetian and Flemish practice. He thus represents in England one side of the activity of Delacroix in France, though as the pupil of Lawrence he continued an eighteenth century tradition that no revolution had broken. Exactly at the same time as Delacroix he was copying the Nereids of Rubens in the Louvre[1] (compare his nymphs in *Youth at the Prow*); he excelled him at some points in the completeness and skill of his technical system; and if the faculties of Fuseli and Haydon could have been combined with his own we should have had in this country a figure corresponding to the Frenchman.

The irony of events made the accumulated learning of Etty of little avail in the English school, except in his own studies. When the dreams of 'historical' painting seemed at last about to come true in the project for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, and the opportunity to have arrived punctually on the heels of preparation, the infatuation of the commissioners threw Etty and all the older men on one side; ruled out the oil painting they had spent themselves in learning, and required artists to go to school again and learn the methods of fresco; methods that proved inappropriate to the climate. Etty was given a commission for the Prince Consort's summer house in the garden of Buckingham Palace, and was paid £40 for two frescoes that were contemptuously displaced. Fresco and water colour and Preraphaelitism broke like a 'fault' across painters' practice, and the influence of Etty, wanting the due imaginative force and moment to make it prevail, faded out in the youthful work of Millais and of Mr. Watts.

In a technical history of nineteenth century painting (a sketch of the subject would require a larger volume than this) Etty's system of work would claim detailed discussion. The drive of painting in that century towards natural aspect threw the older systematic technical procedure into the background. A painter, working at the colour values of light and shadow, could hardly begin with the Flemish method of a conventional brown transparent glaze, even if that glaze, by transmitting light from the white priming, gave him a force of luminosity that has its naturalistic value. The characteristic painting of the period has been 'solid' and 'direct' painting, in a method capable of correction till the values based on nature were adjusted. In skilful hands this has led to results that challenge the old, as with Manet; but when the particular additions of aspect have been fully digested, older methods, their beauty, their imitative or suggestive power, will come again into question, and

[1] 'A glorious Water-Nymph of Rubens I had long admired, would not let me leave Paris without a memorial of some of her fleshy beauties' (1824).

with them a learning about pigments, vehicles, and grounds. In all that relates to this, modern painting has lived a hand-to-mouth existence, and it was one of the most useful results of the Commission of the Fine Arts that Eastlake was employed on the investigations that led to his collection of *Materials for a History of Oil Painting.*

Etty, like Reynolds, was something of an eclectic between Flemish and Venetian, but admitted a larger Flemish element. The main difference between the systems is, that in the painting of Rubens the first procedure is a transparent glaze of dark colour for shadows (*i.e.* no white is mixed with the tint to make it opaque), the second is the painting into this glaze with colour that becomes progressively opaque and loaded as it turns to the lights. In Venetian painting, on the other hand, the system was a solid under-painting, in dead colour, to fix design, modelling and chiaroscuro, over which, when dry, were passed 'glazings,' *i.e.* transparent, or 'scumblings,' *i.e.* opaque strata of pigment. A double process like this last, if it has not the transparent shadows of the former, has the advantage of solidity, and has a depth and richness of 'in-and-in' effect, to use a phrase of Eastlake's, peculiarly valuable in painting substances like flesh, where we have a light striking to different depths below the surface.[1] In modern work this effect is often reached by successive paintings, or to some degree by a variety in tints only partly mixed upon the palette; but it is not to the same extent deliberately calculated for.

Etty's practice, in his studies at the Life School in early days, is thus noted by himself:

'First night, carefully *draw and outline* the figure only; second night, carefully *paint-in* the figure (with black and white and Indian red, for instance); the next, having secured it with copal, *glaze* and then *scumble* on the bloom; glaze in the shadows and touch on the lights carefully, and it is done.'

There are further descriptions of his practice by his fellow-students Maclise and Redgrave. The things to note are that, having secured his outline on the raw millboard (he inked it in to make sure of it) and passed size or varnish over this to secure it and make the board non-absorbent, he proceeded, as in the Venetian manner, to dead colour, but reserved in his shadows the Flemish transparency. Then, when this was dry, he began again in the Flemish fashion with a glaze of brown over the whole, and painted into this, while wet, with transparent touches in the shadows or partial scumblings, opaque scumblings in the half tints, and more solid touches in the lights. His medium, after forty years' experience, was 'one part saturated sugar-of-lead water, one part mastic varnish, and one of linseed oil; occasionally a few drops of turpentine were added.' He began his pictures often with water colour, putting in white as a foundation for the high lights.

[1] 'Let each layer of colour be seen through; or, in other words, manage it so, by *scumbling*, that the tints underneath appear. It will give depth, and a fleshiness of effect, impossible to get by *solid* colour.'—*Etty*, cited by Gilchrist, i. 54.

If Etty was imperfectly compacted for a heroic painter, a fine humour had mixed his humanity, had kindled his spirit at the Italian flame, and set it in a home-made burner designed for other uses. Born a plain little gingerbread baker's son, he was further disfigured by smallpox and constantly rebuffed by the objects of his adoration. His first ambition in art was Landscape,

'The sky was so beautiful, and the effects of Light and Cloud. Afterwards, when I found that all the great painters of Antiquity had become thus great through painting Great Actions, and the Human Form, I resolved to paint nothing else. And finding God's most glorious work to be WOMAN, I resolved to dedicate myself to painting,—not the Draper's or Milliner's work,—but God's most glorious work, more finely than ever had been done.'

Yet his admiration of voluptuous form was always at war with a prim copybook mind. Titian was his god, but of the race that gave birth to him the best he can say is 'Avoid, above everything, the loose habits and vicious manners of the Italians.' The painter of numberless Venuses and *Bathers Surprised*, of *Candaules*, of *Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm* hears the voice of God speaking in anger through a thunderstorm in Paris 'to the gay and giddy multitude as they crowd to the theatres, balls and cafés—What a place it is! If I had a daughter, she should *not* be educated here. Pleasure and amusement are the idols. And little do they think of that which is woman's domestic honour and chief praise.' And he was shocked when the profane did not see in his seductive *Sirens* a moral on the text 'The wages of Sin is Death.'

The mixture of him is well symbolised by his first heroic expedition to copy Titian in Italy. He set out in the company of a handsome tea kettle; but a hole was knocked in it; his tea was taken from him at the custom houses, and he could with difficulty obtain milk or bread and butter. Life on these terms, even with Titian, was intolerable, and he returned home without a stroke. Later, with a new tea kettle and a friend, he braved foreign travel again, carried through his programme, though terribly homesick, and returned with fifty pictures copied. Ambitious for the banquet of the gods, and learned in the cuisine of nectar and ambrosia, Etty was only happy in the kitchen, and slipped home to a cosy tea party.

WILLIAM DYCE
1806-1864

One of the surprises of the Glasgow Exhibition was the charming portrait of a child reproduced in this book. The student of the Florentines appears in this picture as a truant in the school of Rembrandt, borrowing his tones and rendering, like him, not the conscious pretty toy of older people, but the vague, curious newcomer in a child. Yet this portrait and others, perhaps not so good, Dyce regarded grudgingly as not his proper work: they filled the years when he was unemployed on monu-

mental painting. The loftier drier air in which he aspired to breathe yielded him nothing so certainly beautiful as this: the sources of poetry proper to the more exalted pitch did not unseal; yet as a guide and schoolmaster he brought the reluctant English spirit far up the difficult way to those altitudes; the arid historical rock seems near gushing with water, and heroic prospects open. But when the fountain was unlocked, only the Preraphaelite garden was watered.

William Dyce, like the two younger men, Stevens and Mr. Watts, caught the contagion of great art in Italy. At nineteen he paid his first visit to Rome, and he spent another period of three years, 1827-1830, in the same city and at Padua, Pisa, Florence, and Assisi. His compatriot Wilkie had written, two years before his first visit, with intelligent comprehension of the character of fresco painting as compared with oil. Dyce embraced monumental painting as his art, delighting in its architectural setting, studying the arabesques and ornament as well the paintings.

These two sides of his studies made him a leader in the two chief artistic enterprises of the reign, the scheme for decorating the Houses of Parliament, and the foundation of a School of Design which led to the South Kensington Museum and its system of schools. Dyce, on coming home, had painted portraits and occasional ambitious pictures for some years. It was in 1836 that his letter to Lord Meadowbank on the teaching of design in manufacture led to his appointment as Director of the School of Design at Somerset House, a connection kept up in various offices till 1849. In 1843 the Commission appointed for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament had recourse to Dyce's preliminary advice, and he was the first artist authorised to execute a fresco. This was his *Baptism of King Ethelbert* in 1848, the painting in a recess over the throne in the House of Lords. Prince Albert added commissions for the decoration of a staircase at Osborne, and a summer-house in Buckingham Palace gardens. Dyce also worked in fresco and for stained glass at Ely and Alnwick, and decorated All Saints Church, Margaret Street. Out of the dreary and futile revolutions of the Commission, so time-wasting and life-wasting for most of the competitors, Dyce profited most, though even he seems to have been ill-handled and harassed.[1] In 1849 he was commissioned to decorate the Queen's Robing Room with scenes from the legend of King Arthur. Five out of eight panels he completed before his death in 1864. These paintings, if little seen, are at least visible; the recesses chosen for paintings in the House of Lords had not this elementary advantage. They are also in a good state of preservation. Dyce is said to have been dissatisfied with his subject; the cruel words 'able' and 'competent' hover above the enterprise; the apparatus is very com-

[1] A summary of the official bungling over this well-intended project should be read in Redgrave, *A Century of Art.*

WILLIAM DYCE, R. A

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTISTS SON

plete, figures and groups well understood and beautiful, but the whole has the dryness of an exercise.

The English imaginative tide then did not quite run high enough to float Dyce's careful bark. One thinks of him as dwelling on the shores of chalk that he has painted in a desperate pallid gleam of imagination in his *Pegwell Bay* at the Tate. The blue waves, and the goddess-bearing dolphins do not come: only nicely dressed ladies pick their insect steps across the seaweed, and the portent of a comet hangs above this truest of Dyce's histories. It is as if a man had come to the ugly end of the world, and felt bound to tell.

ALFRED STEVENS
1818-1875[1]

The English Renaissance arrived late and fragmentary, for our German Reformation cut us off from Italy. It was not till the seventeenth century that we produced, in Inigo Jones, the Renaissance type of architect, and not till the nineteenth that in Alfred Stevens a laggard appeared, recalling by the spirit and range of his powers those princes of the arts who came thick in sixteenth century Italy. 'I know of but one art,' was a favourite quotation of his. Like Brunelleschi, Bramante, Raphael, Peruzzi, San Gallo, he was ready to turn from painting to sculpture, from sculpture to architecture, universally competent, sane, classic. By classic I mean that he is enrolled among those who take up and continue the high public civilised language of art reached in Greek, Roman, and Renaissance times, with its measure, its greatest common measure, of expression, that avoids curiosity, personal excess, grotesque and ecstatic originality.

What the dull mind executes under this conception, at uncongenial periods, is familiar enough to us, and throws discredit on the renewed attempt. How genius vivifies the tradition Stevens has shewn; but there is little sign that his genius is appreciated at its true worth. We have had no draughtsman and designer of this quality and rank in England; yet he remains in the background, while inferior and derivative talents are warmly applauded and discussed, and the history of English art in the century is written without mention of its greatest man. Our demand for the other kind of originality is partly to blame, the demand for novel and special means in art, for less universal feeling, but also, perhaps, the suspicion that compared with his own kind and line Stevens was a mere reviver and copyist, that work so universal could not be an Englishman's and his own. On the contrary, an examination of Stevens's designs proves how he made good his election; that he is really a new recruit in the

[1] Chief authorities: *Alfred Stevens, a Biographical Study*, by Walter Armstrong; *Alfred Stevens and his Work*, by Hugh Stannus.

band, that his works are a true growth and addition, filling empty places, representing possible developments left blank by the masters of his school. His Wellington monument, his project for an Exhibition memorial, his design for a bronze door, have all this quality; they might have been thought of by an architect and sculptor later than Donatello, contemporary with Raphael, one who had naturally and constantly Raphael's temper in its stronger, more virile moments; but this particular variation of the type did not exist; these designs, with their blend of strength, suavity, and broad, clear rhythm are not upon the record; the variation, an authentic one, flowered out retarded.

Stevens was sent out to Italy in 1833 as a boy of fifteen from the country town of Blandford, escaping thus the small[1] or inflated English ideal of that date; with a mind free from any strong twist of education, he grew up, as if a native of great times, through the art of Italy. Before the painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had become familiar to artists and writers, he had copied their frescoes, and the pupil of Thorwaldsen, when he found his own centre among later masters, came to them as if he had grown to them, understood them with a richer, racier understanding. The man who studies only from the ripest art, the Gibson or Barry, does not see even it. In painting, with his instinct for what was central, he gravitated towards Titian, from whom he made some admirable copies. The portrait of Mr. Morris Moore, shewn at a recent winter exhibition of the Academy, was an example of his own work founded on this study. The *Mrs. Colman* at the Tate is more severe. Stevens is like a Sebastian del Piombo, who should have reversed the order of his schooling, and passed from Florence to Venice.

When Stevens returned to London in 1842 he appears to have intended to work as a painter, but could obtain no commissions. He contributed to the House of Lords fresco competition of 1843, but the man who had exactly trained his talent for this kind of work was completely overlooked. He subsisted as a teacher in the new Schools of Design, and as designer for a Sheffield firm of ironworkers. He had thus applied his splendid and disciplined art to objects of use long before amateur 'crafts' became fashionable. His great opportunity came when the competition for the national memorial to the Duke of Wellington was decreed in 1856. His design, placed sixth in the award of prizes, was finally chosen, because he alone of the designers appears to have realised the conditions of the monument; and the trial of the models under a model of the arch brought out this fact. Harassed by difficulties of money (the original grant was reduced by the amount of extra premiums and commissions and the cost of a full-size model), and the protests that his fastidious and prolonged labours called forth, Stevens died before his monument was complete, and had to resign himself to see it docked of its

[1] Landseer had asked too high a premium for teaching him.

crowning feature, the equestrian statue, on the plea that a horse could not be admitted to the Cathedral.

This monument may here suffice in illustration of what has been said above of the rank and originality of Stevens's powers. For his inventive command over form it is not necessary to go further than the kind of trophy-frieze he has fashioned out of the material of modern arms and accoutrements. This rebellious mass is subdued into a vigorous plastic rhythm, in which a commanding governing mind can be plainly read. The architecture employs familiar forms in a disposition never before exactly so contrived, but with an inevitable long-existent air in the proportions of their adjustment. The imagery stamps the very spirit of English heroism and of this English hero in two superb groups.

The figure of the victor, plastically combined with a defeated enemy, runs through Renaissance art, taken over from the archangels and saints triumphant over devils and dragons in Gothic sculpture. Donatello's *Judith and Holofernes* is one example, insuperable in its calm design as of a man killed by an absent-minded Fate. In the school of Michael Angelo it is the struggle of the two figures that engages the artist. In Stevens's group *Valour* is in absolute quiet, seated, not so much as aware of or not deigning to see the ugly passion of fear that stirs under her feet. *Truth*, with the same still contemptuous ease, draws out the immeasurable tongue of the talker. Magnanimity, serene incapacity to feel danger, loathing of false fine speech,—here are these virtues raised to the power of poetry.

An equestrian statue, the most splendid expression of force and pride, was the natural master-work for a Renaissance sculptor, and occupied each of the master-minds. Fate was unkind to several of these projects or achievements. Donatello's exists at Padua, the most glorious known to us; and Verrocchio's at Venice. Michael Angelo's was destroyed. Leonardo's model was destroyed, and only his numerous sketches survive. Of Raphael's project there is no trace, unless a drawing that has been doubtfully connected with it has a claim to represent it. Stevens's model, even wanting his final shaping and refinements, is a superb addition to the exiguous list. Some of the quieter sketches in Leonardo's manuscripts are not unlike its general idea. The way he has used the cloak and stretched-out arm of the turned body of the rider to connect the mass of horse and rider, and has made of the two a simple sturdy rhythm, is one of his inspirations, one of those complete triumphs in seeing on all sides at once, and designing in three dimensions, which in sculpture, when the truth is told, are after all no common thing.

Wren's majestic spirit would have been content to admit Stevens as the decorator of his 'monument.' Of all that he projected only a small part was carried out. The scheme for painting the dome of St Paul's exists only in a small model for half the surface, the statues for its base

in small plaster sketches. Four spandrels in mosaic were executed, and the original cartoon for the *Isaiah* can now be studied at the Tate Gallery. The mantelpiece and decorations at Dorchester House were the nearest approach to employment on an *ensemble* of architecture, sculpture, and painting that Stevens obtained. The impulse he gave to the schools in masculine decoration has left some traces in the ornament of that remarkable piece of engineer-architecture, the Exhibition Road building of the South Kensington Museum; but the glamour of William Morris diverted the schools from this beginning. The little lion on the British Museum railing, that used at least to 'show his hand' in the London streets, has been swept away, as if to complete the record of jealous dullness, concealing, where it had not hindered, a genius whose like the country has not seen.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

B. 1817[1]

Like Dyce and Stevens, Mr. Watts went in early youth to Italy, and trained himself there in the ambition of an art for which his country gave him very small opportunity. The omens were hopeful for monumental art in 1843, and with the money gained for a cartoon in the first competition of that year Mr. Watts set out for six years' study, returning just in time for the oil painting competition of 1847. In this again he took a prize with his picture of *Alfred inciting his countrymen to resist the landing of the Danes*.[2] This picture the Commissioners bought, and it hangs in a Committee Room of the House of Lords. The only commission he received was for a fresco, *St. George and the Dragon*, in the Upper Waiting Hall of the same House. This, with six other of the eight frescoes executed in this hall, appears to have decayed, and is no longer to be seen. The only one remaining is Sir John Tenniel's *St. Cecilia*. It is worth noting that the longest-lived branch that struck out from the root of 'historical' painting and these competitions was the series of 'cartoons' in *Punch* that ended only the other day, haunted throughout by the heroical pose, the Saxon warriors, the Britannias of the cartoons proper. The imbeciles of the Commission, then, allowed their most likely painter, with the exception of Stevens, to slip through their fingers. They ought to have seized on Mr. Watts, shut him up in the palace, and given him as many walls to cover as he would undertake. He was not only eager and talented among

[1] Chief authority: Cosmo Monkhouse, *British Contemporary Artists*.

[2] The main figure in the *King Alfred* is very fine, a sort of Raphaelesque archangel. He has sprung upon a gangway beside the boats and stands stiffly arrested, his cloak still swirling on the extended arm; the lines of the gangway run up parallel in perspective with the straight body. On either side, leaving this figure detached, are agitated nudes making for the boats, and among them a beautiful St. John-like figure in prayer with clasped hands.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

ALBERT MOORE

Among the Roses

the men attempting a monumental style, but also so uncertain of his choice among a number of ideals that to have some of the conditions fixed and a line given him might have been the means of getting a more definite result. Like a rose tree, shorn of the rich vague suckers that waste its strength, he might have flowered more sharply and intensely, and clarified his aims.

Employed thus meagrely at the House of Lords, Mr. Watts, like Barry before him, was reduced to begging for spaces to decorate. He offered to paint a mural decoration for the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn at the cost of the materials, and this permission he obtained. The gallant offer to decorate the Hall of Euston Station with a *Progress of Commerce* was refused. A few paintings were done for churches or private houses. Two spandrels were designed for mosaic, under the dome of St. Paul's, the *St. Matthew* and *St. Mark*, where with Mr. Britten's *St. Luke* and *St. John* they have formidable neighbours in Stevens's Prophets. For the most part Mr. Watts was forced to carry on his scheme as a private enterprise; the History became a series of portraits of distinguished men, the monumental compositions a series of allegories. Both series are by his gift the property of the nation.

Not to be hired, to work privately, under no conditions, for no definite public, has its dangers for an artist, and perhaps more in our island than elsewhere. The self-commissioned artist becomes cryptic, diffuse, inflated. Mr. Watts, attempting to paint monumental pictures without a building, to convey spiritual edification without a creed, and to reach the loftiest style without a consistent taste, did not escape these pitfalls. Contradictory impulses of Olympian, Titanic, and vaguely religious impulse argue an uncertainty of temperament and aim, cancel one the other, and end in the flaccid and inflated forms, the stringy and corrugated textures, the harsh and dirty tints of the later work. From the allegories certain compositions emerge, grandiose in their general scheme, if they have not found their complete body and clothing. The two onward marching figures of *Time and Death* may be cited, the general disposition of the *Love and Death*, the *Death on the Pale Horse*, or single figures like the *Psyche* and *Ariadne*. These are noble ideas that some incompatibility of ambitions has arrested halfway to beauty and complete expression. Maladroit admirers of Mr. Watts have been known to urge that it is a condition of art so spiritual to despise execution and technique, and that thoughts so great must defy expression. This is trifling. Mr. Watts has always been intensely interested in execution and technique, and in these respects, as in others, has touched excellence, now at one point now at another. It is the muddled condition of the thought, not its greatness, that is at fault;[1] and it is a mixture of ideals

[1] Space does not allow of a detailed criticism here, and the reader must be referred to two articles in the *Saturday Review* for Jan. 16 and 23, 1897.

in vision, none of them thoroughly and consistently pursued, that has marred the painting. Thus one finds a reminiscence of folds from the Parthenon applied indiscriminately as a decoration to draperies, Titanic vigour and action invoked without convincing force or truth, and the texture and aspect of Venetian painting imitated without its basis of keen modelling. That the mischief lies in an eclectic imagination is clear when we remember such nearly first-rate work as the *Russell Gurney* of the National Gallery, the *Bianca*, or the *Carlyle* of the National Portrait Gallery. And it is these all but triumphs, the promise again and again of a masterpiece, that irritates the admirer of so much admirable effort and general capacity. When a good deal that is now forced upon us in the galleries shall have been discreetly retired, there will be a precious residuum to guard.

Two artists must be briefly mentioned here whom their contemporaries acclaimed as revivers of Olympian art. Frederic Lord Leighton (1830-1896) certainly had high accomplishment in drawing and a sense of sculpturesque amplitude and completeness in design. But there entered into his fully developed taste a heavy and sickly quality of sentiment and colour that went ill with figures inspired by the Parthenon and the Temple of Nike Apteros. Albert Moore (1841-1892) also was over-matched by his models. His pretty taste in combining colours joins badly with stone-heavy forms; he is a Pygmalion who transforms the woman into marble. The example given here is lighter, and nearer moulded on a natural sentiment than most of his ornamental women. The Parthenon weighed too much on the spirit of both Moore and Leighton. The more playful of the Tanagra figurines would have served their turn better.

FORD MADOX BROWN
1821-1893.[1]

Madox Brown may be placed here with a qualification. 'Historical' painting was the frame into which the movement of his time swept his early efforts. His fundamental character, as I read it, was Hogarthian, a love of grotesque dramatic incident, a humour rather grim, odd, cross-grained, even ugly. A grimace that showed the teeth was irresistible to him. In his early *Queen Mary's Execution* the Queen is not very interesting, but the glowering ecclesiastic is splendid. In his *Harold* cartoon the vivid figure is the old hawk of a Berserker, who wrenches himself round in death to look at the corpse. While painting his *Work* he writes in his diary, 'This is now to me a species of intoxication. When I drew in the poor little vixen girl pulling her brother's hair, I

[1] Chief authorities: *Ford Madox Brown*, by F. M. Hueffer; *Prae-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters*, and *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, by W. M. Rossetti.

FORD MADOX BROWN

Work

FORD MADOX BROWN

Cordelia

quite growled with delight.' His successful women have always a touch of the fair shrew or of cruelty in them. The Peter, compared with the Christ, in the National Gallery picture, gives exactly the measure of his powers. The *Christ* is rather dully conceived, against the grain; the *Peter* all irritable, impatient, pugnacious life, narrowly watching to see that if his feet are washed they are washed thoroughly, and his head and hands too. Brown notes that four of the apostles 'require more *religious feeling*,' 'which must be done,' he grudgingly adds; 'William and Gabriel Rossetti in particular require veneration to be added to them.'

But with all this strong bent of his own Brown was impressionable to what was being done beside him, and ready to project himself into heroic and poetic matter. This power of assimilation, it seems to me, has led several writers to give him a leading part in the Preraphaelite movement that he does not deserve. The chief points on which M. de la Sizeranne relies for this are Rossetti's early admiration for Brown's work and short-lived pupilage, of which a word will be said in dealing with Rossetti, and secondly the picture called *Lear and Cordelia*, painted in 1848-9, and 'considerably retouched' in 1854. (The first P.R.B. pictures were painted in 1848.) Now M. de la Sizeranne, and Dr. Muther following him, have been the victims of a confusion between two pictures. They have supposed that the well-known picture of *Cordelia's Portion* was the work of that date, whereas its date is 1867-79. This picture is so evidently 'Preraphaelite' in type and colour, so closely allied to Rossetti's water colours, that if it had been painted so early Madox Brown would clearly have been the inventor of a great deal that we find in all three Preraphaelites. But the picture of 1849 was very different, a dark 'historical' work representing Lear at Cordelia's bedside. When Brown returned to England from his continental schooling he was painting Byronic drama *(Parisina's Sleep)* a good deal under the influence of Wappers, the Belgian disciple of Delacroix. 'I always stuck up for Delacroix,' he says later, when Rossetti came round to an admiration for him. Then came the cartoon competition of 1843, and the fresco competition of 1844. This meant, for all competitors, a change from chiaroscuro modelling, in which Brown had reached a high pitch of force, to a system of outline and the flat fair tones of fresco. Dyce's work at this competition must have influenced all the young artists. Millais' *Lorenzo and Isabella* of 1849 is an imitation of the fresco manner. Brown came away much impressed by Maclise's *Chivalry*, and in his reading of English history stumbled on a picture idea, that of Chaucer reading before the Court. This started up before him as a bright sunny fresco effect. With this project, he tells us, he went off to Rome in 1845, where he saw the work of the German Preraphaelites, and he was much impressed by Holbein at Basel on the way. At the first sketch of the *Chaucer*, and of another picture of Wiclif, he was working in 1847-8 just before Rossetti knew him.

The change of convention set up by the fresco competitions was working in his methods—he was laying in flesh with a white ground, and using asphaltum and megilp less (he still laid in a landscape with asphaltum at a later date), and he attempted by a combination of two windows to get something of open-air effect in his studio, and painted certain figures in direct sunlight. But once more we must not confuse these tentatives with the completed Chaucer of 1868, which is much more definitely 'Preraphaelite.'[1] As I read the dates and evidence, after this point Madox Brown was successively influenced by Mr. Holman Hunt and by Rossetti. Mr. Hunt's minute study of open-air effect in *The Hireling Shepherd* was begun and finished in 1851. He and Millais had developed in close conjunction, Mr. Hunt apparently pulling Millais away from Etty. Millais' *Woodman's Daughter* is of 1850; his *Mariana* of 1851.

It is in 1852, after some hesitating sallies, that the full blast of open-air, vivid sunlight, and remorseless pursuit of fact begins for Madox Brown. The picture called *Work* was begun in that year, though chiefly painted from 1856 onward, and not finished till 1863. *The English Autumn Afternoon*, begun late in the same year, was carried on in the next, and finished in 1854. *The Last of England*, begun in 1852, was finished in 1856. *The Pretty Baa Lambs* is dated as begun in 1851; but it was not finished till 1859. It is hard in the case of a group of painters to disentangle the truth in matters of priority: they can hardly tell it themselves if they would; but the weight of evidence is for Mr. Hunt. In any case this was Madox Brown's best period. In the *Work* his own zest in making out the sturdy navvies, the hard bitten potboy, the walking garden of a maniac with stealthy feet and peeping eyes, the women's fashions so curiously scrutinised, all this united with a new intensity of application in searching out detail under sunlight, with the hunting and discovery of colour in shadow to make his most extraordinary picture. *The Last of England* perhaps is his most perfect: there is a sullen touch in its sentiment that fits his temper, and a pictorial oneness and concentration. Here he challenges the painter of *The Huguenot* with a bit of sharp contemporary history.

The influence of Rossetti was less fortunate, because it led Brown away from his own ground of ugly strength in an attempt upon beauty, style, and mystic unction. The Preraphaelites found him reading Burns and Byron, and set him to read Keats and write sonnets. In pictures like the *Cordelia's Portion* something of him is saved by the maniac and treacherous dramatic types: in the *Entombment* and *Emmaus* there is no room for his own virtues. The unfinished *Take your Son, Sir*, is the best result, in its

[1] Dates of finishing and re-painting must be borne in mind. The sketch for the *Chaucer*, begun in 1845, was not coloured till 1853. The large *Harold*, executed in 1844, was re-painted entirely in 1861. *Our Lady of Good Children*, a chalk drawing of 1847, was coloured in 1861. The *Wickliffe* of 1848 gives us a pretty good idea probably of the painter's colour at that time, but even that was re-touched in 1861.

SIR DAVID WILKIE, R A

THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

intensity of design, and the irrepressible grotesque of Madox Brown appears in the figure-of-fun he himself makes, distorted in the convex mirror.

The Commissioners gave not a scrap of work to Madox Brown on the Houses of Parliament, where he might have left some fine gnarled work of history. His chance of monumental painting came too late to catch him at his strongest. But the Manchester Town Hall paintings are a monument to the strange mixture of burly action, obstinate flabby dealings with the wrong matter, and angry love of romance that was Madox Brown. He said to a friend towards the close of his life, that if he could begin again he would learn to paint, and learn from Rubens.

DAVID WILKIE

1783-1841 [1]

To know the taste of the public—to learn what will best please the employer—is to an artist the most valuable of all knowledge, and the most useful to him whose skill and knowledge it calls into exercise.—(Wilkie's *Remarks on Painting.*)

Wilkie took his own measure modestly, and his programme frankly, that of entertainer to a middle-class public. He did not figure himself as the poet of a limited or problematical audience, as the ill-used imposer of an art not understood upon people who do not want it, or as the amateur who pleases himself and yet expects to be paid for his own pleasure. He opened his theatre, studied his public, and set his comedies to be intelligible to the spectators and exactly in tune with their mind. 'An artist,' he says, 'must create works such as correspond with the demand of his employers,' must study the 'mode of winning upon the liking of men.' He thought the efforts of ambitious art misdirected and wasted in this country, where we 'do not put art on the tableland of religion or politics, taste being 'domestic rather than historical.' We therefore miss the target. 'All is like water spilt in a desert, unless the mind moulds and forms its speculations to the circumstances of its situation and the ruling desires of the time.' The sympathy of the people is necessary. 'To works so imagined and in that spirit produced let artists turn more than hitherto their attention; obey public feeling as the truest index of the wants of the mind of the people.' In this way they will obtain confidence and influence. There is more private patronage here than elsewhere. Let the painter accommodate himself to this. The patron is not a connoisseur. A picture must be able to stand by its emotional effect on people who give no thought to the means by which that effect is produced. 'An artist, like an actor, must be content to receive the fiat of success or failure from an audience who, to form a judgment of the illusion, must necessarily be excluded from behind the scenes.' Wilkie goes on to expound in several pages his point that good painting is good

[1] Chief authority: *The Life of Sir David Wilkie*, by Allan Cunningham.

expression as well as fine contrivance; an auditorium being supposed, there is a point of view from it which tests contrivances by their effectiveness in creating illusion, as completely as the view from behind the scene tests their art. He would have opened his eyes at the criticism that flatters the painter of an incident, as an incident, by telling him that no one thinks of it, that the subject is nothing. He would have urged that whatever subject a man takes, he takes with it the responsibility of recommending it and making it interesting: that is his art. Wilkie, throwing a very wide net, choosing not only drama, but a drama that will appeal to the simplest, supposes two orders of spectator: one wholly uninformed, and, however intelligent, yet ignorant of the mysteries of composition and colours; the other is a lover and observer of art, but in contemplating a picture, leaves the mechanism of the work out of view, and decides by the evidence alone of the sentiment and influence of the work. Over against these is the artist, 'the mechanist who adjusts the parts of a watch; the other is the observer, who looks to the dial only that he may know the hour.' Working to make himself understood by so general an audience, 'the artist . . . with all his knowledge, will toil and toil in vain if ignorant or neglectful of the impression which he makes on a simple and observing mind.' He must therefore 'cull and collect all such modes of thought' as will give him this influence, such 'trains of ideas as are felt and understood by the unschooled and uninstructed.' 'He is painting, not for those who know, but for those who do not know . . . and, perhaps will never know, any one circumstance connected with his work, save and except the little he can learn from the silent picture itself.'

Here, then, was Wilkie's programme: to make himself intelligible not only to a public, but to the public, and to impress it sympathetically. Beauty of design, of chiaroscuro, of colour, will be consciously apprehended, he argues, in very different degrees by my spectators; but I shall have failed if they do not enforce, as the subtle arts of the orator enforce his argument, the subject of humour or pathos I undertake to stage. The dramatic Christian artist had this aim in presenting the sacred story; I, the modern, transpose the art into modern comedy.

It would take too long here to disentangle what is reasonable and disputable in all this, reasonable for Wilkie's art, disputable even for that. Wilkie, a milder Hogarth, is the nearest that his age produced in these islands to the bourgeois Dutch artists of the seventeenth century, curious of the appearances, amused, contented with the humours of common life. He does not reach the intensity of its finer spirits, enthusiasts of the sentiment of light rather than of comedy. He is nearer to Teniers than to De Hoogh. Nor does he, like Brauwer or Hogarth, immerse himself with gross joy in the character of the scenes he renders. He is a minister's son, and addresses a prudish public. Out of the literary tradition that led up to his subjects, Virgil and Horace translated by Ramsay and Ferguson into Scotch, and

GEORGE PAUL CHALMERS.R S A

PORTRAIT OF JOSEF ISRAELS

SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A.

W. W. Robertson, Esq.

nationalised with full humour by Burns, he takes the playful idyllic parts, the *Hallowe'en* or the *Duncan Gray*, but cautiously skirts the *Holy Fair* and *Jolly Beggars*, forced to be prudent when he brings the characters of his village into *Pitlessie Fair*. As his biographer tells us, propriety first and last was his crowning virtue. Transposed into these very special narrow conditions his art has admirable moments. He was born to draw character, to draw the characters of the village with a grave face in church; and endowed with a patient tenacity by which he arrived at completeness in anything his sly, slow, pawky mind conceived. When he was at school in Edinburgh he would never draw a foot or hand from a cast till he understood the meaning of its disposition, what the whole body had been doing. In conversation he allowed nothing, from the simplest remark upon art to a joke or pun, to pass till he had fully got the bearings of it by explanation or prolonged rumination. He was full, as his line in painting demanded, of anxious reasonableness. His aim, as we have seen, was to devise his drama so that it should convey its meaning most completely to the greatest number of fairly intelligent people, and he applied this criterion to the whole of art, seeking to stretch it over Michael Angelo. In composing his own paintings he took advice on all sides, altering and realtering, and noting down each little alteration in his journal with a minute satisfaction.

Wilkie evidently got the clue to a style from the prints after Ostade and Teniers that he bought while at school in Edinburgh. He went back to Cults to paint *Pitlessie Fair* and the *Village Politicians*. As the painter of these he came to London to study at the Academy. This transplantation did not at once take the virtue out of him, and working on the old capital with ripened power, he could produce work like the *Blind Man's Buff*. The very top of his art, perhaps, is the *Letter of Introduction*. He has got away from the slatiness of the *Blind Fiddler*,[1] and reached a moment of silvery fair colour. For exactness of expression and dainty beauty of painting in the still life it is like a Metsu. It is autobiography, and all Wilkie is in the awkward, anxiously-respectful country boy waiting on the irascible old gentleman of the polite connoisseur world, and keenly taking him in.

Then followed, in Wilkie's life, by the accident of ill-health, what few modern talents escape, a critical breaking-up when exposed to arts more lofty in their scope than his own, and to scenes more various in their interest. A single stone taken out of the arch that makes up an art—vision, subject, technique, pitch of conception, audience addressed,

[1] His early manual of painting was J. C. Ibbetson's, which he copied with his own hand Teniers was his ideal in the early London days. 'I have seen some pictures by Teniers, which, for clear touching, go to the height of human perfection in art.' Just after the *Letter of Introduction* he made a change in his method, 'painting thin and completing the objects at once' . . . 'thinner in the half tints, and only thick in the high lights' . . . 'very thin, with nearly one coat of colours. The vehicles used were *gumtion*' (*i.e.* drying oil, turpentine, and mastic), 'but the three [portraits] with drying oil and mastic varnish' (*Journal* for 1813).

and so forth—is enough to bring the whole thing down. Wilkie was a wanderer and student for three years, 1825-1828, in Italy, Germany, Spain. He came back with certain critical prepossessions reinforced, but with his peculiar native hold on life slackened, more a man of the world in art, and anxious to get results more quickly. Instead of a laborious year spent on a painting he now worked rapidly and completed at once. Wilkie's critical prepossessions were (1) for dramatic and generally intelligible point in a picture; (2) for juicy, warm, brown shadows and the toning down of lights with a glaze. The first made him indifferent to Venetian art, which he thought unintellectual, an art of technical display, 'of the workshop,' not addressed to the general. He turned rather to the Florentine. But Wilkie was fundamentally a chiaroscurist. Rembrandt, to whom he ought to have found his way in search for heightening of the dramatic familiar subject, was out of his range; he came nearest him in his remarkable etching, *The Lost Receipt*. In Italy, therefore, he gravitated towards Correggio. He had maintained from the first against his travelling companions, Hilton and Phillips, that shadows ought to be warm, lights cool. He was delighted when he discovered at Parma that Correggio, allowing for the effect of distance, had given his figures in the dome shadows like red chalk, and that in other pictures there were rich masses of brown, sometimes thicker than the lights. He bought a Correggio, and determined to form his practice on it, *i.e.* painting flesh in one painting in a simple mixed-up tint, 'impasted bituminous shadows' with an *effect* of transparency, lots of oil, and over the lights a 'fearless glazing' to give tone. He preaches in all his letters against the prevailing English manner of working up to a chalky white and gaudy patchwork of tints. He joins Sir George Beaumont in the campaign for old-master tone. Here is a passage from a letter to the painter Collins.

After seeing all the fine pictures in France, Italy, and Germany, one must come to this conclusion, that colour, if not the first, is at least an essential quality in painting. . . . But in oil painting it is richness and depth alone that can do justice to the material. Upon this subject every prejudice with which I left home is, if anything, not only confirmed, but increased. What Sir Joshua wrote, and what our friend Sir George so often supported, *was right*; and, after seeing what I have seen, I am not now to be *talked* out of it. With us, you know, every young exhibitor with pink, white, and blue thinks himself a colourist like Titian, than whom, perhaps, no painter is more misrepresented or misunderstood. I saw myself at Florence his famous Venus upon an easel. . . . This picture, so often copied, and every copy a fresh mistake, is, what I expected it to be, deep yet brilliant, indescribable in its hues, yet simple beyond conception in its execution and its colouring. Its flesh (O how our friends at home would stare!) is a simple, sober, mixed-up tint, and apparently, like your skies, completed while wet. No scratchings, no patchings, no scumbling nor multiplicity of repetitions—no ultramarine, lakes nor vermilions—not even a mark of the brush visible; all seemed melted in the fat and glowing mass, solid yet transparent, giving the nearest approach to life that the painter's art has ever yet reached. . . . Now, can nothing like this ever be done again? Is such toning not to be reproduced? . . . We have now got another system; our criterion of judging is

SIR GEORGE HARVEY, P.R.S.A.

We twa ha'e paidl'd in the burn

SIR WILLIAM FETTES DOUGLAS, P.R.S.A.

The Curiosity Shop, Rome

changed; we prefer a something else, or, what is still more blinding, there is a something else we mistake for it. . . . Sir George Beaumont used to remark that water-coloured drawings had tainted our exhibitions.[1]

His attitude to Spanish painting has been misrepresented. It has been supposed, because he was the first English painter to see Velazquez at Madrid, and was much struck by his painting, that he remodelled his own practice by imitating that painter. On the contrary, he thought Velazquez was the half known source of the vicious tendency in English painting. He found in him the flat lights and opaque shadows of the school. Compared with Murillo, he thought him showy. Murillo, he says, conceals his art, and has a greater imaginative range.

Wilkie came back, then, an historical and court painter, with a systematic and more facile method.

'With me no starved surface now; no dread of *oil*, no perplexity for fear of change. Your manner of painting a sky' (Collins's, of finishing while the paint is wet) 'is the manner in which I try to paint a whole picture.'

His painting is quite unlike Correggio's in effect, needless to say. The heightening of style leads to a Lawrence-like elegance and dandyism, and everything is sluiced with oily brown. It is impossible to judge of the look of most of these pictures when new. Asphaltum in the shadows has gaped and slid, magylph medium has darkened and cracked when varnished, so that they are partly wrecked. The unfinished *John Knox's Sacrament* at Edinburgh shows his final method. He proceeded by drawings and blots of colour to an oil sketch. From this on the white ground of the final canvas he pencilled the figures, then from the model painted in their heads and hands singly without a uniting background. He finished them, we are told, in one painting, or kept them wet till next day by walls of wax and a bath of oil, the canvas being laid flat.

Wilkie, in his last stage, quits, so to put it, his own house to furnish one for Mr. Holman Hunt. At fifty-five he packed up his Bible, and suddenly departed to the Holy Land. Both in Rome and at Munich he had been familiar with the attempts of the German Preraphaelites to revive Christian art, and the splendidly free opportunity given them by the King of Bavaria. He thought they were on the wrong tack in reverting to primitive methods and high abstract treatment; and he thought that for England, with no tradition of monumental religious painting, the possible development would be from the existing taste and comprehension of a very natural and familiar art. Could not this art arise from a study of the places and types of the story?[2]

[1] See also the letter to Lady Beaumont (Cunningham, ii. 398). Wilkie recognised and lamented that the modern picture, declaring itself in his time, and extremer since, would not hang, with its blue and white tonality, beside the ancient.

[2] The letter to Sir Robert Peel should be read (Cunningham, iii. 414), in which Wilkie explains his aims in visiting the Holy Land. He seems to have heard while travelling of the new decorative projects for the Houses of Parliament, and urges Peel that in the realistic representation of sacred scenes there is a fresh ground for English artists, and a valuable testimony to religious truth. See

It is curious that on his way east, and in the East itself, Wilkie is struck by the fact that Rembrandt had by divination and simplicity, without stirring from Amsterdam, reached the imaginative end after which he was groping;[1] for Rembrandt had treated the Bible drama as it must appear to a child in a Protestant town that had its Jewish quarter, as incidents in a Dutch-Jewish present-past. By the Christianising of the West, the Scottish and Dutch child has thus curiously taken over the past of another race for its own. To picture this mysterious but familiar past in the terms of the actual East is to make it foreign and incredible to the imagination rather than more actual and true. Wilkie felt this difficulty when he was on the spot, debating greatly with himself whether 'sat at meat' should be rendered by people sitting or lying down.

He made a number of studies, began some pictures, a *Christ before Pilate* among them, and died before reaching home.

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT

Born 1827

English middle-class painting in the first half of the century drops from Wilkie's humorous painter's observation to a rather lukewarm illustrator's business in the work of Leslie, Newton, Maclise and the rest. These illustrators were out of the poetical current of their own time. They staged more or less successfully the comedy of the best writers—of Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Sterne, Don Quixote. They took their literature from publishers and their drama from actors. Poetry avenged itself by leaving them stranded, and all their technical lore and accomplishment with them. In Wilkie's vision, the beauty of light plays a part beside the humour of character; in those others colour is a disguise of black and white, very bare in Maclise, able technically but tin-like in Leslie, painter-like sometimes in Newton. Mulready, only, had some intensity of eye; his landscapes have admirable qualities, but his colour taste had an uncanny turn towards plum colour. He was on the line of water colourists who by their notation of colour in shadow as well as light, were sapping and mining the megilp-chiaroscuro of oil; but his personal vision was eccentric. Two living sources were waiting for the illustrator who should attach this new

also letter to Collins, p. 426. David Roberts was already sketching in these scenes. Wilkie says: 'It has been with me an often repeated joke with our highly talented friend, Mr. Turner, that he ought to have mounted the staff and scallop-shell for such a peregrination, and he will recollect well where he said I wished to send him, when I tell him I thought of him, and wished for him when I passed the ancient city of Jericho. . . . I can fancy what our friend would make of this, . . . of the Dead Sea. . . .'

[1] 'The one who has most truly given such an Eastern people is Rembrandt. The Scripture subjects of Rembrandt are recalled to us at every turn by what we see before us; and the anticipating power of rendering what he never could have seen raises the great painter of Amsterdam even higher than we had thought him.' Even in brilliant Eastern light he found some defence for his system. 'The colours . . . are prevented from being tinselly and gaudy by the deep greasy richness of tone which use and wont never fail to convey to the most discordant materials.'

JOHN RUSKIN

The Chapel of St. Mary of the Thorn, Pisa

parti-coloured vision to them. One was the poetry of Keats and Tennyson, calling out in all its magical luxury of imagery for a painter. The other was the English Puritan Sunday mind that could only indulge the eyes under the sanction of a moral threat. Mr. Holman Hunt joined the new vision, wrought to a penal intensity, with the second source, and incidentally furnished a method for the first, in which for a moment he was entangled. Mr. Hunt's work, therefore, is one of the paradoxes of imagination. He uses art as a rebuke to itself, to all the motives that ordinarily inspire it, the lust of the eye, the pride of life, the joy of sense, the passion of love, the delight of show. When Millais proposed to paint lovers whispering against a wall, Mr. Hunt sternly checked him. That was no fit subject for a painting: there must be a conflict of love and duty. When he paints two lusty rustics in a field it is to rebuke the instinct that makes them embrace. Mr. Hunt's sheep are always strayed, his lovers have always a guilty conscience. All that to Rossetti was a starting-point for shrine building and wistful idolatry supplies to this Puritan prophet a motive for castigation and penance.

The art of show thus in arms against herself did not give easily the means of mortification and punishment. But Mr. Hunt found them indirectly by tasking his eye and hand to unexampled truthfulness, avenged and wreaked himself on his wicked instinct of painting by exacting an intense, unforgiving denunciatory detail. Things that the accommodating, friendly, beauty-seeking eye has shrunk from, started out under this accusing, excited scrutiny, and he made over to the beauty-seekers a new world. But he, the prosecutor of beauty, not the wooer, wrought out a mosaic of coloured tones as an eye might see them an inch at a time, nailed to each inquisitorially. Such honesty overreached itself, stripped aspect of all its modesty, and made it a flayed and fever-stricken thing.

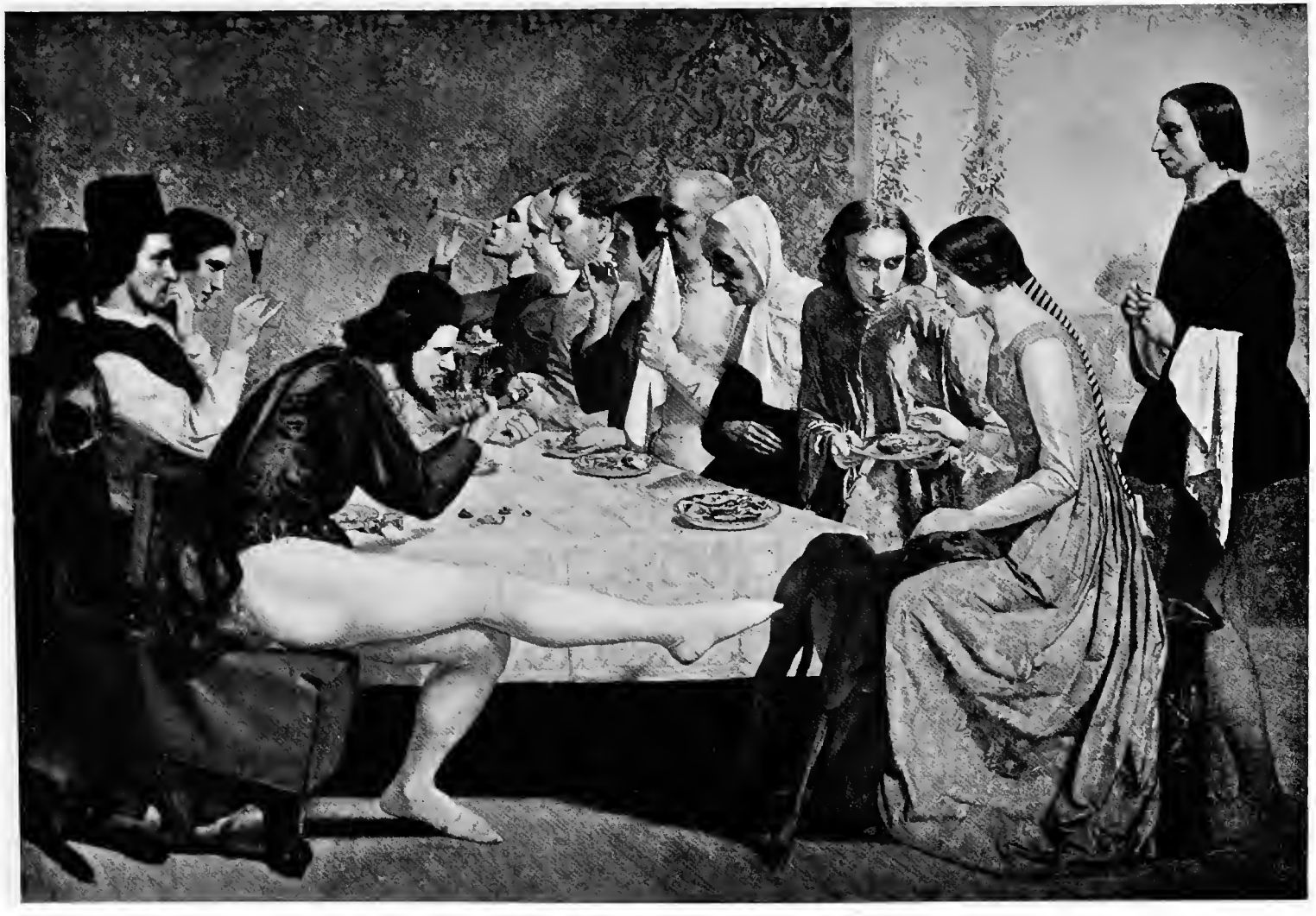
The method by which this painting was wrought came, as I have said, from water-colour. Wilkie noted that English oil painting was steadily becoming a flat colour mosaic from this cause, and J. F. Lewis's minute Eastern water-colours were perhaps a last link to the typical Pre-raphaelite practice. Wilkie met Lewis at Constantinople in 1840. He had disappeared from England for a period of twelve years, leaving two styles behind him. The year 1850 made his new manner famous, for his *Hareem* was exhibited at the old Water Colour Society. Wilkie's journals were published in 1843, and one may guess that a reading of the one and a view of the others were among the directing causes of Mr. Hunt's pilgrimage. There on the one side was the method applied in Lewis's minute and intimately studied yet somewhat cold reports of the picturesque; on the other side the aspiration for the local setting of the Bible legend. Mr. Hunt combined the two, and combined with Wilkie's idea the kind of painting he most disliked, carried to a point he never conceived. Curiously enough, Mr. Hunt notes that the oil method used by the Pre-

raphaelites was based on what someone had told him was Wilkie's practice, the use of a white ground. Wilkie himself had occasionally got brilliant colour by glazing transparently over white (*e.g.* in parts of the *Beadle*). Perhaps also his system of pencil drawing and finishing part by part counted for something. However that may be, the Preraphaelite technique consisted in a painting largely transparent, like water-colour, over a white ground, so that in brilliancy the effect is that of water-colour on white paper.[1] The medium used was copal varnish to allow of sharp minute touches. Mr. Hunt, like the others who used this technique, got into difficulties when he reverted to more ordinary larger methods of oil painting.

I have insisted, to the point of caricature indeed, on the fundamental difference between Mr. Hunt and the other Preraphaelites: but, as I have said, Mr. Hunt also was entangled in the general effusion of poetry, and produced work that is 'Preraphaelite' rather than individual, the work of a spirit that descended for a brief period when these two or three were gathered together. So the best pictures are often painted. His beautiful design for the *Lady of Shalott* might be Rossetti's. In all movements that combine several ardent minds at a new focus of art, property is strangely general, discovery rather than invention seeming to describe what happens, and the picture, waiting at the particular imaginative spot the band together has reached, may be painted by its least likely member. But these combinations, in which two or three men take on a suddenly conceived personality that is neither this man's nor that man's nor the other's, cannot last for long: the finest things are done at that moment: each metal becomes gold in the crucible by an act of alchemy, but the charm will not hold, each goes his way and becomes increasingly himself. Mr. Hunt had a notable faculty for dramatic expression; in the *Claudio and Isabella*, for example, the naïve invention of a doubter's attitude is worthy of Giotto. From the Hogarthian moral drama he fell back finally on Bible history, and went to do what Wilkie had dreamed of; to see what literalness could make of the vast world of imagination in which the Puritan mind, so chary of license at home, made it a duty to expatiate. Wilkie was too old in his art to do more than accommodate, to slip in something of the oriental picturesque. He brought back from the Dead Sea only some barometrical readings. Mr. Hunt, with a violent, all-accepting eye, painted the *Scapegoat*, appalling emblem of a creed, the unclean beast, the accursed redeemer, that carries away the evil consciences of the good into a hell of salt and fire.

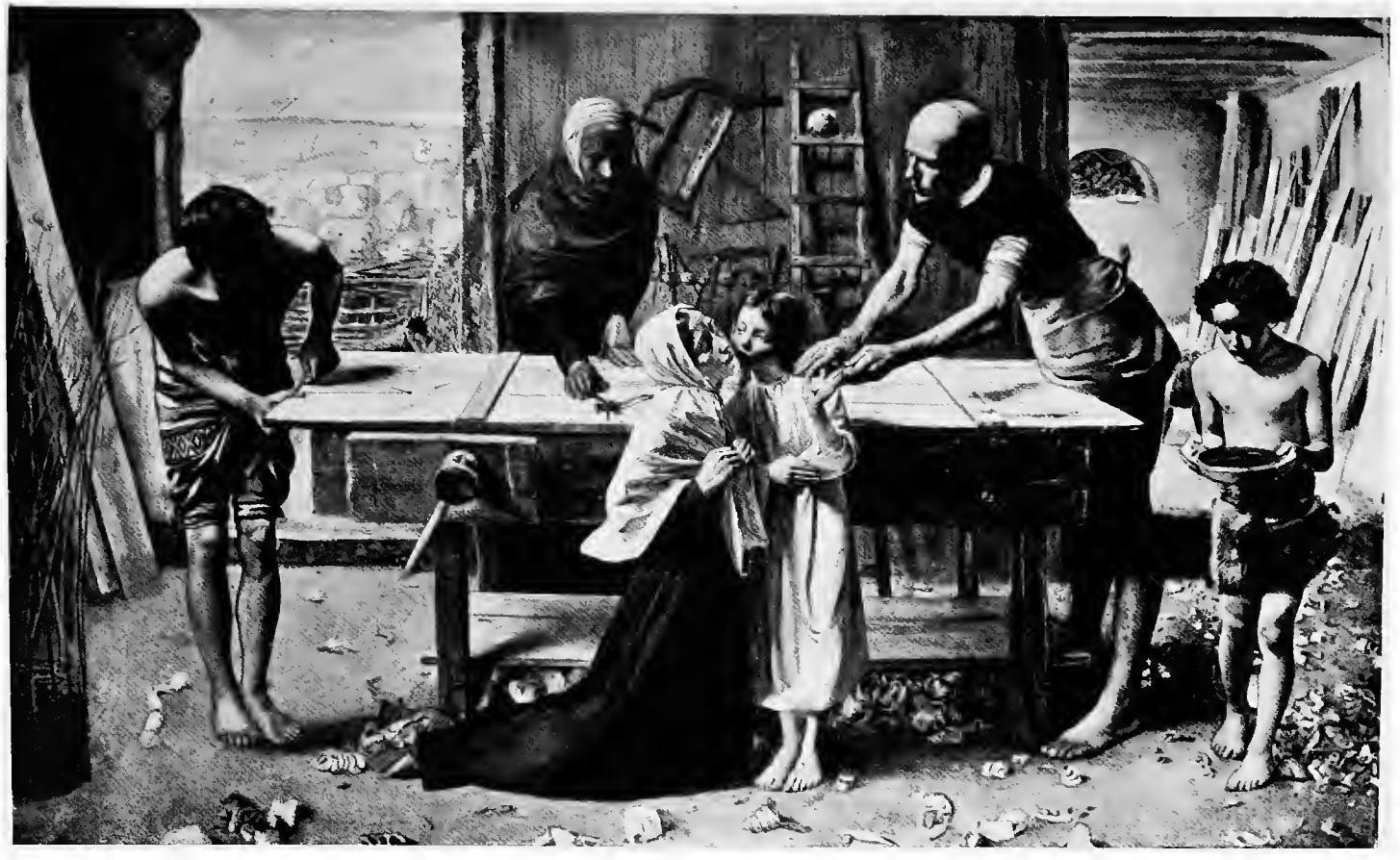
John Ruskin (1819-1900), from whose praise of Turner Mr. Hunt had drawn part of his impulsion towards 'faithfulness' of detail, must

[1] The white was *wet* white, at least in Millais' practice at the time he painted *Ariel*. Madox Brown tried this method 'at Millais' lying instigation,' as he pleasantly puts it.



SIR J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A.

Lorenzo and Isabella



SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

Christ in the House of His Parents ('The Carpenter's Shop')

be mentioned here only as a draughtsman. He assigned to himself a humble rôle, and hoped that others who had no faculty of imaginative composition might devote themselves to literal transcription as a form of history; and that copying like Mr. John Brett's in such *tours de force* as the *Val d'Aosta* might be used in the record of fast-perishing beauties of nature and of art. But the copier of beauty must be in some degree a creator, and the tenderness of Ruskin's own drawings of ancient buildings is itself an art.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS
1829-1896[1]

Millais was εὐφυής, splendidly endowed in person and senses, doing what was suggested to him with effortless ease. He had a strong will also, and was determined to be first in what he did. His imagination was not so strong; his faculties were at the mercy of many suggestions, ranging from ardent poetry to the commonest sentiment. His vision grew up, but his taste never; inspiration did not build into criticism.

Millais' wilfulness cut short other schooling, and all the hunger and freshness of his instincts were given to drawing. The close home-life in which he was nursed was one to spoil a boy, or discharge a genius on the world with rare singleness and integrity of power. He escaped the cynical douche of English schooling, and it was later in life that he became, and remained, the British schoolboy.

In his first great picture, the *Lorenzo and Isabella*, Millais is on the ground of Keats and Rossetti, of the love that is a terrible delight, that humbles, and makes afraid, and wastes. But the lyric of it becomes dramatic in his hands, as he works out the character of the indifferent or hostile company. The next picture, the *Carpenter's Shop*, seemed to announce a faculty like Rembrandt's, of taking a scene in the homeliest terms, and by sheer intensity, by moulding close on human action and trouble, to raise it to the highest dramatic power. The action of these different figures, not theatrically busy about the Child, but intently watching, stamps the accident with mysterious weight. Something of German in drawing, and of costume piece, that clung to the first picture has fallen away, and no figures ever seemed less collected for the stage, more as if they had grown together, passed about the house, and spoken among themselves a thousand times. The grandmother is most wonderful of all. Another picture of the same quality got no further than a study (now in the Print Room). A design that floats through many sketches of a semicircular table with figures about it, and a window in the background, found its way back through romantic subjects to the Eve of the Deluge. Here again imagination was working at heat in the invention of the figure that suddenly flings

[1] Chief authority: *The Life and Letters of Sir John E. Millais*, by J. G. Millais.

wide the shutters and flashes on the Victorian-antediluvian wedding party the threat of the rain-sodden flats. It is interesting to read Millais' moralising account of the picture in a letter to the Combes, and then turn to the dramatic magic of the drawing. In the description is the ordinary texture of Millais' mind, accommodating itself to its surroundings. In the sketch that matter catches fire. Then there was the *Ophelia*, painted under the strenuous companionship of Holman Hunt's open-air study—the little stream near Kingston with its weeds and roses rendered in a bright feverish enamel. Another picture was growing, one more in the natural pitch of Millais' mind, but it was painted a little too late as *Apple Blossom*. The sketch gives the idle dainty pleasure of the fields, not Giorgione's, nor Watteau's, but a new vision of it, the adorable Preraphaelite mixture of stiff pattern and shy grace. Then followed Millais' tour in Scotland with the Ruskins, recorded in a wonderful set of sketches, and his marriage, that closed the Ruskin book for him and the imagination of his youth. But the poet lingered in a group of landscapes, of which *Autumn Leaves* is the chief. The minute, exact vision and its technique is breaking up with the spirit of its poetry as Millais' imperious manhood declares itself, but the strained method just holds long enough for this picture, in which he paints like one burdened and possessed. The solemn conflagration over the dark earth, the mystery and passion of the hour, have hold of him. There is no search for explanatory incident: the figures are present by a lyrical correspondence and necessity, and their occupation, in itself trivial, becomes priest-like and symbolic. Millais attempted the same picture again twice: the *Sir Isumbras* has a finely-designed landscape, and keeps in the girl's and knight's faces the gravity and 'still motion' he had surprised in his first picture; but the attempt to give greater resonance of emotion by the furniture of romance disturbs and puzzles more than it intensifies. Still more is this the case with the later *Vale of Rest*, whose illustrative figures were so deliberately matched with the place. These figures may tug at a lazy mind, but the spirit of colour and the hour has been bustled from the scene. Those others, *gauches*, unlikely, nameless, were by their stupid presence in more secret, less explicable collusion with what in the burning out of day knocks almost intolerably at the heart, and the picture will keep its strange attraction. 'Memories encumbered behind the days of our life . . . the long sunsets long ago, and falling fires on many distant hills' are its charter.

After the *Vale of Rest* follows the work of Millais, the illustrator, drawings of English home life in which something of the Preraphaelite intimacy and intensity survived. The poet reappeared in *St. Agnes' Eve*, with its grand disposition of shadows, its air of hush and expectation.

In his second period Millais passed from the companionship of Holman Hunt to that of John Leech, became the sportsman, the country gentleman, the complaisant renderer of English character on its

SIR J. E. MILLAIS BART P R A.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

JOHN PHILLIP, R.A.

Asking a Blessing

own terms. Beginning life again as an artist, he very nearly reached the highest peak in this climate, namely, a strong philistine prose of portrait. To do this he had to return and retrieve the grown-up art of painting which he had touched in imitation of Etty as a child, and deserted for a special art inspired by romance. The Preraphaelites, breaking in as strangers and amateurs from the literary country where a new vision had been gathering, had cut the threads of English painting and wrecked the schools. The most notable upholder of another kind of painting was John Philip, a Scot who made, later than Wilkie, the journey to Madrid. There he did very much what Wilkie predicted, read Velazquez with an English *parti pris*. His copy of a part of *Las Meniñas* in the Diploma Gallery is a brilliant affair, and in his paintings, too highly spiced as they are in colour over their red ground, and too theatrically common in their ideal of seduction, there are passages of great beauty and very handsome paint. It is not unlikely that Millais learned something here. In any case the *Hearts are Trumps*, the *Mrs. Bischoffsheim*, the *Vanessa*, the malign head of an old lady, No. 89 in the collected exhibition of his works, the *Sir James Paget*, are works needing only a little more critical review, broadening, heightening of their qualities, to put Millais with the great portrait painters of the world. The fact is extraordinary, working as he did with the habit of the earlier vision to overcome, that led him into little particularities of colour in flesh like a bird's nest, and with an easy-going readiness to accept the standard of his sitters. Many of his children, from this last cause, are like a nursery-maid's ideal of children, and his landscape became too often a sportsman's landscape. Into what mean and muddled quarters of imagination he dropped may be illustrated from a picture at the Tate Gallery, a collection wofully rich in the pathology of sentiment and execution. The apparent subject of this picture is the nude figure of a woman, but it is not painted with any of the definite sentiments that explain such a choice: it is neither voluptuous, nor serenely beautiful, nor interestingly characteristic. Millais has been so disturbed by the social climate in which he painted that the sentiment to which the picture is addressed is not that of the nude, but that of prudery. To explain the choice of a nude figure, a legend has been invented. The lady has been stripped by robbers and tied to a tree (the last thing robbers would have been likely to do with her), and a knight enters to release her. But the knight must not look at the lady; he therefore turns his head away and she turns her head away, calling attention to and aggravating the terrible situation. Thus handicapped, the knight is attempting to cut the rope with his sword. He has arranged to do this in a manner the least likely to be successful, for the strongest muscles would have very small purchase as his arm and the sword are placed; if successful, he is likely to cut

either the lady or his own nose. Prudery has its own laws, but one would think the spectator of the picture bound to be no less delicate than the knight, and in that case his proper place is behind the canvas.

About the different periods of Millais may be grouped a number of artists, who must be summarily enumerated here. Of Preraphaelite painters and draughtsmen outside the brotherhood, W. L. Windus and Arthur Hughes may be named as the most poetical, and Frederic Sandys for a rare precision of design. Arthur Boyd Houghton (1836-1875), the illustrator of the *Arabian Nights*, holds a place midway between the Preraphaelites and Charles Keene. Frederick Walker (1840-1875) and George Pinwell (1842-1875) are especially of the school of Millais the illustrator. Their water-colour and oil-painting have peculiarities resulting from an origin in the small brush-drawing technique of the wood block. The artist of this school who succeeded best in translating its intimate feeling of home-life into tone and paint was the little known Frank Potter, who died on the very day of his first success at the Grosvenor Gallery.

As a portrait painter Millais had a vigorous follower in Frank Holl (1845-1888), and the same masculine energy of characterisation is to be found in the work of the Scottish painter Sir George Reid. A painter of the same country who had a true and delicate sentiment of light (he came at Rembrandt by way of Israels), was George Paul Chalmers (1833-1878). The Glasgow Exhibition illustrated his gift in landscape and interior painting as well as portrait. The independent school of Scotland, whose tradition was represented by men like Macnee and Sir George Harvey (1806-1878), and broken by Dyce, Sir Noel Paton and Sir William Fettes Douglas (1822-1891), under an impulse antecedent to and parallel with the Preraphaelite, threw up a fresh group of painters under the tuition of a remarkable man—Robert Scott Lauder (1803-1869) —who had made himself a scholar of painting by foreign study, and was an excellent teacher if an indifferent artist.

The brilliant performances of John Pettie (1839-1893) are the work of one pupil, but the finest artist of the group was William Quiller Orchardson (b. 1835). He came into the circle of illustration round about Millais, and effected a curious, and in his hands exquisite blend of the wood-block drawing of that school with oil painting of a thin Flemish variety. The composition is drawn upon the canvas in pencil, and over this is completed part by part by thin rubbings and smearings worked into with nervous touches and hatchings of impasted colour. The tone is a yellowish convention, with charming limited range of local colours. On the scale of life-sized portrait the convention is apt to deliver up its trick, and show rather small, shallow and positively yellow; but the painting of the cane sofa in *Master Baby* is an example of its constant

W. L. WINDUS

Too Late

charm of detail, and the portrait of *Sir Walter Gilbey* is a complete triumph of searching characterisation and delicious handling. This will surely count among the masterpieces of the century.

Later in the volume are given examples of a more recent Scottish group, known as the 'Glasgow School,' a group influenced by French landscape and the art of Mr. Whistler.

CHARLES SAMUEL KEENE
1823-1891 [1]

Hogarth's satirical drama had a succession through the eighteenth to the nineteenth century in the form most natural to fun and satire, black and white. The political side was specialised, and the social was carried on by the easy caricature drawing of Rowlandson and Cruikshank. The means of diffusion became readier as lithography succeeded etching, and wood-engraving lithography. Wood-engravings could be printed with type, and by 1850 there is an enormous quantity of facile work not only of this kind (*Punch* started 1841), but illustration of events (*Illustrated London News*, etc.), and of sentimental drama in romances and novels. On this facile production of poetic or domestic prose illustration Pre-raphaelitism suddenly broke, and finally stamped itself in the Tennyson of 1857 and the subsequent work of Millais for novels. In a wood-engraving illustration factory was working for five years of the forties a youth who had been a lawyer's clerk, then an architect's, and was fond of drawing, but with no marked character so far. His serious study began at the Langham Sketching Club between 1848 and 1850. This was Charles Keene, who was to develop a specific draughtsman's gift that of its kind has had no parallel in England. He tried all three branches of illustration; began work for *Punch* in the last days of 1851, and finally became part-legatee of Leech's estate in subjects, handing over the upper middle class drawing-room to Du Maurier and the hunting field to less remarkable wits. Keene was not a wit at all: his intellectual and emotional range was small, literature only touched him in its odd by-ways, and his shyness of ideas expressed itself in the semi-facetious currency that begs off thought. He was, therefore, never like Gavarni or Forain, the handler of a two-barrelled art of wit in drawing and legend. He accepted the battered professional joke or depended on the resources of his friends, but he built up out of the figures it deals with a close exquisite study of humours quite different from caricature-art good or bad. The impulse in him is not to drawing moulded on fun and extravagant expression; it is the Preraphaelite impulse to intense intimate study from the life. It is probable that he got his lead from Millais'

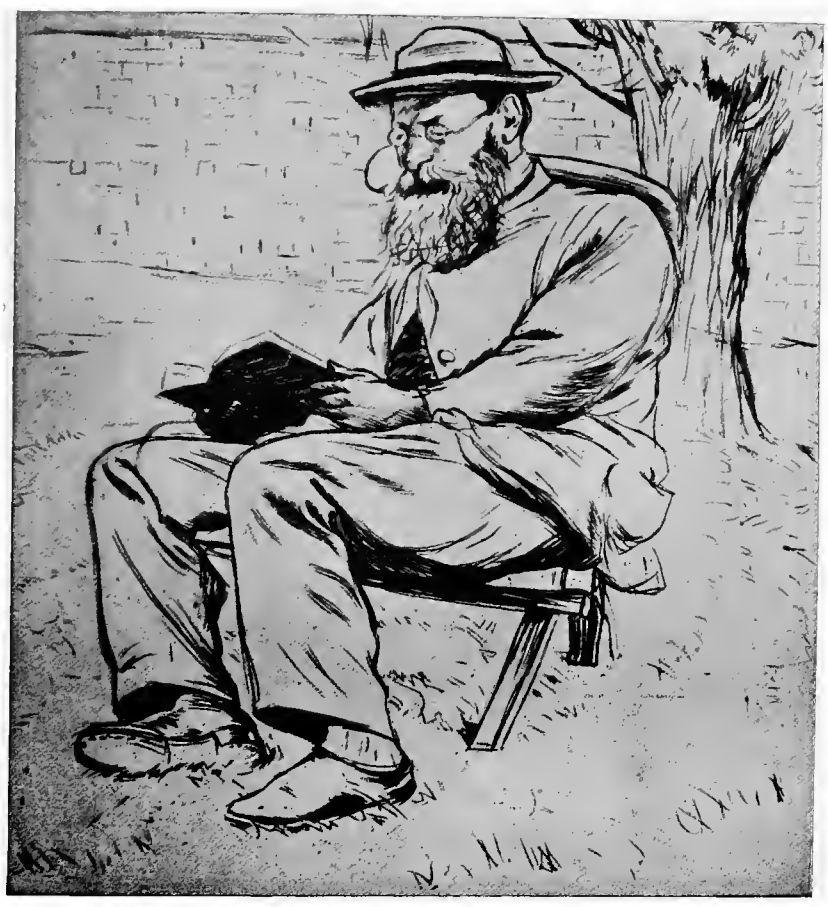
[1] *Life and Letters of Charles Keene*, by G. S. Layard, 1892. *The Work of Charles Keene*, by Joseph Pennell, 1897.

work; he flowers a little later than Millais' early pictures and illustrations. Keene was no poet, and hated ordinary society; he could not handle romance, and moved uneasily in the social atmosphere of the novel; he was happiest in drawing the people he could watch without disturbing his cranky, recluse life, in fixing the figures he could sketch in the streets or study in the model with a narrowed acuity of observation.

Keene, then, is the reverse of the type of caricature-draughtsman who draws from memory and invention. It is easy to see in his pieces when he has been forced to work without a model, a thing he never did if he could help it. The point of caricature exaggeration in his work is always something supplied at the last stage of his work with, one may suppose, a certain contempt and reluctance, for it takes away from the sharp edge of his drawing, substituting something more woolly. Personal emphasis he detested. He says of a friend, 'He writes and describes pleasantly and impersonally (the latter quality is rare nowadays).' Keene's ideal is parallel with the classic, but he touched life, as he touched music, at odd points: at these points he dug down to facts. When he said 'that a man who can draw anything can draw everything,' he said what is obviously untrue, but he means to distinguish drawing that sees the object as it is, from the personal gesture that conveys a favourite emotion about an object, but cannot describe the object itself, and is therefore helpless before an object that gives no excuse for that emotion. In a word, it was not his idea that the drawing of a drunk man should be drunk. He is more allied to Ingres than to Daumier, and Ingres' successor, Degas, is his nearest French parallel. As the Frenchman studied out the physiognomy of the nude model, of the ballet girl, of the washerwoman, of the jockey, so Keene the cabman and his horse, the waiter, the 'drunk,' the 'old party,' the 'gent.' His dream of the long holiday he never took was 'to draw horses and riders from life, to make bagpipe reeds, and to find a place where he could play the great pipes for six weeks without being heard *and finally conquer them.*'

A closer parallel and a direct influence on Keene is the German, Adolf Menzel. His work Keene admired and studied,[1] and doubtless found in it an incentive to application and perfection somewhat wanting in England, where illustration diffused itself instead of concentrating on the thing chosen and pressing the utmost out of it by strict and stricter drawing. Menzel, with his iron martinet's drawing, was a sterner type; he wanders, it is true, a good deal out of profitable bounds, but many of his subjects were more exactly fitted to his powers and mood than Keene's. Keene ought to have worked, with a mind undivided by the necessity for jokes, in the frame of the title he gave to some collected drawings, 'Our People,' a physiognomy of selected types.

[1] He says, in 1881, 'I've known and admired his work all my life, and set him up as the great master in Europe.' He seems to have come across Menzel's *Frederick the Great* in 1855 or 1856. See Dulcken's account in *Layard*, p. 26.



CHARLES KEENE

Drypoint Etching

JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

The Rehearsal

When Millais, after nearing the spot where an English Van Eyck, Holbein or Rembrandt is possible, departed for other horizons, it was left to Keene to develop line drawing with a closer naturalness and flexible life that grew into an exquisite style. His initial studies were a little rigid, fixed and monotonously equal in all their parts; he taught his pen or stick or brush to modulate this image more freely, to play over the closely grasped shape of his figure so that it might breathe, move, distribute and collect its emphasis with dramatic purpose. In his final style it is not absurd to compare him, for command over structure and expression, for the exactness, economy, and suggestive insistence or slightness of his stroke, to no less a master than Rembrandt himself. In imaginative range and gravity of mood the comparison of course would be absurd.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

1828-1882 [1]

Rossetti grew up in a household whose father pored upon the text of Dante and other books 'sommamente mistici.' One of these was the *Hypnerotomachia*; and there was enough store in the house of old and new woodcut and outline work to affect his earliest ideas of drawing. These leadings were obscured by boyish flounderings in all directions, but his dæmon kept him very desultory in the schooling he had first from Cotman, then at Sass's, then in the Academy. At this last Mr. Hunt found him absorbed in copying Ghiberti, and in the Westminster Hall competitions his hankerings received their first corroboration in the revival of an art that kept something of the religious habit and the poetical at its spring time. The thing was struggling for breath, handed over by dry German nurses to Dyce. Rossetti admired Mr. Watts's cartoon for *Caractacus* in 1843, and in 1848 determined to jump a stage (he was not in the painting school at the Academy) by asking Madox Brown to teach him the technicalities of colouring. His vision was already formed; he was the author of the *Blessed Damosel*, *The Portrait*, and other pieces, and was the possessor (1847) of a MS. book containing drawings, poems, and criticisms by William Blake, whose imaginative use of words and design must have been his chief encouragement and model. He was an ardent collector moreover of Gavarni's work, and perhaps this influence may be traced in the ampler, suaver manner of his portrait drawing compared with the stiffness of his 'Early Christian' style.

Rossetti's enthusiasm for Madox Brown at this time resembles his early admiration for Browning's poetry. He was in search of an intense vehicle for his feeling, and Madox Brown's crabbed force must have struck him as superior to the 'slosh' he saw on all sides. Madox Brown set him to paint bottles, and this was by no means what he wanted. Indifferent

[1] Chief Authority, *Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Letters and Memoir*, by W. M. Rossetti.

copying of still life as a means to a distant end was as bad as the anatomy, perspective, and antique of the schools. The dramatic form of Browning or Brown was almost as little as bottles the form for him, and essays like *Found* were liable to stick half completed. He left Brown for Mr. Holman Hunt, took from him something of method, as much of the study of aspect as he could abide, and a means of intensity in the dwelling on detail. Rossetti painted, after Mr. Hunt's fashion, the background for one picture, and began another picture that he did not finish. The application of the teaching was to be a world apart. Mr. Holman Hunt is in essence the sturdy, lusty Briton, with the Puritan's guilty conscience and his stern distrust of sense, passion, and any vista they may open. By all that Mr. Hunt distrusts, Rossetti lived: through sense and passion approaching what to the morality and piety of the Englishman remains alien—religious ecstasy. Following a clue that to the Puritan mind must seem the least likely and legitimate, he sounded something of the height and depth, the dear agonies and immortal hope that the saints have found in their faith. Mr. Hunt was the Sir Bors to Rossetti's Lancelot.

In its age a language does not readily express the states of mind of its youth, and education in painting tends to narrow it into a language for one accredited state of mind. The modern artist is born grown-up, or at least has his toys taken from him so sharply when he enters school, that we seldom catch him playing with them, but only witness the mature forms of sport that he has been taught. In the seventeenth century those lords Rubens, Vandyck, Rembrandt, and Velazquez left so grave an impress of manhood on their art that the child, the dreamer, the player, or the lover must take up a brush after them at his peril. They also left painting so difficult an art that only great masters can practise it: others must spend more than a life-time in pupilage, and the sobering rhetoric they acquire disdains what the individual had to say. In the anxious time when the British School was measuring its young manners against the models of the past, Blake was safely hustled away among the lunatics by the ponderous beadles of art, the follower being ever stricter than his master. Rembrandt, who made the laws, could break them. He could dismiss the large picture-space of air and shadow to draw a shell: it is difficult to imagine Reynolds studying a spider's web or a dandelion. An etiquette of thought and vision ruled too strongly. With how much admission of the fact, with what grades of interest, with what attention the adult eye might regard the world was taken for decided; flowers, leaves, and other details had been generalised, the hairs of our head were no longer numbered, and an elegant nonchalance threw the passions out of focus, and brought into relief the placid head of a gentleman. Painters entered the world as an Englishman does a restaurant —quietly intent, armed, assured, looking neither to right nor left. Many a child learned this magnificent attitude who never got a dinner.

W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

MASTER BABY.

There are times when these etiquettes can only be broken down by the amateur bred in the freedom of another art. A glance into the fogey and dowdy world of Boydell will show what the painter had made of painting as a close polite art. Rossetti, fortified by literature, turned into the fields of painting like a child. As a child makes scenes for his stories with pillows in a bed, with bricks on a carpet, with sand on the shore, snug dens for the fancy, he invented a world of secret picture places; rooms like nests in a tree-top, through chinks and crannies in whose walls bits of the floor of the world are descried far away, staircases that climb to the wind, the balcony of heaven from which one may lean and look down as at a street, the bastion-platform where Saint Cecilia's organ stands, the upper chamber of *Dante's Dream*, the chancel of Galahad's chapel, the choir that is no choir of *Hamlet and Ophelia*;—they are all built and exactly joinered in the Nowhere of their stories, Rossetti competing, in the daring of his devices, with the art of words that does such scene-building without an effort, or with the dream-vision that calls things, single, out of space, and conjoins them as it will. His drawing is the drawing that develops from the 'living points,' as the Japanese say. Parts of a figure may remain doll-like or manikin; a body is seen by its eyes and lips and hair and hands, and its spirit of gesture, in an order moulded on desire and purpose. In place of the art that, respectful of the *thing there*, marshalled groups and masses of the insignificant into significance of composition by light and shadow, here was an art that fetched, object by object, the thing desired, as a bird the twigs for its nest, and fitted them together in a bright, savage pattern.

Rossetti gained the freedom of his natural vision by dropping tone and all its obligations out of painting. He did not naturally see in tone; its cultivation ever struck him as a wilful perversity, a disfigurement and messing of nature. At twenty-one he had no better word than 'ulcers' for the chiaroscuro of Rubens and Correggio. Delacroix was a 'perfect beast.' In this pronouncement and his setting down of a copy of the *Last Judgment* as 'the most comic performance I ever saw,' we see his quietism as well, revolting against the research of supple form and violent movement. Later (1864), the tone painting of Fantin seems to him no better than 'a great slovenly scrawl'; Courbet and Manet he does not understand. Blind to tone, and seeing in line, with fields of colour raised to a trance-brilliancy, he brought up sharply to the surface of his painting all the web of outline that modern tone composition had made secondary and implicit. His patterning is flat-patterning, and the pattern recurs to the more elementary forms of symmetry and repetition, a more explicit geometry. Modern painting has followed a development comparable to that of poetry and music, from small repeated units of the verse and dance forms through blank verse to the elastic rhythms of prose and the 'movement' of a symphony. As in his writing Rossetti returned to the charm of sharp verse-moulds punctuated by rhyme, so in his painting to a

composition that brings out the charms of number and symmetry, the number of the heads round Arthur in Avalon, the symmetry of the *Dante's Dream*. It is the reverse of that dissimulation of design that reached its caricature in Dufresnoy's seventeenth century maxims—

> 'Thus when the rest in front their charms display
> Let one with face averted turn away;
> Shoulders oppose to breasts, and left to right,
> With parts meet, and parts that shun the sight.
> This rule, in practice uniformly true,
> Extends alike to many forms or few.
> . . . . . .
> Each air constrain'd or forc'd, each gesture rude,
> Whate'er contracts or cramps the attitude,
> With scorn discard. When squares or angles join,
> When flows in tedious parallel the line,
> Acute, obtuse, whene'er the shapes appear,
> Or take a formal, geometric air,
> These all displease, and the disgusted eye
> Nauseates the tame and irksome symmetry.'

The Preraphaelites 'nauseated' the perpetual evasive curve, and fell with gusto on the square, the straight, and the circular, on the geometric air, the rude gesture and cramps of an earlier art.

Furnished then with an art more childlike and direct that fitted his feeling, Rossetti threw once more into painting the forces of religious passion. Religion was in the fibre of his mind. Every act, everything he saw turned on him a momentous face, as something that would hurt or further the soul. Others figure life as a spectacle, a game, a fight, a plot; he figured it as initiation and mystery. But the worship, sacrifice, renunciation, sacrament, salvation, figured as acts in the love, not of a God, but of a woman. All the illustration in his painting is of the stations of this passion, disguised in sacred legends, thrown back into the figure of Dante, into whose name he had been baptised, and in whose poetry confirmed, gathering hints from cruel or pitiful or gentle stories; or the idol herself of his passion appears, in the face lent to some gentle lady, or stolen by some mocking woman of the crowd.

The Philistine criticism on Rossetti would be that he could not draw a man. It would he perfectly just. What he did was to create a woman. The pilgrim and martyr of love appears also in his pictures, consumed by longing, abashed and terrified by beauty; but his whole effort is to build up the face which is 'made her shrine,' whose lips 'testify of voice and kiss,' whose 'shadowed eyes remember and foresee.' To collect the arcana of this face from the fragments and imperfect copies that life lends to dreams, to render a domination more enslaving and fateful than Raphael or Leonardo had suffered in the same quest, to fashion the shrine of this mistress with her cruel self-contentment and luxury, or her divine promise when she leaned out of eternity, was the

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.
LADY LILLITH

task and despair of Rossetti's art. To this end he weights all the detail he admits with significance—so far is he from being the Pre-raphaelite copyist—no less than eyes and hair, the flower, the bird, the flame admitted, take on an intensity of vision.

The mystic who is a saint throws into contemplation all those intimations the present offers him of the object of his love and worship; he cuts the sensual bonds and their disenchantment. If there is cruelty for himself and others in the severance, it is sharply done once for all. The artist who is a mystic and seeks his goal in the passion and worship of love must, how often, be cruel or wretched, faithless to the mortal love or to that love of love that a mortal here and there awakes and reminds him of, but never satisfies. Dante was happy because, receiving as a poet, he guarded as a saint; the intimation came in mortal love, in first love, and by severance and absence was stamped eternal. Rossetti's life was double; by the boisterous jollity, humorous kindness, affection, that mark the recollections of his friends and his correspondence, he attached himself freely to ordinary life; by the imaginative life of his poems and pictures he drew away. Some of those who knew him had to suffer because they had a part in both; near by affection or desire, remote by their share in shaping a dream. One of these, ten years an incitement to his imagination, was two years his wife; it is a story of ties of kindness, resentment against the ties, remorse for the resentment. His impulse was to sacrifice his poetry in expiation; but the chimera, with blessed or nightmare face, claimed her victim to the end. He ought to have died young. Age is for the cloistered or the classic mind.

The most perfect, if not the most wonderful of Rossetti's works are his drawings and engraved designs. The *Mariana* of the Tennyson and an allied drawing for a figure kneeling by the Cross, the *St. Cecilia*, *Galahad*, and *Elaine* of the same volume may serve as examples of an emotion and design unsurpassed in intensity. The water-colours add their feverish saturated illumination to this power of design—illuminator's colour curiously affected by the modern outrance that appears among the naturalists for emerald greens and violets. Oil painting was a more treacherous ground. The medium leads on and compels to a certain completeness, a continuous making out of space. Tone, the rejected element, creeps in again with modelling and trips up the painter. It is only by going through and coming out on the other side of naturalism that the medium can be mastered and made a simple instrument of feeling. Rossetti is rarely happy here; when he breaks with the method of the *Annunciation* he becomes tentative, betrayed by his instrument into greasy modelling. We have to remember and remake many of those pictures by the design and intention that shines through. *Lady Lilith* comes nearest to a complete expression. There is a glorious painter missing who should have been Rossetti *plus* the despised Manet, a sense of tone, a sense of paint added to the design of the clear-struck face.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES
1833-1898

In his preface to a catalogue of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's collected pictures, Mr Comyns Carr cites some pregnant sentences from a letter written to him by the artist, among them these: 'Rossetti gave me courage to commit myself to imagination without shame—a thing both bad and good for me. It was Watts much later who compelled me to try and draw better.' No words could more exactly define the painter's attitude; to draw out their full significance would explain alike the enthusiasm and disdain that his work excites, and any serious attempt to anticipate the judgment of time, that will come to bury the mortal part as well as to praise the enduring, must take account not only of unashamed imagination, but also of a drawing that was built not out and out on instinct and vision, but partly on precept and theory.

Rossetti gave me courage to commit myself to imagination. The imagination was the romantic world that had been gathering vision in literature, and that spilled over into painting with Rossetti and Millais. Burne-Jones might have been too shy to carry his burning amateur's images into the professional world, but the confident tyrant of the arts was there before him, and he launched out. Rossetti's passion and religion were not his; but he responded to all of melancholy mixed with beauty and sleep that had been accumulating in English poetry. In Spenser this languorous romance had begun with a drowsy secret in the verse; the same spell was upon the eyes and ears of Keats, a melancholy deeper, things made almost visible by words, and the dream was double-drugged in the verse of the *Lotos Eaters*. Into their hollow hand the hypnotic Muse now led a painter to draw the crowded dream-places and the spell-bound faces. By blood he belonged to the shy peoples who linger on the hills and margins of our country, and if theirs by blood, was doubly theirs by the spirit and contagion of a poetry that is full of the passion of beauty and of discouragement before life. To dream of the triumph of battle, and set forth defeated when the trumpet sounds; to be filled with the sweetness of love, and to lament its forfeit before it comes; to remain spellbound outside the lists, to go to sleep as others to business and adventure; to be the ready host of disappointments and apprehensions and the flatterer of Death—such were the impulses at his birth as a poet. But for this desperate temper the world has a wistful beauty. If the fields are greener to the eyes of the condemned, to those pilgrims and haunters of earth, never at home in it, 'transported for life' from some other star, self-sentenced to defeat and death, flowers, the visit of spring, gentle faces are like a reprieve. Oblivions the length of a bird's song, pities the breadth of a tree's shadow, stations among the iron hills where mirrors are framed in forget-me-not, bowers defended by impenetrable

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES BART.

ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

tangles of the rose shutting in histories full of sleep—these are the respites of a dream-stricken limbus. Since Blake such places had been shut to painting; imaginative excursions had been made with academic governesses, the doors were re-opened by the story-tellers upon the last battle and mysterious departure of Arthur, tangles of love and enchantment, the marsh-hunt of the Grail, the coils of sleep in Avalon, blind phantoms that grope in waste places, the song of the Siren in sea-deserts, the call and glamour of the underworld, the dragons and the deeps: the hauntings and night fringe of legend.

All this in the instinctive part of his art Burne-Jones gave a body to: the somnambulist Prince who comes to free the Princess and her sleepers and is more entangled than they; Perseus dreaming in the folds of the dragon; lovers, like his Cophetua and the Maid, immovably fixed a few feet apart, are examples of the dream-like impotence that enfolds his stories. As with other dreamy, moody composers, his line takes slow-coiling forms that enwrap and absorb the lines of people and things, and gives them a wave movement not their own. *Love in a Tangle* is the title of one of his drawings, and this tangling, entwining intrigue of line, as of smoke or flame or water, that we know already in Botticelli, runs through his design. All things are set weltering and turning as in the dance to the spider-bitten tune.

It was Watts much later who compelled me to try and draw better. Rossetti required of drawing that it should make the images of his poetry visible; once a mood, an expression, a significant gesture was tellingly fixed, designed to give it importance and mystery to the eye and drugged with deep colour, all was done. This was the province of the imagination. Outside lay 'drawing better,' conceived as a field where stupid man unprofitably laboured and clever man unprofitably showed off their cleverness. Burne-Jones, holding this faith from Rossetti, has a certain misgiving. He is compelled by Watts to 'try and draw better.' For his own purpose, apparently, his drawing was good enough: his desire was satisfied, his ideas expressed by more rudimentary signs. Why then make a concession to outside standards of finish? Rossetti would have bullied the doubt. 'What is Leonardo to me, if I have said what I wanted to say?' Burne-Jones, less imaginatively certain, is influenced by a painter himself a waverer and eclectic. He subjects the drawing learned from Rossetti, accordingly, to an academicising process, giving it, I mean, the superficial aspect of an art produced by the passion for form and force without himself having the sentiment of this form or force. Rossetti himself, when he enlarged his illuminations, found it necessary to fill in the blanks with some kind of modelling. Burne-Jones takes over for his figures a system of muscles for which they have no use. The instinctive readiness to be satisfied with the signs of one mood—the wistful mood—the supplementing of it by a system of drawing alien to that mood, involved an imaginative contradiction.

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, Bart.

Backgammon Players

VIII.

'Realism'

GUSTAVE COURBET
1819-1877 [1]

Je cherche mes tons—c'est tout simple.
J'aime toutes les choses pour ce qu'elles sont.

THE first phrase was Courbet's description of his art of painting to a lady who enquired how he proceeded. Together, they define his idea of picture-making as not inventing upon memory, or inventing and verifying, but accepting what is offered in an actual scene, and discovering its beauties of tone. This attitude marks him off from his predecessors, Gricault to Milleet,[2] who used things as instruments under an imagination dramatic, religious, mocking, or fantastic, and equally from those who sifted them for a canon of beauty, for a nature aristocratic and distilled. His sensitiveness to religion may be measured by his proposal to paint a lunch-party that he had enlivened by a rich vein of pleasantry and farce, across the chancel arch of the Church of Notre Dame de Pontoise. The rhythmic exaltation of verse and its analogues in drawing were to him falsification. 'Faire des vers c'est malhonnête; parler autrement que tout le monde, c'est poser pour l'aristocrate.' Gericault had left truth to give a 'tournure fougueuse' and colossal proportions. Delacroix would have been a great painter if his 'relâchement et dveergondage de formes' had not reached the fantastic. True imagination in art meant being able to find the most complete expression of an existing thing, but never to suppose or to create the object. The beautiful exists only in nature, and the moment it is real and visible, it brings its own artistic expression; the artist has not the right to amplify that expression. He cannot touch it, save at the risk of perverting, and therefore enfeebling it. The 'beau' in nature is superior to all the conventions of the artist, and, like truth, is

[1] Chief authorities: Silvestre, *Artistes Vivants*; Gros-Kost, *Souvenirs Intimes.*

[2] Millet came as near as this: 'I should never paint anything that was not the result of an impression received from the aspect of nature, whether in landscape or figures'; but his *parti pris* in aspects was strongly defined.

a thing relative to the time in which one lives, and to the individual who is apt to conceive it. No history is possible in painting but contemporary history; no teaching of art possible, since art consists in an individual expression of the time. No school could, without falling into abstraction, allow a particular side of art to dominate, 'be it drawing, colour, composition, or any of the numerous means whose ensemble alone constitutes the art of painting.'

In reading manifestos of this kind it is waste of time to reprove an artist for his raids and vetos on other fields of imagination; his attacks and skirmishes are only to be taken as the defence of his own art, and to confute these does not confute that. Courbet is very little interested in the intellectual, passionate, or pious significance of things: his nature is not thought but appetite. Painting to him is a natural function, like eating or drinking, a sensual taking possession of things by the eye. The nearest approach to sublimity in his philosophy was a gross Zolaesque enormity of sensation. If he had been a creator, he would have thought first, among vegetables, of pumpkins, and in the animal kingdom of their analogues. His passion for matter burned up all repugnances. He proposed to paint a *Repas de Funerailles*, with the body of the dead woman, 'verdâtre, d'une couleur qui fait comprendre qu'il doit déjà sentir mauvais. Ce sera très vrai.' He did not paint it, but the proposition gives an idea of the powers of his stomach. He will have no blasphemy of matter; he lets down among the painter Rabbis a St. Peter's sheet, filled with creatures banned as common and unclean in their Numbers and Deuteronomy, and proclaims them all blessed by light. He resented any sentiment that would interfere in the traffic between his eye and a robust planturous reality. It is very curious to read his account of his motives in painting one of his early pictures, his terror that love might complicate the simplicity of his appetites and give him a spiritual *parti pris*. 'I resolved to kill the woman who was the torment of my imagination. More cunning by myself than were Werther and Sténio combined, instead of turning towards suicide, I sacrificed her without pity in a great allegorical picture, *Man delivered from Love by Death*. Death bursting with laughter, carried away a woman whom the despairing lover (in the person of Courbet) forced himself to dispute possession of. Then "he saw that this idea was false." Why hate the woman? It is the ignorance and egoism of man that one should detest. There is no reason why she should identify herself with me, since her character is naturally different. Let her live! From this moment I entered fully into the tolerance and liberty that are the foundation of *Realism*.'

The nickname 'realism' appears to have been supplied by Champfleury. Courbet's love of a showy programme, something in which he might protest and figure scenically, led to many theorists taking him

GUSTAVE COURBET

Fruit

up. They were apt to drop him like a hot potato. Baudelaire, with his love of novel perversity, Proudhon with his programme of a didactic rôle for art, the politicians of the Commune were among them. But Courbet, the individual, always quickly emerged 'avec le côté assyrien de mon visage,' for he was an incorrigible idealist on that one point. 'Realist' is a word that has more than once changed its meaning in the battles of painting. The school of Caravaggio, with their love of emphatic form, character, and strong shadows, were called realists as against the tradition of Raphael. Ingres, who revived the tradition of Raphael, called himself a realist as against the revival of Caravaggio in Delacroix, and the passionate freedoms he took with form. Courbet's realism is against both Ingres and Delacroix as deformers, in one interest or another, of the simple food of the eye; but the root from which he developed his own version was that of Caravaggio, Ribera, and Valentin. Spanish painting begins to reassert itself with Courbet as against Raphael, Venice, and Rubens.

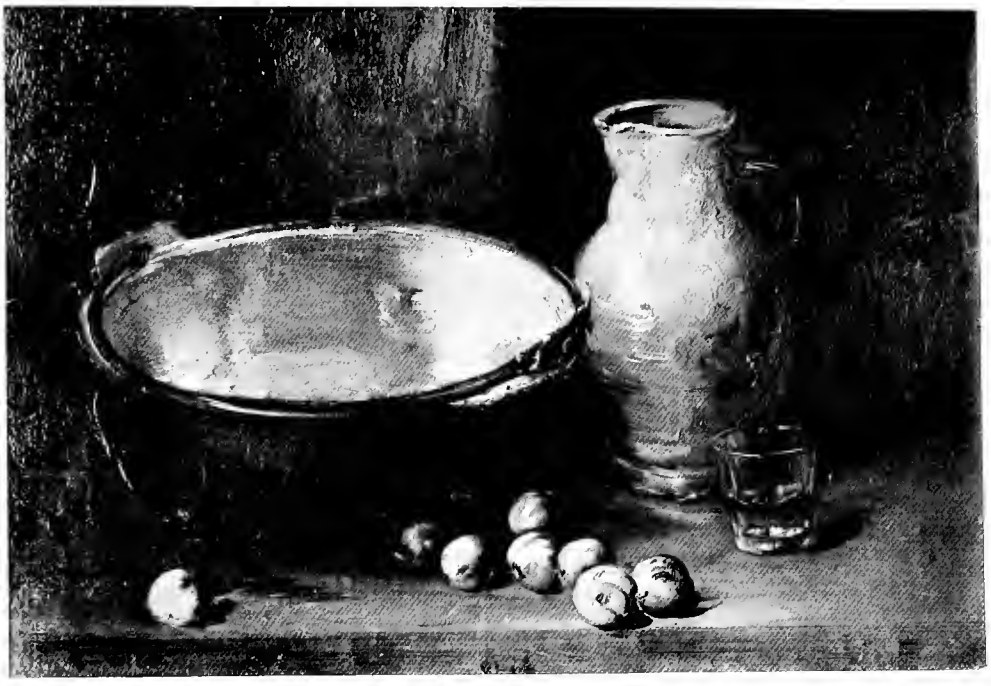
But Courbet's 'realism' has the new meaning of limiting art to the present, and of embracing that present with generous gusto. This actuality, the bounce of an ordinary present into the romance of painting, counted for most in the immediate imaginative shock Courbet gave to his contemporaries; but actualism served a deeper need; Courbet's realism is the hunger of nineteenth century art for the full visible beauty of an object. The special interest of this art requires that the object shall not be imagined and abstractly constituted, but present, to be scrutinised and yield up the secret and bloom of its life. An interest like this, when it emerges, claims its intense votary. Courbet may therefore well be blind to rhythm, to drama, to the side of association in objects, and believe that all painting is included in grasping full, fresh, undeflowered, the adorable aspect, the still-life, that any eyeful of space presents when it is studied in its constituents of colour, light and air. Former painters must appear to him hypocrites and pedants, who on any pretext, bled objects of their colour and sap, ruled them out as not admissible to the tight categories of the vision-art, or only admissible in an order, not of their sense-interest, but intellectual or moral.

We begin accordingly to hear the words that describe the leading ideas of modern painting in frequent use, whether as battle-cries or gibes. A pamphleteer of Ingrist tendencies reproaches Courbet with giving up drawing and the significance of forms for 'values, values, values.' And he cites these other words as fashionable, 'tâches,' 'localités,' '*impressions.*' It is not easy for us in Courbet's case, any more than in the case of other modern innovators, to measure the shock and freshness to his contemporaries of what he did. He must have appeared to the academic world as a brute who carried the long-threatening hated

landscape vision into the studios of another art. It is obvious how much was really old-fashioned at the beginning and mixed almost throughout. When he struck his first great blow on public attention in the salon of 1851, when his *Funeral at Ornans* and *Stonebreakers* threw Millet's *Sower* into the shade, it could not be very clear what his line was to be. There were the iron contours, vigorous relief, dark shadows of the dramatists, and apparently a variation on Millet from a mind not pious, but humorous, ironic. The *Funeral*, with its immense frieze of standing figures and heavy tone, had a certain solemnity that was an accident in Courbet's art, and the observation seemed to promise a Flaubert, culling with joy the luxuriant flowers of proud unchecked *bêtise* from a provincial garden; the sexton who lamented, 'La boune anee que j'ourais faite, si le chaudlera (colera) etait venu cheu nous'; the red-nosed *chantres*, the fossil dandies of the Directoire. But Courbet could not hold what seemed to be within his grasp here. It broke down speedily into the absurd *Bonjour, Monsieur Courbet*, the irrepressible maître-peintre jumping into the frame, eclipsing and scattering his actors. The art that was to bring out all the richness and delicacy of his sense endowment was growing from another root. If we are to believe the author already cited, it was from Corot that Courbet got his clue. Corot told M. Guichard that the man who believed in no teaching was schooled by him in 'values.' Thereafter there is a struggle between Ribera and Corot. In the *Wrestler*, as Delacroix noted, there is a mixture of two proceedings. The figures are studied as in the academy, the landscape is *plein air*, and painted in behind them from a sketch. Courbet's habit of mind could not accommodate itself to a landscape treatment of figures. He constructed and reconstructed them carefully, and his theory was dead against anything in painting depending on nerves or mood of the moment. The master-painter should be able to obliterate and repaint line for line and tone for tone ten times the picture once painted. This insistence ruled out for him all that was moving, fleeting, and only to be expressed by sacrifice and summary. When he painted a wave it tended to become stationary and metallic: the goal to which he was forced was still-life, portrait, and the still-life in landscapes. In these last he had to make concessions, and the difficulty of foliage was cut by the palette knife. But allowing for all that lingers in Courbet of an older vision and practice beside the new, we have only to compare his *Wave* at the Louvre with the pictures of Delacroix to measure his originality. In Delacroix the study of natural aspect has a great and growing influence; but there is also a system of purely decorative arrangement of colours, and the rather fixed colours that make it up are like a stock company of actors, each of whom, the red, the blue, and the yellow, demands his part in the new piece; nor is the author satisfied till he places them in their full vigour. In the

EDOUARD MANET

Girl's Head



ANTOINE VOLLON

Plums

Courbet how much economy of colours, and at the same time how unexpected, beautiful and inevitable an effect of colour! The eye turned to nature with innocence and readiness has discovered a harmony more delicate than is ever invented, in the green of the sea, the tones of the beach, the absolutely accordant hues of the sky and clouds. The simplification, the art of the vision, is quite as remarkable as what it has of realism, but the attitude, the readiness to take a lead and a limit from the thing seen, to begin with an impression and to let the impression make the expression, in Millet's words, is what stamps it as singular there, and even new in the world. For it was new to make a picture of a wave only, and to accept the wave's ideas of what is the right colour for waves.

Courbet stood one evening with some friends, watching a sunset; he pointed out to them the lovely series of crepuscular tints, from rose down to ashy grey, and then he cried, 'Vous savez maintenant pourquoi j'ai voulu tuer ce vil idéal!' Another incident may help to bring home Courbet's love, so close to appetite, for beautiful matter. When he was lying on his deathbed, his friends contrived that though it was snowy winter, some exquisite fruit should be brought to him. He held the fruit long in his hands, weeping. Then some young girls came in to say good-bye to him. He looked round for a picture to give to them, could not find one, and gave them the fruit. There was a still-life of fruit and flowers at Glasgow that in the extraordinary delicacy of its colour and texture, its rounded solid modelling, its big pattern found in a haphazard, stood well for Courbet's love of things 'for what they are' and power of translating their beauty into that of paint. His masterly portrait-work, less familiar than the landscapes, should be known, to give the full measure of the man.

EDOUARD MANET
1832-1883[1]

Manet is often spoken about as if in the early stages of his career he had been the luminist of the later: his close associates, even, write under this illusion, reflecting what he became on what he was to begin with; thus a picture like the *Déjeuner sur l'herbe* of 1863 is described as if it were a Manet of the seventies. As a matter of fact Manet had to complete, ten years later, the evolution of Courbet; to make his way out of a bituminous period as brown as Courbet's first, to a painting clearer than Courbet's last, and out of school subjects and sacred subjects, for which he was unfitted, to the modern and actual. This evolution was complicated by the temptations of a more cultivated intelligence, fastidious breeding,

[1] Chief authorities: Edmond Basire, *Manet* (1884), and Théodore Duret, *Histoire d'Edouard Manet et de son œuvre* (1902).

and various schooling. He spent six years with Couture, who predicted with some disdain that he would be 'the Daumier of 1860.' Then he travelled, working in the galleries of Italy (copying Tintoretto among others), of Germany, and Holland. The result of this was a number of tentatives at sacred pictures, for the most part destroyed. Then he returned to Paris and veered towards Velazquez and Goya. The greater part of his Spanish subjects were painted from a company of dancers before he visited Spain in 1865. The way in which his mind was now working is illustrated by the two pictures, the *Déjeuner sur l'herbe* and the *Olympia* (1865), now in the Luxembourg. In these there is an evident effort to read Giorgione and Titian in the contemporary terms of Courbet. The personages of the *Fête Champêtre* of the Louvre are replaced by modern Parisian artists pic-nicing by the river with their models, naked like the women in Giorgione's picture. So Titian's nude courtesan and attendant are transposed into the modern equivalent in the *Olympia* with her black servant. The touch of witty malice in this translation aroused a fury of anger; voluptuous in Titian's picture was venerable, in Manet's indecent; and Manet, almost to the end of his days, had to suffer exclusion and attack. When we turn to the manner of vision of these pictures, we find in the first very little of positive colour or close natural effect, but a *parti pris* for decided silhouette and for broad spaces of tone, ivory, black and green, for pale flesh and restricted shadow. In the *Olympia* the colour is much richer and has a frank decision; the blue-white of linen is accepted and contrasted with the lovely warmer tone of another stuff; the negress's dress of cold rose is detached as sharply against dark green: in fact the spaces of tone tell almost like enamel within the *cloisons* of their outlines; they do not grow out of indeterminate shadow-colour, nor unite in a general warm glaze. It has been quite truly said that there is a resemblance to the procedure of Ingres, only the tones are struck by a great colourist. This is the characteristic of Manet throughout; an almost abrupt decision of colour spaces; minor uniting values are sacrificed to the one or two that gave to him the essence of the effect; these are seized, held, and ringingly delivered. He never runs away from his daring vision, to take refuge in a far-away dirty reasonableness; supplies no buffers for the timid eye, but risks all on the exact rightness of the essential relations.

Manet's reading of the Spanish masters, then, was very different from that of a painter of considerable gift, Théodule Ribot, who was their devoted student, but carried from Ribera to nature a system of fuliginous shadow. Manet found in Velazquez encouragement for his own *parti pris*; a strongly marked silhouette, simplified values of light and shadow, with the modelling kept flattish within large spaces so that they tell as patches of colour. An influence that reinforced the Spanish was that of Japanese colour-prints, designed in outline and colour values only, without cast shadow or shadow modelling. The western art did not give up its shadows and

C. BARGUE

Déjeuner

HENRI FANTIN-LATOUR

Flowers

modelling, but it read its shadows rather as colour than as darkness. Painting is continually swaying between the chiaroscuro reading of the world which gives it depth, and the colour reading which reduces it to flatness. Manet takes all that the modern inquisition of shadows will give to strike his compromise near the singing colours of the Japanese mosaic.

The head shown at Glasgow, if it did not rival the richness and *éclat* of later Manets, gave a good idea of a whole group of portraits and of the originality of Manet's decision in flesh-painting.[1] In a glance round the walls at Glasgow this head stood out not only by the blondness of its lighted parts but by that of the shadow as well: the whole head relieved as a pale object against the background. In these two particulars it differed from Rembrandt's customary rendering of flesh; the aspect that has ruled in portraiture since his day. It is only in rare pieces like the Joussopoff picture of a lady that he has given the dazzling paleness of flesh, and he exaggerated the depth of its shadows, as the eye is always tempted to do when forms are obscured by closeness of values. Manet's impression was of the fairness of flesh, a fairness that never becomes chalky for all its dazzling brightness. If we describe his painting in terms of traditional practice, he leaves out its 'shadow,' models only in the 'light' and degrees of 'half tone.' As his eye and sense of the logic of light developed, what had been a rather abstract statement of a preference for fairness and broad spaces of local colour in the *Déjeuner sur l'herbe* became a finer and richer constitution of a real aspect congenial to this preference, namely, the abundant diffused and reflected light whether indoors or out of doors that bathes objects on all sides and leaves them distinguished, not by cast shadows, but by the aerial values of local colour. There was a return in this painting to something like the simplicity of the illuminators, a parti-coloured vision instead of a chiaroscuro, with the difference that the rose and green and black by which objects detached themselves were not fixed pigments, but delicately varying according to their angle and distance. Absorbed in this view of things, this building them up by colour against colour, light upon light, Manet cut short more and more the preliminary drawing of them by contour. He continued to outline the main contour of an object, and took care to make that outline big and comprehensive, but within, for example in the features of a face, he reduced this kind of drawing, in which he never showed much faculty, to a few summary indications.

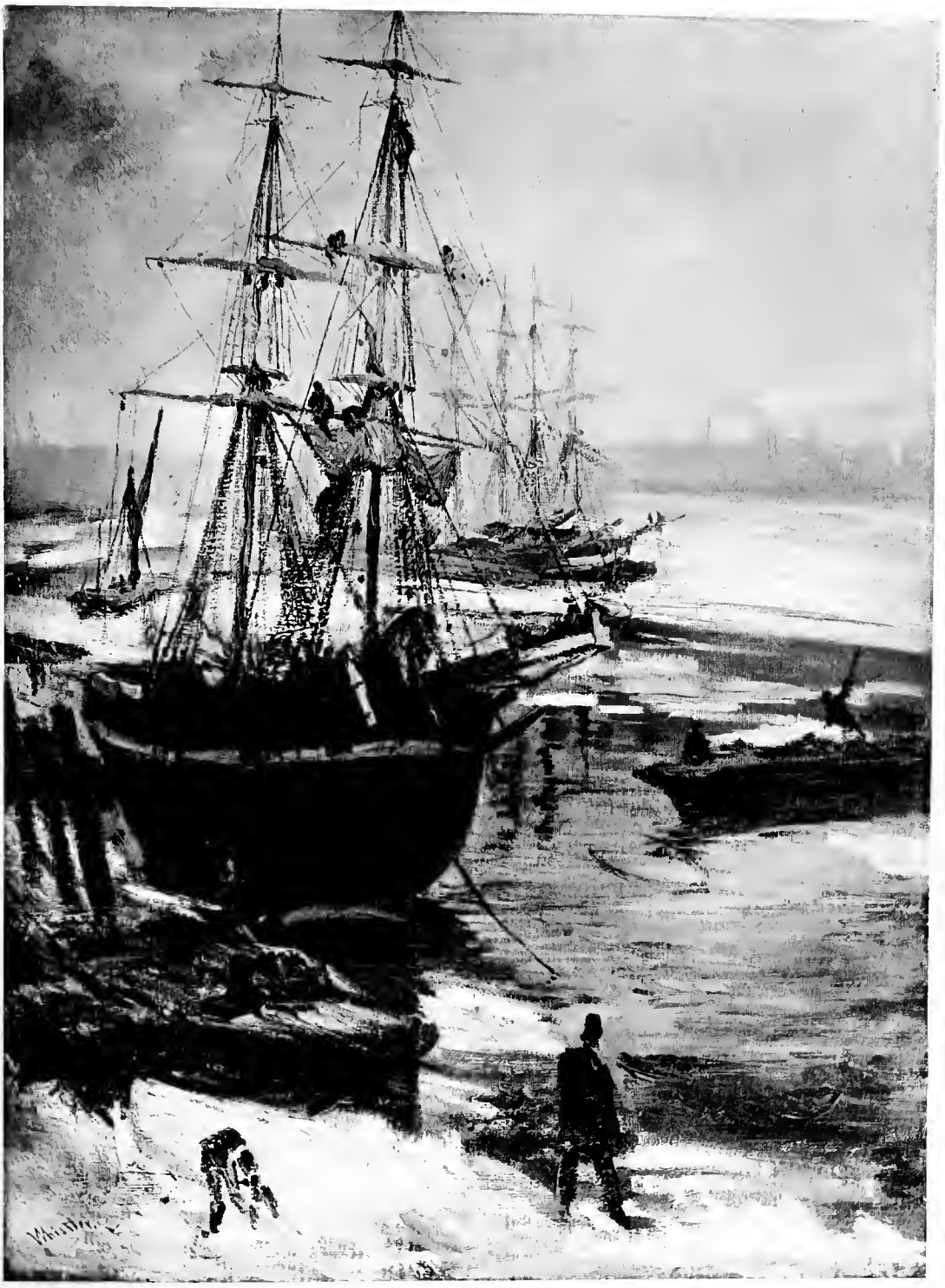
Manet made good then a new vision of the world. We recognise it in galleries for a Manet, but can verify it with our own eyes upon nature. It is a province of aspect at the other pole of painting from Rembrandt's,

[1] M. Duret gives some particulars about this head and its subject, Victorine Meurend. She was a girl whom Manet met by chance in a crowd at the Law Courts and induced to sit to him. She was the model for the *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*, the *Olympia*, the *Chanteuse des Rues*, *Jeune Femme en 1866*, *Joueuse de guitare*, and other pieces. This charming head seems to have been the earliest of all, *i.e.* before 1863.

but no more than his a strain upon truth, and recommended, like Rembrandt's, by rare mastery over the qualities of paint. This is true, however rude and shallow at certain points Manet's artistic character may be as compared with Rembrandt's. He resaw the world, remade its pictorial aspect. The shock of it, as measured by the bewilderment of his contemporaries, was greater even than the shock that was so disastrous for Rembrandt's fortunes. He sold next to nothing in his lifetime, was laughed at and refused in the exhibitions, and it was only by the political intriguing of a few admirers that, so late as 1894, the gift of a picture could be forced on a public gallery.

He himself, in all good faith, was astonished at the hostility of his public. In 1867, excluded from the Exposition Universelle, he arranged a private exhibition of his works, complete up to that date, and in the sober plea prefixed to his catalogue he disclaims the name of revolutionary. 'The artist,' he says, 'does not say to-day, Come to see faultless works, but, Come to see works that are sincere. It is the effect of sincerity to give to works a character that makes them resemble a protest, when the painter has thought of nothing but rendering his impression. M. Manet has never wished to protest. It is against him, on the contrary, who little expected it, that the protests have been made.' He goes on to explain how little he himself is a fanatic or intolerant, and adds, 'It happens, after some looking at a thing, that one becomes familiar with what was surprising, or, if you will, shocking. Little by little one comes to understand and admit. Time itself acts on the picture with an insensible polisher, and smooths out its first rudenesses. . . . M. Manet has had no pretensions either to upset an old painting or create a new. He has tried simply to be himself and not another.'

In the later Manet there is a more decided break with traditional painting, and the break comes about 1870. Till then he was a painter of the studio, in-doors tradition, clearing up his colour scheme to its unparalleled pitch of freshness, but not working in direct sunlight. His *Musique aux Tuileries* is an out-of-doors subject of this earlier time. Tradition has it that the first open-air picture was *Le Jardin*, painted by Manet in the garden of De Nittis in 1870. It may have been Manet's first picture painted out of doors, though not his first painted from out-of-door studies, but he was only throwing himself into the landscape line and its habits. In the middle sixties Claude Monet had painted a *Déjeuner sur l'herbe* which is like a Manet in its rich paste and big patches, but already shows a daring notation of greens and violets in flesh, in light breaking through leaves. It is not easy to disentangle the shares of originality belonging to a group of painters so closely associated as Manet, Monet, and others were in the discussions of the Café Guerbois at Batignolles and elsewhere. Monet doubtless owed much to the impulse of the Manet of 1863-65, but the lead in 'impressionism' proper seems to



J. M'NEILL WHISTLER.

THE THAMES IN ICE

belong to Monet. In any case, from this time forward we get from Manet a more special study of illumination, whether it be the out-of-doors daylight of *Le Linge* and *Chez le Père Lathuille* or the artificial lights of the *Un Bar aux Folies-Bergère*, and with this study of the play of light and reflection and coloured shadow two changes in his painting. The first is a relaxing of the sculpturesque ideal of drawing, of the design by strong silhouette that marks his earlier work, and in favour of the view of the world as a mosaic of values. The second is a breaking up of his handling into more vibrant touches, floating more loosely side by side, the procedure that was methodized by Monet, and probably introduced by him. The particular problems raised by this phase are discussed later on.

In the rancorous debates that Manet's painting roused, partisans and enemies alike are apt to argue as if what was desired or to be feared were the imposing of Manet's subjects on every painter, as if the admission of this painting must mean that all other painting had been 'disproved,' and imagination were no more to concern itself with anything but a Sunday out at Bougival. It is enough to contend that the subjects of Manet were the subjects for Manet. He gained nothing for his special power by painting a *Dead Christ with Angels*, but rather confused and enfeebled the issue, as did Velazquez. His originality lay in a work upon the constituents of the image itself, a power of seeing, in the most ordinary matter, a beauty made of flower-like lights and shining shadows. The science underlying this vision was applicable to subjects quite outside of Manet's angle of imagination: that included a range of great charm and force in portraiture, a keen and elastic sense of some part of the physiology of his time. But the essential Manet is present when the bribes of interest are fewer. Out of a suburban house front and casual trees he can disengage the same secret, that bravery and cleanness of vision, of the surfaces of a common thing seen as beautiful juxtaposed patches of paint.

At the Exhibition of 1900 among the examples were two still-life pieces, the *Peonies* and the *Fish*, already exhibited in 1867. To an eye that came from any recent and close intercourse with bright nature, of clouds, trees, flowers and sea, these alone did not fall back into a brown museum world. Vollon, a considerable artist of still-life, was not to be looked at in such company. There is a summer and a winter mind, and our view of painting varies from 'brown-study' to the sense of fresh air and sun. Manet's mind is that joyful heedless mind of summer, beneath or above thought, the intense sensation of life with its lights and colours, coming and going in the head. Criticise his subjects as insignificant and his views as superficial and you have said nothing to those who adore the radiant surface of the world and behold it in a glory.

JAMES M'NEILL WHISTLER

Born 1834

Mr. Whistler comes so far within the rubric of Courbet's 'realism' that his imagination is untroubled by a heroic, legendary or fantastic world and absorbed in the contemporary present subject. He too 'loves things for what they are,' or a part of it, and 'searches simply for their tones.' He has the faith of this art of tones that there is a sacred integrity of beauty in an object seen in its own air, its own light, its own week, its own house; that 'invention,' when it contravenes the logic of this beauty, tears away just the integument in which the choicest visible life abides. But if he shares this attitude, it is with a great difference; he is not a boisterous jolly lover of nature like Courbet; he is an exquisite, like Corot, who rules out most of the world as loud, confused and dissonant. It is the surprises and paradoxes of beauty in ealism that he loves; he wagers to find charm in the modern town and modern fashion; a fairy vision won at night from squalid facts, the fiery jewellery that is the accident of a vulgar fête, chimneys that are like campaniles, phantoms of moderns that are almost like princes. He will never embarrass his paint with needlessly difficult material. The landscape impulse that affects him so deeply does not tempt him into foliage or anything that would break up the smooth swim of tone, it rather furnishes in its mystery a defence against roughness.

With this faith in an actual scene as the source of pattern is curiously contrasted Mr. Whistler's theory of a painter's obligation to the meaning of the pattern. He rounds on reality, and proclaims that with the pattern a painter's dealings begin and end; with a show of reason, because his art plays with a tenuous and elusive reality; but this faint trace, say of London in the Nocturnes, is of the essence of his effect. Here is a passage where he tries to persuade us that painting is an art of pattern only, not of images.

'As music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight, and the subject-matter has nothing to do with harmony of sound or colour. The great musicians knew this. Beethoven and the rest wrote music—simply music; symphony in this key, concerto or sonata in that.'

So far is this from being true that Beethoven in his symphonies seems to have had a very definite 'subject-matter' of idea and emotion. In the last of all he was hammering out a melody for a particular set of words: he lets us hear the search with its approaches and revulsions, and finally joins the melody to the words. The melody and harmony alone are abstractly beautiful; as the vehicle of an idea and emotion they are something more—expressive; the beauty has become the 'poetry' of sound. For Beethoven it was part of his art to take in this connection between melody, harmony, and 'matter,' so that beauty and interest should enhance one another. Beauty is a stranger, more difficult and precious thing mixed

J. M'NEILL WHISTLER

The Fur Jacket

with meaning: meaning more poignant, captivating or overwhelming winged with beauty.

'Art should be independent of all clap-trap—should stand alone, and appeal to the artistic sense of eye or ear, without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it, as devotion, pity, love, patriotism, and the like. All these have no kind of concern with it, and that is why I insist on calling my works "arrangements" and "harmonies."'

This may mean one of two things; either that a painter should never choose a subject with which emotion is inseparably connected, but only pattern arrangements of form and harmonies of colour: or that if he chooses such a subject he must make it no part of his business to express and drive home its emotion; that is to say, in a comic subject there should be no connection between the drawing and the joke, in a tragic no connection between the drawing and the tragedy. If the first of these things is meant we shall evidently have to rule out artists like Rembrandt, if the second we must pronounce him a dealer in clap-trap, because, having taken in hand a scene in which devotion, pity, and other emotions are implicated, he has been so artless as to use all his resources of drawing and tone to reinforce them. In the print of the *Crucifixion* the black and white would give some pleasure to the sense as a pattern in black and white only: but this pattern becomes ingeniously beautiful only when the black and white are seen to be significant, to be the lights and shadows of things and persons; and it becomes sublimely beautiful, sublime to the spirit as well as beautiful to the sense when the shadows are seen to be the shadows of tragedy.

It is just as true that the idea, without the beauty of pattern, is not a work of art. But Rembrandt's intention and power is to exalt emotion and sense together, recommending the one by the other, the emotion by visible terms. We are therefore not going outside of his intention or of his art when we describe it in terms of emotion: we describe it better so than if we limit ourselves to its pattern. To call such a subject 'literary' because it can also be expressed in words is, seeing that it has been expressed in visible terms, an elementary confusion.

'Take the picture of my mother, exhibited at the Royal Academy, as an "arrangement in grey and black." Now that is what it is. To me it is interesting as a picture of my mother; but what can or ought the public to care about the identity of the portrait?'

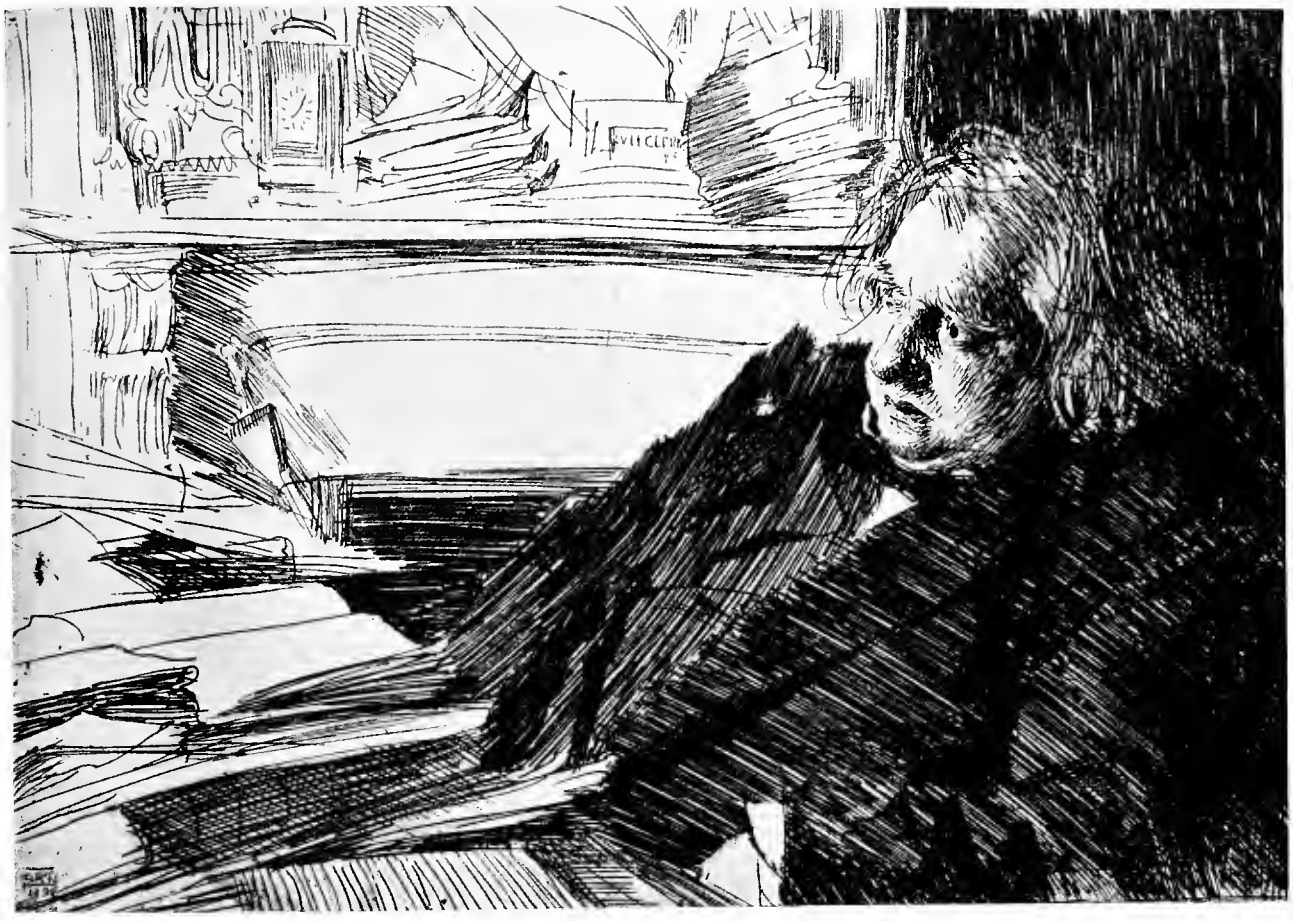
The public need not be enlightened on that point; but it will see, because it is presented to its eyes, a great deal more than grey and black, which might have been obtained, uncontaminated by any but the faintest human feeling, from the coal scuttle. It sees reverend age, told in lines of character and reinforced by gravity of disposition, scruple and tenderness of tone. The miraculous greys and blacks become the servants of the person in the image.

But we are little advanced when we have confuted an artist's theory as a theory for other artists or even for himself; and we have only to

turn to another page of Mr. Whistler's writings, the famous passage in which he translates his nocturnes into literature, to see that a particular nuance of significance and poetry is as necessary a part of these pictures as their tone. If they were copies of stains in a carpet they would be beautiful stains; as a vision of luminous vapour and of London seen in this beautiful stain they are poetry. Mr. Whistler's hasty theory is really a denouncing of the kinds of poetry and significance he does not include or care for. His mind is not dramatic. He never connects figures by a pattern of action. It is only in rare examples like the portrait referred to that he cares to probe character at all deeply. A portrait painter works for character and revises for pattern, or works for pattern and revises, breaks and reforms for character. Mr. Whistler's is a reverie-image, in which character is the second thought or accident of the design.

The positive and sufficient matter then of Mr. Whistler's art when he has thrown overboard drama, aggressive substance, action, muscle, sharp salience and light is the still phantom of tone with the poetry peculiar to that. How arithmetical and foolish the criticism that would reproach him with the limits of an art whose quality is so exquisite! For this art of 'arrangement' the invention of other times, places, and fashions would be clumsy, needless, self-defeating. He accepts such matter as the dainty mode of the time throws up, secure of being able so to cut the actual space about it, so to strike the key of its illumination, so to sift out, simplify, and fix the variations of colour within that envelope that they shall be as certain and convincing in their harmony as notes of music. No painter probably has ever made this sifting out of a natural harmony so conscious and rigorous a procedure at the inception of a picture. The basis of realism makes the game more strict. A painter who works up to a customary, established harmony in an envelope that varies little, free to call in any colours from outside to complete or correct his scheme, works on other conditions. The idea of this art is, out of the chosen cube of air, to determine its peculiar harmony of colours related to the colour of the whole field. Mr. Whistler made this search very deliberate and systematic, determining the tones of background, flesh, dress and so forth, and mixing up quantities of pigment to represent these dominant tones.

Then upon this composition of values follows what is called 'execution,' but in such hands is a creative act, the rendering of the value seen by a handling of paint, in flakes that have the delicate beauty of the petal of a flower. Manet and Mr. Whistler are the two artists of their time who are natives of paint, who make a sticky rebellious substance a magical limpid matter. By this power all that would be disagreeable in natural textures is redeemed; the surface of the iron grate is born into a world where it keeps its value and the illusion that value gives, but takes on a quality as precious as that of the azalea leaf beside it. It is told of Gainsborough that he used his colour so liquid that it ran off his palette



ANDERS ZORN

Ernest Renan

JEAN-FRANCISQUE RAFFAËLLI

Deux Anciens

if he did not hold it straight. Mr. Whistler's is sometimes so liquid that the canvas itself must have been held horizontal. But analysis of this feature and that in practice never gets near the incommunicable infinite little variations in the acts of mixing, taking up and applying paint with a brush that make technique as various as speech, and a part of expression like the voice added to the word.

In his tone-and-colour vision Mr. Whistler at first ran parallel with and even anticipated Manet. The first of the three *Symphonies in White* was at the *Salon des Refusés* in 1863 along with the *Olympia*, and its clear tones, white upon white, were an inversion of chiaroscuro contrast. But later on, while holding as strongly as Manet by a doctrine of positive truth of values, Mr. Whistler gave it a different application. They both protest against the painter who exhausts his whole scale of light and dark whatever his subject may be. But Manet, by his choice of subject, protests against the false darks, Mr. Whistler against the false lights. He exclaims against the ordinary portrait, whose flesh is brighter than the flesh of the people who walk about in the gallery. They stand, he says, in front of their frame instead of behind it in the depth of tone their necessary distance from the painter would imply. If Manet's *parti pris* led him to make the half tone of the full conventional range his shadow, and cut off its shadow, Mr. Whistler's makes the half tone his light. Manet, making this choice indoors, was tempted on to challenge sunlight out of doors: Mr. Whistler made his discoveries at the other end of light, painting nocturne and crepuscule. These pieces, as much as the clear painting of shadows in sunlight, are a part of the revolution in vision. Instead of the brown picture, here we have the blue, based on the envelope of colour when the cold light of the moon or stars is seen from within the orange of lamp-light or gas. The suggestion of the river moonlights and firework pieces and of the simplified tone came, no doubt, from Hiro-Shige; the translation into these aerial values was Mr. Whistler's.

Like Corot in his sense of key and choice of key, Mr. Whistler is like him in this that he sees by tone rather than form; it is by second thought and something of an effort that he arrives at the boundaries of tone spaces. His first drawing is a ghost of tone in loops of fluid pigment, something like the 'beautiful cloud' that Northcote says was sometimes Reynolds's first sketch. He beats out, as did Manet, a large Velazquez-like design for the silhouette of his figures, but, like Manet, is content with the minimum indications within it that will make his tones a coherent structure. The effect of this habit of sight may be traced in the etchings. In the earlier Thames-side series the drawing is a linearist's drawing, the line is pursued and the form completed as a line. In the Venetian series there is less of continuous precise definition; the objects are built up rather by touches here and there on their boundaries; one might imagine the butterfly that finally settles itself in the corner as a signature, to have

flitted about from a central point, and the limits of these excursions and the parts settled on and explored to have been marked. Thus an arch would not be circumscribed, drawn outright as a curve, but would come together as the limit of radiating excursions. This procedure, which must be caricatured in description, has its effect on composition; the earlier series is not only more Méryon-like in the precision and architectural continuity of line, but squarer in design; with the more broken contour, looser form, personal drawing of the later there is a tendency to vignette-composition, which is carried still further in the lithographs.

HILAIRE-GERMAIN-EDGARD DEGAS

Born 1834

Suppose a man endowed with the 'rage and nerve' of Ingres for linear form, and the same power of pressing and resuming, of bending to its hair-breadth subtleties with a sinuous resilient line—a line that is one line, a flowing unity for the total arabesque of a figure—to such a degree that he can stand close to his model, and, beginning at one point, sweep round the whole without lifting his hand: but conceive him at the same time nervously susceptible to the atmosphere, the moral temperature, the physiological character and spectacle of the world about him, not buttoned up against it like Ingres with a safe conduct on which 'Raphael" is written, but rather mercilessly curious,—so you may begin by conceiving his disciple Degas. His passion of form is not the grand passion of the family of Delacroix, still less the composure of Ingres: he requires, if not drama, action, and observes it, not moved by its motives, but fascinated by its extravagance. If he draws the nude his wit suspects anachronism and inflation in a goddess or nymph, a compromise in the *Baigneuse* of Ingres. Let it be a *baigneuse* of Montmartre, bathing as she is accustomed to bathe, sponging herself in a tub. Instead of returning upon history and forcing back these uncouth ablutions into the statuesque precedents of another civilisation, let the search be for the unedited poses, the surprises of furtive nakedness, the odd, beautiful huddle of lines in a stooping or squatting form. To Ingres, again, the modern ballet was an abomination, with its fantastic deformation of the body, silly *tours de force*, flippant hoppings and funny graces. To the mind of a Degas it seems to be seeking a burned-out fire to attempt to reform the stately measures and rhythms of another age; if Gymnastic and Poetry have parted company, he takes the spirit of Gymnastic where it is, the balance, strain, and spring of the body at its existing brightest focus, not in the least a dupe of the poverty of its ideal, but satisfied to win nervous rhythm of design from the absurdity of those evolutions, and the surprises of harmony out of bitter hectic tinsels. Many people seem to have a difficulty in grasping a distinction familiar enough to them in literature: there is a

JAMES GUTHRIE, R.S.A.

MAJOR RICHARD HUTCHEIS

JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A.

Portrait of a Lady

difference between the man who paints a ballet-dancer as a beautiful object in the sense in which she and her designer think her beautiful, and the critical draughtsman who sees the absurdity and the beauty at once, and the beauty exasperated by the grotesque.

A stimulus, a new base for this view of the prodigious toys of sight, came from the art revealed to Europe in the sixties—that of the Japanese prints. Here, over against the classic tradition of pictures in which only noble forms were admitted under an exalted sentiment, was an art in which the entertainment of the eye was more lightly taken and elastically served. Man was thrown back into the company of a world of odd creatures, all of them exquisitely amusing, and Japanese man might seem to the European classic eye himself an odd and irregular animal. Frogs, fishes, and birds were thrown upon the page with a gay delight in the character of each. When man appeared the tricks of his extravagant action and grimace were pursued with the same zest. Space itself seemed to be taken more lightly, cut at any angle, with a more movable horizon. In this art, as variable in its level, mood, and subject as speech, sensation and fancy were stamped clear and sharp in an adaptable language, without any of the obligations of 'making good' between the lively points. If spring was meant spring was said with an unmistakable flush of blossom like an exclamation: if night was meant night was said as simply: if a distance was not desired a cloud shut it out: if the spectator was to know that an opium-smoker felt his head floating far above his supine body and its clothes, it was so depicted. The composition was as flexible as the state of mind; central point of interest, pyramid of form, equal symmetry, gave way to an elastic balance in an ideal system of mass, distance, and centre of pictorial gravity.

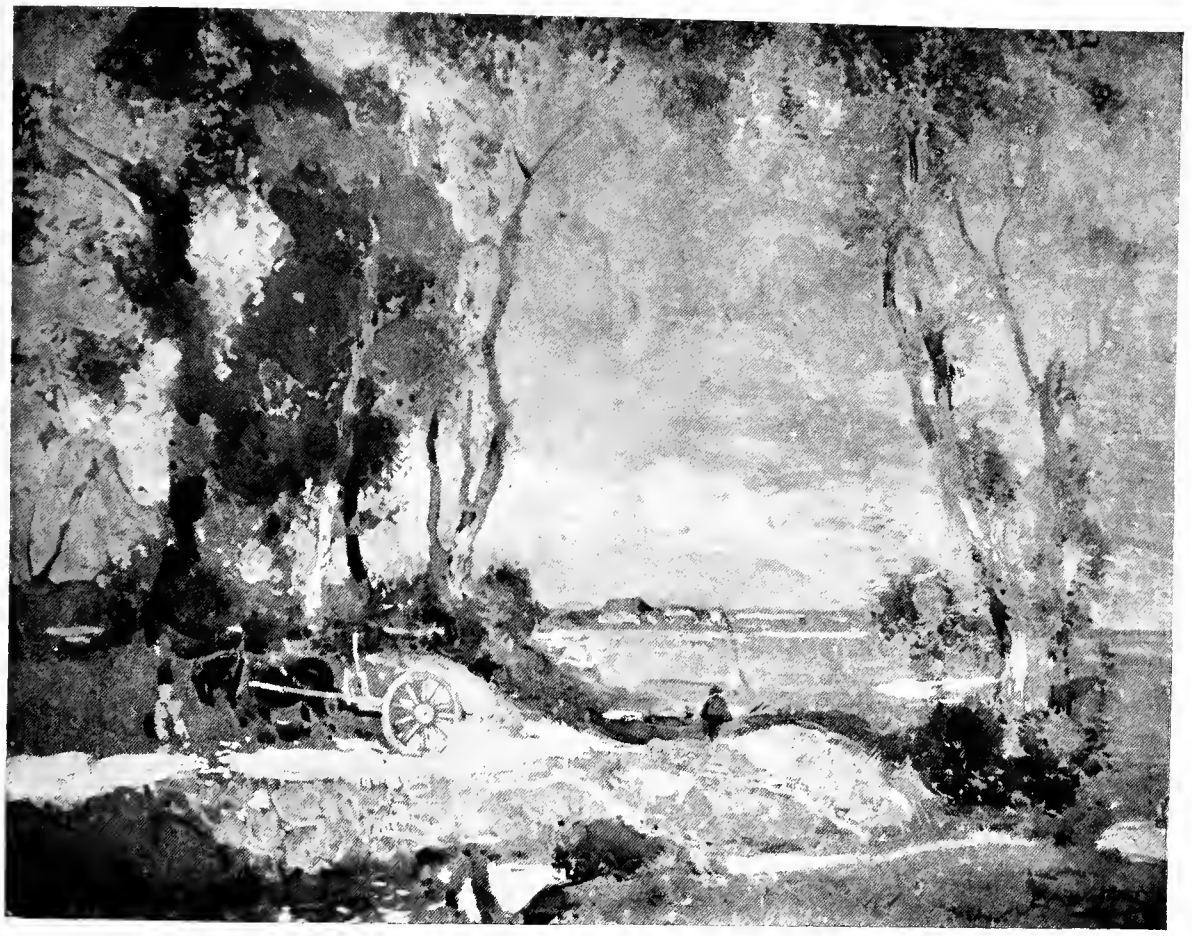
With those allies, their liberation, their dainty or fierce amusement of the eye, their unexpected cutting of space, and their reserve, precious for a draughtsman, of a line contour along with tone, Degas attacked his subjects. One of the safeguards of Ingres against the modern subject had been his indifference to colour: this left him untouched by the landscape interest of his time and the subtle plea for realism that the landscape study of atmosphere transferred to the whole of art. Degas had this further bond to the actual that he was sensitive to atmospheric colour. But this, like his form, to please him must be strange reality. He found it strangest and most piquant in the lights and air of the theatre. Pastel gave him his most characteristic instrument, for with that he could assert his outline and vary the excitement of colour, from vaporous stumping to the shock and vibration of hatched, unblended strokes.

It has been suggested that Degas may have taken the idea of race-course subjects from Mr. Frith's *Derby Day*. Whether that be so or not, the picture offers a capital example of what the 'same subject'

becomes to different minds. Mr. Frith, with all his remarkable ingenuity and skill, spreads over everything an emollient of prettiness, flattering the laziness of the general eye. The other applies a sharp 'developer,' stamping horse and jockey as strange beings we have not seen before, but will often see after.

Many painters, from the sixties onwards, who have a claim to be dealt with in this chapter, must be omitted; but two, at least, must be mentioned. Courbet's influence succeeded to that of Delacroix in the Belgian school, and the finest result was Alfred Stevens (b. 1828). Realism in his hands became mundane and dainty, and in a few masterpieces, where he avoids the pitfall of metallic edginess, he reaches a beautiful balance of exact nicety in drawing with atmospheric envelopment. H. I. T. Fantin-Latour, a younger man (b. 1836) came under the influence of Manet, and commemorated the Batignolles group in a well-known picture. Sensitive to light, but differing in temperament from Manet, he came nearer than anyone, perhaps, in some of his portraits, to a truth of grey, disconsolate daylight, revealing a dejected humanity. But in his still-life and flower pieces he reaches a delicate gaiety of tone, and, as if hurt and unable to endure the aspect of the world he had dared to represent, he escapes into the vague romance of his idyllic paintings and lithographs. Yet in these, with their broken technique of a scratched white upon black that he was the first to use, there persists a pre-occupation with the vibration of light.

Manet's vision was applied and popularised in all degrees of frankness and varieties of eclectic blend. It is impossible here to deal with the brilliant living inheritors of that tradition, like Mr. J. S. Sargent. An etching represents one of them, Anders Zorn, the Swedish painter. A whole group of draughtsmen, who derive from Degas, is in like manner represented only by a work of F. J. Raffaelli. The remaining illustrations are from pictures by leaders of the group known as the 'Glasgow School,' Messrs. James Guthrie, John Lavery, Edward Walton, and Joseph Crawhall. The proportions of this study forbid the disentangling of the foreign elements that have been grafted on native in the work of these painters, or to estimate their place among contemporaries. But their inclusion here rounds off the illustration of the Scottish line that was an important feature of the Glasgow Exhibition. The admirable Raeburn that stands at the beginning of this volume had serious successors at the end of the century in such portraits as the *Major Hotchkis*.



E. A. WALTON, A.R.S.A.

Landscape

JOSEPH CRAWHALL

The Black Cock

IX.

'Impressionism'

SINCE we dealt with pure landscape painting in Chapter V. we have seen how landscape vision invaded painting generally, and landscape subjects divided the attention of the figure painters. We must now pass over many artists who took out sub-patents (to use Northcote's simile), under Corot and Daubigny, (J. C. Cazin and Camille Pissarro in his earlier work are examples), to deal with the final revolution in landscape that Daubigny foresaw when he said 'Nous ne peignons jamais assez clair,' that 'impressionist' movement whose confluence with Manet's art has already been touched upon. We must also pass over the academicising of Manet's painting in the schools, in a rather photographic sense. Its application to the more manageable effects out of doors is sometimes specially styled *plein-air* painting. Jules Bastien-Lepage is an eminent example of the application of this method to the subjects of Millet. There has been some discussion on the not very important question how the nickname 'impressionist' came to be applied. The word 'impression' had become a common term of painters' dialectic, as we see from its use by Turner and Millet; it has been supposed that the critics caught it up either from Manet's catalogue preface, already cited, or from the catalogue title of one of Monet's pictures. However that may be, the nickname historically belongs to Claude Monet and his group (Camille Pissarro, Alfred Sisley, Paul Cezanne are the chief names); was shared by Manet in the later years after 1870 when he was influenced by Monet, and was adopted by a group of exhibitors from 1874 till 1886. That year marks the emergence in the exhibition of Pointillism, and the practitioners of that method, whose leaders were George Seurat and Paul Signac, have called themselves Neo-Impressionists. Degas and Auguste Renoir, who were involved in the luminist experiments, exhibited with the Impressionists, and shared the name. In English critical usage the word has come to have a more extended application. This wide significance was dealt with in Chapter I.; here we have to do with the original meaning.

CLAUDE MONET

Born 1840.

A recent book by M. Gustave Cahen[1] tells us some of the steps by which Monet had arrived at clear open-air painting before his appearance at the Salon of 1864 and acquaintance with Manet. The affiliation of Monet to the older painters of landscape, Corot, Daubigny, and Troyon, is through Jongkind and Boudin. J. B. Jongkind (1819-1891), a Dutchman by birth, studied under Isabey, and pushed out in the atmospheric truth of his marines beyond the romantic convention of his master. 'J'entrai,' says Boudin, 'par la porte que Jongkind avait forcée. J'aurai peut-être eu aussi ma petite part dans le mouvement qui porte la peinture vers l'étude de la grande lumière, du plein air, de la sincérité dans la reproduction des grands effets du ciel.' And he goes on: 'Si plusieurs de ceux que j'ai eu l'honneur d'introduire dans la voie, comme Claude Monet, sont emportés plus loin par leur tempérament personnel, ils ne m'en devront pas moins quelque reconnaissance, comme j'en ai dû moi-même à ceux qui m'ont conseillé et offert des modèles à suivre.' Monet countersigns this in a letter to Boudin (1892): 'C'est vous,' he says, 'qui le premier m'avez appris à voir et à comprendre.' Eugène Louis Boudin (1825-1898) led a somewhat obscure life, painting sea, sky, and harbour at Honfleur and Havre; 'je suis un isolé,' he wrote too modestly in 1887, 'un rêvasseur qui s'est trop complu à rester dans son coin et à regarder le ciel'; but he regarded it to such purpose that Corot, echoed by Courbet, called him 'le roi des ciels,' and out of his corner he wrought the most enchanting pictures of silvery and blue-grey skies fretted with masts and the bright notes of quay-side life. He found Monet sketching, as a boy, and taught him to see. Monet's parents gave him the option of dropping painting or taking it up after a seven years' military service. He served two years in Africa (painting in the sunlight there), then was released; entered Gleyre's studio, where he was a fellow-pupil of Renoir and Sisley, but could make little of that teaching: 'C'est très bien, jeune homme,' said Gleyre, 'mais vous avez une fâcheuse tendance à regarder la nature trop grossièrement. Examinez les orteils de votre bonhomme; vous lui avez fait des pieds de garçon de recettes.' The plea that the toes were like the model's went for nothing. 'Il faut se souvenir de l'antique.' But on this side Monet's imagination made no response, and he had to follow his instinct for another kind of beauty. His real school was in the open-air studies, 'chez la mêre Toutain,' a painter's camp near Honfleur, where a number of men were grouped around Boudin, and those others he made in his little painting-boat on the Seine. The next step of importance in his development seems to have been the influence of Turner. Monet, with

[1] *Eugène Boudin, sa vie et son œuvre* (1900).

CLAUDE MONET

Freshening Breeze

his friend Camille Pissarro, was in London during the war of 1870, and it is said that Turner's painting of snow had especially struck the Frenchmen, his discrimination of colour in its lights and shadows. But his range of illumination, the daring of his flame-coloured sunrises and sunsets, must have counted in the impression, and the tendency of his later work to resolve landscape into surfaces of shimmering reflection, the subtraction of the dark substructure to leave a ghost of light and colour.

Turner found in architecture and water a material that gave full play to the reflection of those coloured lights. Monet followed on this track, studying them in river and sea-water, and in those snow effects when landscape becomes the simplest play of sky reverberations. Monet refused to compete with his snow-painting, and called him 'the Raphael of water.' It is certainly in such effects and the handling he developed from their study that Monet justifies most nearly that paradoxical title, for the man whose sense of form and line was 'gross' found a means of reducing form and line to a minimum state of importance, and bringing up into attention that side of nature to whose beauties he was sensitive. When landscape is mirrored in water, the forms of trees, buildings, and other objects are not only simplified and broadened, but inverted and distorted, for in any troubling of the surface by ripple or wave the water is broken up into a series of mirrors tilted at different angles and with various degrees of convexity and concavity. Into the shivered fragments of these, elongated, shortened, and twisted images of objects on the bank are worked kaleidoscopically bits of sky and cloud, and this undulating hash of half-coherent forms which we can gaze at almost as abstract colour and tone gives the nearest to the dream of an art that should be a play of colour only. Something of this state of mind Monet applied to his seeing of unreflected objects, treating trees, for example, by loose groups touches that indicate roughly the place of reflected and transmitted lights and shadows: the effort of exactitude is centred on seizing the leading values of these lights and shadows. Monet's drawing is the extreme case of the sacrifice of many constituent elements of a scene to one which had been tentatively pursued by his predecessors. We have seen how Delacroix hankered after the suggestive force of the sketch. In Constable's sketches we often find the essence of what he sought more vividly than in his finished compositions; but his habit of considered composition told in his sketching. In Courbet there was a war between tradition and instinct. He refused to take the 'flower-bed' view of colour, and constructed and finished his forms as if his aim had been a Raphaelesque beauty. Monet adopts the sketch-method entirely, treating water, land and buildings as so much scaffolding for his effect, seeing the world as the subject of light, the mirror of events in the sky.

But his summary notation of form arose not only from seeing an object less for itself than for the lights reflected from its facets; there was a

contributing cause in his anxiety to seize the character of a conjunction of tones in the short space of time during which it exists. Monet aimed at a stricter truth than Turner, at seizing the momentary balance of values that makes the beauty of an illumination. Turner mixed different moments of a sunset, different quarters of a sunset, and his notes went to make up a harmony elaborated in the studio. Monet took his canvas or set of canvases into the open, and limited himself to what he could seize of a particular illumination while it lasted. Out of 'one subject,' a haystack, a church, a tree, he made twenty pictures, by discrimination of the successive lights that played upon them. From these various causes he made of painting a journal of effects noted in shorthand as compared with those rhythmical compositions that Turner based upon his notes.

The advocate of the devil who would refuse the name of artist to Monet often attempts to settle the question by pleading that Monet's aim is scientific, not artistic. That he was influenced by the scruple of his time for keeping within the bounds of science is true enough, but the violently one-sided character of Monet's interest in aspect might warn us that if the form is scientific the motive is not. At each period in painting when a special aspect of reality is explored for its beauties and significance, the science of that aspect is inevitably involved; what is sought as fresh beauty can be described as fresh fact. The pursuit of the beauties of human form brings in the facts of anatomy, the construction of space and foreshortening of shapes involves the principles of perspective. Even so the special modern delight in the beauties of aerial tone may be represented as a study of the science of light and colour; but this stricter conformity with fact and science is, like the others, a result of art, of the search for beauty, not of fact for its own sake. In our time the beauty of aerial tones has had a peculiar power to excite in us the sense of reality; with the shift to some other aspect of reality as the most beautiful and important, it may well come about that the landscapes of Monet will appear as a fantastic convention in which all facts are despised for the attractive beauty of this one, the aerial harmony.

The critic takes more reasonable ground who pleads that in the pursuit of this one beauty Monet carries his contempt of others so far that they take their revenge and defeat him; that of these countless snatches at beauty, many will appear but desperate indecisive engagements, and nearly all show birthmarks of accident and scramble, unconsidered forms asserting themselves, material not amenable to rapid summary remaining sore and resentful for its brusque inclusion.

It might be plausibly argued, moreover, that in wagering all on matching the passing effect and simplifying the processes of painting to the hurry of that effort, Monet is the victim of illusion, because he is attempting to render beauties that exist indeed, but are beyond the resources of pigment, however strained. For the truth is that Monet's

EUGÈNE-LOUIS BOUDIN

The Jetty, Trouville

painting, instead of being an exact scientific notation of values, is forced, like the old painting, to traffic and bargain with nature, though the convention struck is a different one.

We are brought back to the point touched in the opening chapter, that of limits of painting. There it was pointed out that to paint a bright source of light is impossible, but that a considerable range of indoor and outdoor effect can be rendered positively in pigment, so long as the objects are no more brightly lit than the canvas; and that if we expose the canvas to direct sunlight we can render the same light falling upon surfaces that are not more highly polished than itself. But this possibility of rendering the force of direct sunlight really avails us nothing, because pictures are painted to be seen not in a dazzle of direct sunlight, but by reflected light indoors; and this means so great a drop in the scale, that the pitch of a white canvas, *i.e.* our highest light, seen under these conditions does not differ greatly in tone from what appears a very deep shadow out of doors, for example the shadow of a tree cast by bright sunlight on a gravel walk. It is difficult for the inexperienced observer to believe this at first, but the holding up of really dark objects soon convinces the eye that what looks by contrast with brilliant light almost black is, compared with black in shadow, really a high faint purplish tone. A canvas and pigments in shadow, then, at their brightest, will furnish us with a match only for shadowed parts in a bright out-of-doors scene, leaving absolutely nothing for the scale upwards into the lights. It is evident then how illusory is the idea of painting out-of-doors subjects under direct light by positive matching of tones. The positive truth the plein-airist can arrive at is limited to truth of value in shadow, and by every degree that he lightens his shadows up to their natural value he must reduce the gap between them and the lights, till it becomes trifling in comparison with the real gap. In a word, if truth to natural value in shadows is secured, the difference between shadows and lights becomes a difference rather of hue than of tone.[1]

The new painting of sunlight, therefore, is a convention, like the old: neither can render the lights positively; the old falsified the shadows, making them darker than in nature, so as to keep something of the truth

[1] Ruskin, in his analysis of Turner's convention, has dealt with the relation of the natural scale of values and the varieties of limited scale in painting. In the case of Monet the subject is ably handled by Mr. W. C. Brownell in his *French Art* (1892) recently re-issued. For example: "Take a landscape with a cloudy sky, which means diffused light in the old sense of the term, and observe the effect upon it of a sudden burst of sunlight. What is the effect where considerable portions of the scene are suddenly thrown into marked shadow, as well as others illuminated with intense light? Is the absolute value of the parts in shadow lowered or raised? Raised, of course, by reflected light. Formerly, to get the contrast between sunlight and shadow in proper scale, the painter would have painted the shadows darker than they were before the sun appeared. Relatively they are darker, since their value, though heightened, is raised infinitely less than the parts in sunlight. Absolutely, their value is raised considerably. If, therefore, they are painted lighter than they were before the sun appeared, they in themselves seem truer. The part of Monet's picture that is in shadow is measurably true, far truer than it would have been if painted under the old theory of correspondence, and had been unnaturally darkened to express the relation of contrast between shadow and sunlight."

of contrast between them and the lights; the new threw away this resource of effect to gain a general truth of brightness in lights and shadows alike, and a positive truth of fair clear colour in the shadows. We come back to a casuistry of impression. Against Monet's system we have to admit the glaring inadequacy of the step from shadow to light, and as a consequence a general look of flatness. Like Turner, he has had recourse to forcing the colour of his shadows so as to substitute this element of contrast for the force of darkness they have lost, and the violet note often threatens to become as conventional as the old brown.

All these allowances must candidly be made. Monet's impression of light is so far from conveying the whole impression that it omits a dominating element, the contrast of tone. But it may be claimed for him that in his occupation with the sensations of vibrating light he has wrung some lovely harmonies close up to the abysses of the white, red, or golden sun, at whose verge the way of painting ends. It should not be necessary to add that to claim this for Monet is not to argue that Monet's is the whole art of painting; yet this misunderstanding underlies all criticism that asks, Are we to have no more in painting than these sensations? Enough that one way to the imagination lies through them. Monet's painting attacks singly by that way, and has a character of extremity and climax. At every point on the road that ends in Turner and Monet painters could feel that they were passing from a more to a less conventional rendering of light. Now that the road has been surveyed to its limits the same thrill of approach can hardly be recovered. This is the handicap laid upon art as it grows old and learned. By the glory it caught in the pursuit of one impossible, the painting of the Nineteenth Century will have its special stamp in history, as other times by the inspiration of a super-human beauty or a movement and passion beyond the reach of graphic art.

NOTE ON THE SPECTRAL PALETTE AND OPTICAL MIXTURE

To complete this chapter a few words should be added on two points: restriction of the palette based on theories of colour, and the experiments in a new technique based on optical mixture.

Painters, from time immemorial, have used a more or less restricted palette. It is obviously convenient to have the smallest number of pigments that will, pure or in mixture, produce the effects desired, except when a ready-made mixture is so frequently required that it saves time and trouble to employ it. Reynolds tells us that he excluded each of the pigments in turn, so as not to become the slave of any one. But scientific theories of colour in modern times brought a new influence of restriction to add to tradition and convenience. The breaking up of white light by refraction through a prism into the spectrum band led to theories of colour, according to one of which there were seven, according to another three 'primary' sensations of colour. In the time of Chevreul and Brewster the three primary sensations were supposed to be red, blue and yellow. By 'primary' was meant that from the mixture in different proportions of these three lights all the other hues of the spectrum could be produced; that by the mixture of any two of them the complementary of the third could be produced (*i.e.* the colour that appears when the eyes are shut after looking at that colour), and that the result of the mixture of all three would be white light. This theory really fitted

CONSTANT TROYON

Off Honfleur

the facts of pigment rather than of light. If a crimson-red, a blue, and a yellow pigment are mixed by twos, the result is purple, green, and orange, and these roughly correspond to the complementaries of the pure pigments. These colours the painters, in their charts, called 'secondaries,' and the intermediate hues obtained by mixing a 'secondary' in some proportion with a 'primary' they called 'tertiaries.' By such mixture could be obtained *some* value of any desired hue, though of a tone in many cases much lower than if a separate unmixed pigment of that hue were employed, because pigment-mixture always involves degradation of tone. For the same reason the mixture of these 'primaries' did not produce white, *i.e.* a neutral hue combining the luminosity of all three, but only a neutral grey, lower in tone than the mean luminosity of the three. This accident of pigment-mixture made it possible to do without browns and greys, or even black, but white pigment at least had to be added to the palette.

But this painter's working theory of primary colours does not fit the facts of the spectrum at all. Blue and yellow pigment, mixed, produce green, blue and yellow light, mixed, do nothing of the kind. Green and red light, mixed, produce yellow; green and red pigment, mixed, produce grey. Green, to the painter who thinks in pigment, is a 'secondary' or compound hue; in the spectrum it is a single hue like the rest, and by the Young-Helmholtz theory it is one of the primary colour-sensations, the others being orange-red and violet-blue. In fact we must distinguish three senses of 'primary' as applied to spectrum hues. In one sense all the hues are primary, for they are all different, unresolvable one into another as sensations, and the result of waves of light of different length. According to Aubert we can distinguish as many as a thousand in a moderately illuminated spectrum. In a second sense we may have various sets of three primary hues, for we can choose different triads of hues whose total mixture produces white, mixture by twos the complementary of the third, and mixture in other proportions some value of all the hues of the spectrum. The Helmholtz theory explains this by referring us to three sets of fibres in the eye, the stimulation of which produces a predominant sensation of red, green, and violet respectively.

The science of the spectroscope filtered down among the painters, and, in the eighties, Ogden Rood's book, published in English, French, and German, seems to have been a special influence among the Impressionists. The composition of the palette (of Monet, for example) was already affected to a certain extent by the idea of the spectrum. The palette, it was held, should be composed of bright hues like those in the spectrum, and the browns, greys, and the black be excluded which do not appear in a bright spectrum. The fallacy is obvious enough. If a painter's object were to paint the spectrum, his palette might be limited to the same hues. But his object is to paint nature; that is, not the beams of light as they are intercepted in the spectroscope, but those beams in all their degrees of mixture and degradation by absorption and reflection. To do this he must have on his palette some means of degradation for his spectrum hues corresponding to what happens in nature, *i.e.* he must have browns, blacks, or their equivalent. Even to render the spectrum itself at a lower pitch of illumination, he would require these resources, for the red part of the spectrum at a low pitch is brown compared with the same part at a high pitch.

It has been pointed out that there is such an equivalent in the accidental degradation of tone when pigments are mixed, for pigments do not act in mixture like spectrum hues either in colour or tone. Hence the impressionist could formally exclude black and grey, but really kept grey on his palette. Black, Monet did not need, because, as has been shown, he started high up in the scale, at the pitch of outdoor shadows. But an indoor painter has no reason, except the superstition of the spectrum palette, for throwing it away. In the choice of the hues admitted, Monet and his group appear to have followed the old painters' idea of primaries and secondaries, or else the ancient division of the spectrum into seven rainbow colours. None of the impressionists appear to have worked with three primaries, and, if the number three is exceeded, there is no reason in theory for sticking at six rather than sixty or six hundred.

We have so far taken for granted that it is possible to model a palette on the spectrum. But this is not so. At any given illumination, the nearest matches we can make are neither so high in tone nor so pure in hue as the spectral tints. Nor is the spectrum a good model, because the hues in it are not equally luminous. Nor is it complete, because the purples are missing. To model the palette on the spectrum, then, is to follow a false analogy; the sense of the matter is to have the bright pigments as luminous and pure as may be and as

numerous as is convenient. The useful earths are not excluded by science, and black is required.

We have so far been dealing with the palette of Monet, who excluded black and the browns, but employed the old system of pigment-mixture. He is described by almost all English writers as if he employed optical mixture, but this is to confuse him with the later school of the Neo-Impressionists. They saw that it was illogical to model the hues of the palette on the coloured lights of the spectrum and then mix them as pigments. Mix two pigments, and not only is the hue different from the mixture of the corresponding lights, but the tone is less brilliant, sometimes by as much as fifty per cent. We must, therefore, they said, give up Monet's practice of mixing pigments, and adopt a technique by which the light reflected from the pigments will mix in the eye. This can be done by applying pigments to a surface in fine alternate lines or dots. From the division of hues the process has been called "Divisionism," when dots or points are employed, "Pointillism." Let us then, they urged, apply our pigments in small dots side by side, so that at the picture distance the light reflected from them will mix in the eye and combine to form one hue. It was argued that in textiles and mosaic, colour surfaces where the unit is a stitch or tessera, this effect had been employed; it was pointed out that an occasional use of broken colour was to be found in many painters; Delacroix, for example, in monumental work to be seen at a distance had employed this device to keep luminosity. Ruskin's advocacy of the same method in water colour was cited in aid of the revolution. Practice then, as well as theory, gave some support to this means of extending the luminosity of a coloured surface.

But the question remained whether in landscape work on the easel scale oil paint would be amenable to such handling systematically applied. In some mediums the handling is natural enough. We are familiar with the use in black and white drawing of a network of hatched lines to produce a grey tone. The same tone can be produced by a wash of grey, but the mixture of black line and white space is often preferable, because the eye can hover between the optical mixture and the sensation of broken black and white. This gives an effect of lustre and depth, as of two surfaces, one behind the other. This effect of 'vibration,' which is to be found in pastel, and in painting even, is to be distinguished from optical mixture, though it lies on the verge of it. When optical mixture is complete, vibration, the consciousness of the two elements, ceases. Experiments with a view to complete optical mixture had been made by Mile as early as 1839 in ruling paper with fine alternate lines of colour that should make white in combination. The same process has been proposed as a basis of colour-photography in the M'Donough-Joly method.[1] But for this the number of lines to the inch was two or three hundred.

Consider, compared with this, how rude must be the process of dotting oil pigment on canvas from the point of a brush! In fact the means was so rude on the scale of the easel picture that optical mixture was rarely a result of the experiments at the picture distance. Moreover, it may be doubted whether the painters really applied their dots in combinations that would produce the mixture desired, and did not rather place side by side the pigments they would otherwise have mixed. As we have seen, this would produce quite a different result. However that may be, one of the leaders of the movement, M. Paul Signac, now treats the dotting as a 'mediocre procedure,' and applies his touches in large brick-like rectangles, a sufficient *reductio ad absurdum* of the process. The pointillist procedure, it may be added, was academicised, like everything else, *i.e.* used not to obtain mixture of pure tints, but to apply pigment mixed in the old fashion. Thus stultified, it has had a considerable success in the official Salon in the work of M. Henri Martin and others.

But even if oil paint had not been too clumsy a material for divisionist procedure, another consideration would have prevented most artists from adopting it, namely that it would make all fine drawing impossible, abolish handling, and replace the fluent beauties of the material with an ugly mechanical surface. Division by hatching in black and white or pastel does not injure drawing, rather helps it; division by dots in oil paint is the least expressive manner possible of representing form as well as the most uneasy of applying colour. This method of extending the limits of luminosity in oil pigments, then, must be considered rather as a toy of theory than as a practical device; it has been abandoned by the few artists of any account who experimented with it.

[1] See *Journal of the Society of Arts* for January, 1901.

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Haarlem Church W 12½×9 *William Burrell*
Church Interior W 10×7 *Andrew Myles*
Church Interior W 10½×8½ *William Beattie*
Church Interior W 10×7½ *John Wordie*
Church Interior W 20½×14½ *James Arthur*
Dutch Fishing Village W 12½×22 *Peter Wordie*
Dutch Canal W 8½×13½ *Hugh Pollock*
Scheveningen Beach—Mid-day
W 8½×14 *J. Forbes White, LL.D.*
Church Interior W 14½×20½ *J. Carfrae Alston*
Dutch Farm Interior W 14×22 *John Ure, LL.D.*
Church Interior W 19×14 *James Donald*
Interior of Church O 4½×3½
J. Forbes White, LL.D.

BOUDIN, L. E.
La Gironde à Lormond, Bordeaux
O 38½×32 *M. Durand-Ruel*
The Jetty, Trouville O 24½×36 *Major Thorburn*
Le Pardon O 13½×22 *John Nairn*

BOUGH, SAM, R.S.A.
The Baggage Waggons entering Carlisle
O 35×60 *Family of late H. L. Anderson*
The Broomielaw O 10×15 *William Gibson*
Edinburgh from Canal O 40×50 *James Hume*
The Broomielaw O 32×48½ *A. C. Henderson*
Dysart Harbour, Low Water
O 24×35 *David Tullis*
Kirkwall Harbour O 43½×55½ *A. M. Ogston*
Dunkirk Harbour O 41×52½
Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.
The Port of London O 10×17½
D. Brodie Macleod
Loch Achray O 37½×53½ *Mrs. Elder*
A Border Raid O 20½×32½
Lady Campbell of Garscube
Hamilton W 8½×14 *Miss Robertson*
Kilchurn Castle W 15½×26½
Mrs. Laurence Robertson
The Ford W 12½×17½ *Hugh Brown*
St. Monance—Moonlight W 12½×19
Leonard Gow
Sunset W 9½×13½ *R. H. Brechin*
The Wreck Buoy W 17×21½
Mrs. Laurence Robertson
The Carse of Gowrie W 13½×20½
R. Hope Robertson
The Meeting of the Waters
W 10×16½ *Walter Maclean*
Borrowdale W 10×13½ *William Beattie*
Newark Castle—Port-Glasgow
W 10×15½ *B. B. Macgeorge*
Anstruther W 9½×13½ *D. Brodie Macleod*

BOUGH, SAM, R.S.A.
Cadzow Forest W 26×40 *Mrs. A. G. Macdonald*
Stye Head Pass W 22×34½ *I. J. Weinberg*
The Pool of London W 16×22½ *John Paton*
The Hayfield W 13×20 *R. Hope Robertson*
The Solway W 9½×13½ *Mrs. Mather*
Barncluith W 13½×18 *Mrs. A. G. Macdonald*
A Rainy Day W 13½×20½ *J. W. Lamb*
The Baggage Waggon W 11×17½ *David Tullis*

BOUGHTON, G. H., R.A.
A New England Witch O 43×33 *R. P. Cooper*
Hesitation O 20×13½ *James Dunnachie*
A Winter Scene O 9×6 *Mrs. Schlesinger*
A Winter Scene O 9×5½ *Mrs. Schlesinger*

BRANDARD, R.
Chalk Cliffs W 8½×12 *John H. Downes*

BRETT, JOHN, A.R.A.
Val d'Aosta O 35×27 *R. P. Cooper*
The Stonebreaker O 19×26½ *James Barrow*
Echoes of a Distant Storm O 41½×82½ *The Artist*

BRISSOT, F.
Sheep on the Border of a Wood O 15×12½ *R. H. Brechin*
French Pastoral O 21½×17½ *Edmund Pullar*
Sheep O 11×15½ *David Tullis*

BROUGH, ROBERT.
Sweet Violets O 27×40 *A. M. Ogston*
Fantasie en Folie O 39×49 *The Artist*

BROWN, A. K., A.R.S.A.
A Camping Place O33×43½ *Archibald Colville*
Gloaming O 20½×27½ *John Fraser*
Arran and Bute W 19½×27½ *William Babtie*
Regatta Day W 15½×21½ *Andrew T. Reid*
A Sunny Day W 15½×21½ *Archibald Colville*

BROWN, F. MADOX
Work O 53×76 *Corporation of Manchester*
The Entombment O 21×19 *Alexander Henderson, M.P.*
Cordelia O 31×43 *Albert Wood*
The Writing Lesson W 8½×8½ *William Coltart*
Christ Washes Peter's Feet W 15½×17½ *T. Brocklebank*
King Rene's Honeymoon W 10×7 *William Coltart*

BROWN, J. L.
Hawking O 36×28 *M. Durand-Ruel*

BROWN, T. AUSTEN, A.R.S.A.
Morning Pasture O 49½×39½ *W. Hunter*
Minnow Fishing W 7½×20½ *John Macrae*
When the Moon is up (Pastel) W 19½×23½ *John Macrae*
The Milkmaid W 9½×13½ *Sir F. Powell, P.R.S.W.*

BROWN, W. BEATTIE, R.S.A.
A Lonely Cot O 35½×47½ *The Artist*

BROWN, W. FULTON, R.W.S.
Orpheus W 27½×39½ *The Artist*
The Plot W 27½×35½ *The Artist*

BRYMNER, WILLIAM
Early Moonrise, September (Lower Canada) O 31×39 *The Artist*

BURGESS, J. B., A.R.A.
Confidences O 29×21½ *Sir W. H. Houldsworth, Bart., M.P.*
Good News and Bad News O 40×32 *Merton Russell Cotes*

BURNE-JONES, SIR E., BART.
Cupid and Psyche O 29×35 *Alex. Henderson, M.P.*
Music O 26×17 *Joseph Beausire*
Danae, or the Tower of Brass O 88½×45 *Corporation of Glasgow*
Love's Hunting Ground O 38½×29½ *Robert Orr*
Flower of God W 23½×21 *William Coltart*
Backgammon Players W 9×14 *Sir J. C. Holder, Bart.*
St. George and the Dragon W 24×18½ *Albert Wood*
The Sleeping Beauty W 10×14 *W. A. Watson-Armstrong*

BURR, A. H.
Spring O 29×24 *W. B. Robertson*
A Disputed Lottery O 10½×16½ *J. G. Dunlop*
The Ebb and Flow of Life O 33½×25½ *John Henderson*

BURR, JOHN
Lost and Found O 30×24 *Mrs. L. Robertson*
Homewards O 30×17 *Patrick Blair*
Home Shadows O 59×47 *Hugh Pollock*

BURTON, W. S.
The Cavalier and the Puritan O 34×40 *Albert Wood*

BUTLER, LADY
"Scotland for Ever!" O 39×75 *Corporation of Leeds*

CADENHEAD, JAMES, R.S.W.
"Autumn sae pensive" W 23½×42 *James Murray*

CALLOW, WILLIAM, R.W.S.
Antwerp Cathedral W 29½×23 *Mrs. Keyden*

CALVERT, E. S., R.S.W.
The Lochside W 9½×13½ *Matthew Arthur*

CAMERON, D. Y., R.E.
Street in Venice W 16½×19½ *The Artist*

CAMERON, HUGH, R.S.A.
Age and Childhood O 19½×27 *D. M'Cowan*
Weary O 19½×14 *John Anderson, Jun.*
Rummaging O 25½×18½ *Hugh Brown*
Going for Water O 24×33 *Mrs. L. Robertson*
The Skipping Rope O 15×34 *J. Lindsay*
"A Match for Grandfather" O 26×22 *Wm. Gibson*
Spring is Coming W 8½×15 *Mrs. Laurence Robertson*
Girl and Child W 16½×9 *Mrs. Laurence Robertson*

CAMERON, MISS KATE, R.S.W.
Mhairi Dhu W 16×17½ *J. Connell & Sons*
Entangled W 30½×20½ *Andrew T. Reid*

CAMERON, MISS M.
Picador in Bull Ring O 29½×24½ *D. Cameron*

CARLAW, WILLIAM, R.S.W.
At Bowling W 19×12½ *James T. Tullis*
The Coming Storm W 11×19½ *Walter Maclean*

CAROLUS-DURAN
Girl with Flowers O 30×17
Sir T. Glen Coats, Bart.

CARRICK, ROBERT, R.I.
Joy O 27×17½ *Jesse Haworth*
Anxiety O 28×17 *Jesse Haworth*

CASSIE, JAMES, R.S.A.
Coast Scene O 14½×25½ *Mrs. J. F. Low*
The Bass Rock O 26×48 *B. B. Macgeorge*

CATTERMOLE, GEORGE.
Death of the Baron W 11×16½ *Mrs. Keyden*
Divine Service W 12×20½ *James Orrock, R.I.*

CHALMERS, G. PAUL, R.S.A.
The Artist and his Master O 8×12 *Hugh Brown*
The Staircase, Links House, Montrose
O 28×21 *J. Forbes White, LL.D.*
Portrait of Miss White O 23×15
J. Forbes White, LL.D.
The End of the Harvest O 34×63
James H. Aitken
"He wales a portion wi' judeecious
care" O 10×14 *Leonard Gow*
The Pass of Leny O 31×44 *J. M. Houldsworth*
Girl Playing Guitar O 31×23 *Mrs. J. F. Low*
Portrait of John Bell, Esqr., Broughty
Ferry O 20×25 *Albert Inst., Dundee*
Early Morning O 14×10 *J. Forbes White, LL.D.*
Montrose O 10×14 *William Beattie*
Portrait of Josef Israels O 30×24
J. Forbes White LL.D.
Early Snow O 23×19 *R. Hope Robertson*
A Spate in Skye O 19×31 *Hugh Brown*
Mist and Rain, Sligachan O 19½×31½
James H. Aitken
Old Woman Knitting O 28×19½
James H. Aitken
Reflected Light O 12×9 *Sir William Arrol, M.P.*
A Rainy Day O 10×15½ *James H. Aitken*
Portrait O 38×26 *Sir J. Batty Tuke, M.P., M.D.*

CHAMBERS, GEORGE
Coast Scene W 8½×12
Corporation of Oldham

CHARLTON, JOHN
Placing the Guns O 63×48 *The Artist*

CHASSERIAU, THEODORE
Femme Maure allaitant un Enfant
O 8×6 *M. le Baron Chasseriau*
Othello and Desdemona O 9×7
M. le Baron Chasseriau
Esther O 17½×14½ *M. le Baron Chasseriau*

CHRISTIE, J. E.
The Pied Piper of Hamelin O 26½×36½
R. H. Brechin

CLARK, JOSEPH
The Sick Child O 21½×16½ *H. J. Turner*

CLAUSEN, GEORGE, A.R.A.
The Mowers O 38½×33 *Sharpley Bainbridge*
Going to Work O 23×19½ *George M'Culloch*
The Farmer's Boy O 29×21
Sharpley Bainbridge
Child Writing W 7×9½ *Boussod, Valadon & Co.*
Stormy Sunset (Pastel) W 9½×13½
Boussod, Valadon & Co.
Autumn Leaves (Pastel) W 9½×6
Boussod, Valadon & Co.
Old Billy (Pastel) W 9½×6½
Boussod, Valadon & Co.
A Wood in Winter (Pastel) W 9×8
Boussod, Valadon & Co.
Study of a Head (Pastel) W 9×6
Boussod, Valadon & Co.

COLE, VICAT, R.A.
Pangbourne O 34×59 *Robert Orr*

COLLIER, THOMAS, R.I.
Salt Creek, Aldborough W 9½×13½
A. T. Hollingsworth
A Cornfield W 9½×14 *A. T. Hollingsworth*

COLLINS, WILLIAM, R.A.
The Carriers' Halting Place O 14×11
Corporation of Wolverhampton
Cromer Sands O 26×36
Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish, Bart.

COLLINSON, JAMES
Portrait of Christina G. Rossetti
O 7×6 *William M. Rossetti*

CONSTABLE, JOHN, R.A.
Kenilworth O 27×35
Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool
Opening the Lock O 34×43
Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.

COOKE, E. W., R.A.
Off the Port of Havre O 53×70
James Kenyon, M.P.

COOPER, T. SIDNEY, R.A.
Evening in the Meadows (1900)
O 19½×29½ *The Artist*
Cattle in the Meadows (1833) O 46×59
The Rt. Hon. J. A. Campbell, M.P.

COPE, C. W., R.A.
Othello Relating his Adventures
O 42×52 *William Jessop*

CORBET, M. R.
Mountain, Field, and Flood O 50½×72
The Artist

COROT, J. B. C.
Spring O 21½×18 *George Coats*
Lake Scene O 22½×31½ *Mrs. Elder*
A French Chateau O 29½×38 *J. Anderson, Jun.*
The Goatherd O 23½×19 *Matthew Arthur*
In Arcadia O 35½×28 *A. P. Forrester Paton*
The Bather O 15½×23 *James Arthur*
Landscape O 19×25 *James Donald*
The Crayfisher O 40½×30 *James Donald*
Evening O 13×22½ *James Donald*
Evening Glow O 13×21½ *Alexander Young*

COROT, J. B. C.
The Ferry O 31×24 *James Coats*
The Bathers O 17½×25 *W. A. Coats*
L'Etang O 15½×21 *John Reid*
Don Quixote (an episode in his life) O 73×54 *James Cowan*
The Farm Pond O 17×22½ *P. M. Inglis*
Evening O 9×13½ *J. J. Cowan*
The Bent Tree O 19×23½ *Alexander Young*
Une Idylle, Rond des Enfants O 24½×38 *Archibald Coats*
Le Lac O 51×61 *Alexander Young*
Moonrise O 12×9 *W. A. Coats*
Trees and Pond O 19×23½ *A. T. Reid*

COSTA, G.
Near Porto D'Auza, Italy O 6×11 *J. L. M'Farlane*

COTMAN, J. S.
A Dutch Town O 34×27 *Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart., M.P.*

COURBET, G.
Fruit O 23×28 *James Arthur*
Fruit O 7×9½ *J. Forbes White, LL.D.*
Forest Scene O 31½×39 *J. Staat Forbes*
Pomegranates O 10½×13½ *Mrs. A. J. Kirkpatrick*
Fruit O 6½×14 *Robert Ramsey*

COUTURE, T.
Un Conventionnel O 24½×20½ *W. Burrell*
Head of a Lady O 24½×21 *William Leiper, R.S.A.*

COVENTRY, R. M. G., R.S.W.
A Dutch Bullock Cart O 17½×31½ *The Artist*
Tarbert W 6½×9½ *Dr. John M'Intyre*
A Busy Shore, Katwijk, Holland W 14½×21½ *A. Macmillan*

COX, DAVID
The Hayfield O 19×28½ *W. A. Watson-Armstrong*
Pont-y-pair O 18×24 *Corporation of Leicester*
Changing Pastures O 23½×33 *Alexander Henderson, M.P.*
Conway Bay O 30×42½ *Sir William Agnew, Bart.*
Rhyl Sands O 17×24 *C. J. Galloway*
Going to the Hayfield O 23×33 *Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.*
Tending Sheep O 12×17 *Corporation of Birmingham*
Welsh Landscape O 16×20 *Mrs. Keyden*
Waiting for the Ferry O 18×15 *Corporation of Birmingham*
Sheep Shearing O 10½×15 *Corporation of Birmingham*
The Way to the Hayfield O 13×17½ *Harris Museum, Preston*
Blackberry Gatherers W 25½×30 *Abel Buckley*
Bettws-y-coed Mill W 13½×19 *C. G. Beale*
Gleaning W 10½×14½ *Sir William Houldsworth, Bart., M.P.*
Landscape with Peasant on White Horse W 7×10½ *Alexander Webster*
Pont-y-pair, North Wales W 8×11 *Corporation of Manchester*

COX, DAVID.
Gipsies W 10½×14 *Sir William Houldsworth, Bart., M.P.*
Landscape W 10½×14 *Joseph Henderson, R.S.W.*
Skirts of the Forest W 22½×33 *R. D. Holt*
Hayfield W 13½×19½ *Abel Buckley*
Bolton Abbey W 8½×13½ *James Dunnachie*
Kenilworth W 10×14½ *C. G. Beale*
Bolton Abbey W 10×14 *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
Old Calais Pier W 23×33 *Abel Buckley*
The Skirts of the Forest W 25½×30 *Sir Wm. Houldsworth, Bart., M.P.*
Chatsworth W 10½×18½ *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
Stacking Hay W 8×11 *Mrs. C. E. Lees*
Old Pier Head, Liverpool W 7×10 *Whitworth Inst., Manchester*
Homestead W 7½×11 *Mrs. C. E. Lees*
Hayfield W 6½×9½ *Mrs. Keyden*
Valley of St. Asaph W 18×12 *B. B. Macgeorge*
Forest Scene and Castle W 14½×21 *Mrs. Keyden*

CRAWFORD, E. T., R.S.A.
The Bass Rock O 22×39 *Sir Wm. Arrol, M.P.*
On the Scheldt O 10×17 *David Tullis*

CRAWFORD, R. C.
Daughters of R. K. Holms-Kerr, Esq., O 78½×59 *R. K. Holms-Kerr*

CRAWHALL, JOSEPH
The Cockatoo W 19½×13½ *Wm. Burrell*
The Pigeon W 9×12 *Wm. Burrell*
The Black Cock W 14×18 *Wm. Burrell*
The Black Rabbit W 10×13 *George Burrell*

CRESWICK, T., R.A.
At Oakhampton, Devon O 26×35 *John Kennedy*

CROME, JOHN
Landscape with Abbey O 26×32 *Mrs. Keyden*
The Road to the Farm O 25×35 *A. P. Forrester Paton*

CRISTALL, JOSHUA
Loch Fyne, Argyllshire W 12×18 *Whitworth Inst., Manchester*

DA COSTA, JOHN
Lady in Black O 49×35½ *The Artist*

DAMOYE, P. E.
Moorland O 12½×23 *Sir James Bell, Bart.*

DAUBIGNY, C. F.
Drinking Place O 13½×23 *Alex. Young*
River Scene O 14½×26 *James Donald*
Evening O 13×23½ *George Coats*
Moonlight on the Oise O 15½×25½ *W. A. Coats*
River Scene O 12×28½ *James Mylne*
Sundown O 33×59 *Alex. Young*
Le Soir O 18×31½ *Archibald Coats*
Le Pardon O 13½×22 *John Nairn*

DAUMIER, HONORÉ
Don Quixote O 12×9½ *W. Burrell*
Bord de la Seine O 17½×21½ *T. G. Arthur*
La Blanchisseuse O 15×12 *Wm. Burrell*

DAVIDSON, A.
Harmony W 19 × 29½ *John Tullis*

DAVIS, H. W. B., R.A.
An April Afternoon O 27 × 60 *The Artist*

DAVIS, VAL, R.B.A.
June O 18½ × 29 *The Artist*

DAVIS, WILLIAM
Port Bannatyne O 25 × 19½ *W. Coltart*
Portrait of the Artist O 13 × 11 *T. Brocklebank*
Ploughing Match O 25 × 41 *Joseph Beausire*
A View near Hale O 12 × 19 *W. Coltart*

DEAN, S. L. R.
Neil Munro O 28 × 22½ *The Artist*

DECAMPS, A. G.
St. Jerome in the Wilderness O 17½ × 27 *James Donald*
The Knife Grinder O 8 × 8 *W. A. Coats*

DE HAAS, J. H.
Cattle O 38½ × 30½ *J. T. Tullis*
Cattle and Pasture O 12 × 16 *Andrew Myles*

DE MORGAN, MRS. EVELYN
Flora O 77 × 34 *Wm. Imrie*

DE NEUVILLE
The Defence of Rorke's Drift O 23 × 38½ *G. Colvin White*

DE NITTIS, J.
L'Arc de Triomphe O 20½ × 15½ *J. Glas Sandeman*

DENNISTOUN, W.
Church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, Rome W 18 × 10½ *Wm. Young, R.S.W.*

DE WINT, P.
Blackfriars Bridge, London W 8 × 12 *Mrs. George Holt*
Landscape—Neath Abbey W 16½ × 31 *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
River Scene W 11½ × 18 *J. Hamilton Houldsworth*
Sporting Dogs W 9½ × 26½ *Abel Buckley*
Carting Hay W 9 × 26½ *Abel Buckley*
The Stepping Stones W 8½ × 12½ *J. Agnew*
Meadow with Figures W 10½ × 16½ *Corporation of Manchester*
Snowdon W 13 × 16½ *James Dunnachie*
Harvest Field W 12 × 31 *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
Harvest Time W 11½ × 19 *Corporation of Oldham*

DIAZ, N. V.
In the Forest O 8½ × 14 *James Donald*
Flowers O 13½ × 10½ *James Donald*
Forest of Fontainebleau O 32½ × 43½ *Archibald Coats*
Early Summer—A Mythological Allegory O 13 × 10 *David Anderson*
L'Orage O 24 × 30 *Alex. Young*
The Chase O 13½ × 9 *Wm. Beattie*
Diane Chasseresse O 44 × 26 *J. N. Graham*

DICKSEE, FRANK, R.A.
The Passing of Arthur O 59 × 97 *S. G. Holland*

DILLON, FRANK, R.I.
The Two Memnons O 31 × 51 *The Artist*

DIXON, H.
Tiger Seeking Water W 19 × 29½ *Hon. Mrs. Claude Hamilton*

DOBSON, H. J., R.S.W.
The New Toy W 10 × 14 *Andrew Sharp*

DOBSON, W. C. T., A.R.A.
Mushroom Gatherer O 24 × 24 *Robert Ramsey*
The Bather W 24 × 18 *James Cowan*

DOCHARTY, A. B.
Evening O 23½ × 35½ *Mrs. John Morrison*

DOCHARTY, JAMES, A.R.S.A.
Cornfield, Banavie O 21 × 26 *Mrs. Docharty*
The Falls of the Garavalt O 33 × 26 *Thos. Downes*
Glenfalloch O 23½ × 35½ *W. A. Scott MacKirdy*
The Trossachs O 23 × 35 *Walter Brown*
Loch Lomond O 17½ × 35½ *Miss Robertson*
Pool on the Etive O 17½ × 23½ *R. H. Brechin*
Loch Etive O 35½ × 55½ *Fred. Elkington*

DOMINGO, F.
Overmatched O 4½ × 7 *Archibald Coats*

DONALD, J. MILNE
Loch Goil O 19 × 23 *David Tullis*
On the Kelvin O 32 × 49 *Hugh Brown*
Loch Lomond O 17 × 23½ *Wm. Babtie*
On the Kelvin O 20 × 34 *Sir Wm. Arrol, M.P.*
On the Kelvin O 29 × 46 *Wm. Gibson*
Springtime O 14 × 20 *A. K. Brown, R.S.A.*
The Deserter O 12 × 16 *D. Brodie Macleod*
Glenfalloch O 14 × 20 *James Cowan*
Glenfruin O 25½ × 35½ *Joseph Henderson, R.S.W.*
Highland Scene W 11 × 17½ *John H. Downes*

DOUGLAS, SIR W. FETTES, *P.*R.S.A.
The Curiosity Shop, Rome O 22 × 44 *John Wordie*
The Recusant's Concealment O 40 × 19½ *Mrs. L. Robertson*
Grandmother's Gown O 10 × 7½ *Mrs. J. Maclauchlan*
Fife Coast W 8 × 6 *Sir John Batty Tuke, M.D., M.P.*
The Forth at Culross W 4½ × 11 *Sir George Reid,* P.*R.S.A.*
Culross W 7½ × 5½ *Sir George Reid,* P.*R.S.A.*
Hartrigg House W 5 × 10½ *T. Hall Cooper*
Blackness Castle Garden W 8 × 10 *T. Hall Cooper*
On the Forth W 5½ × 11 *Sir John Batty Tuke, M.D., M.P.*

DOW, T. MILLIE, R.S.W.
The Kelpie O 63 × 44½ *The Artist*
Roses W 16½ × 20 *The Artist*
Moonlight (Pastel) 20 × 17 *The Artist*

DOWNIE, JOHN P.
The Mid-day Meal O 23½ × 19½ *Colonel R. J. Bennett*

E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

Professor Huxley

DOWNIE, PATRICK
The Old Harbour, Greenock O 29½ × 24½ *The Artist*

DRAPER, H. J.
Pot-Pourri O 21 × 26 *Clinton Dent*

DRUMMOND, JAMES, R.S.A.
The Reformer's House O 14 × 18 *G. Colvin White*
The Armourer O 36 × 30 *Henry M'Grady*

DU CHATTEL, F. J.
River Scene W 11½ × 18½ *John Tullis*

DUNCAN, E., R.S.W.
Shipwreck O 24 × 41 *Holbrook Gaskell*
The Wreck W 21½ × 30 *David Rowatt*
Coast Scene W 13 × 19½ *Mrs. J. F. Low*

DUPRÉ, JULES LOUIS
Seapiece with Boats O 12½ × 9 *R. Hope Robertson*
Point des Dunes O 28 × 36 *James Donald*

DYCE, WILLIAM, R.A.
Gethsemane O 16 × 12 *Mrs. G. Holt*
Portrait of the Artist's Son O 25 × 19½ *Mrs. Benson Rathbone*
The Flight into Egypt O 12 × 16 *Sir David Stewart*

EAST, ALFRED, A.R.A.
The May Moon O 39 × 60 *Right Hon. W. Kenrick*
The Manor Lane W 27 × 35 *J. S. Templeton*

ELLIS, EDWIN, R.I.
After a Three Days' Gale O 35 × 70 *Corporation of Nottingham*

ELMORE, A., R.A.
"An Evil Foreboding" O 38 × 28 *Robert Orr*

ETTY, WILLIAM, R.A.
Cupid and Psyche O 12 × 13½ *J. N. Graham*
Venus and Her Doves O 25 × 24 *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
The Hon. Mrs. Norton O 17 × 13½ *Sir J. Stirling-Maxwell, Bart.*
Cupid and Psyche O 27½ × 20½ *W. H. Lever*

EWBANK, J., R.S.A.
Shields Harbour (Early Morning) O 40 × 64½ *Sir Chas. Tennant, Bart.*

FAED, JOHN, R.S.A.
Faith and Reason O 43½ × 32½ *James Hume*

FAED, TOM, R.A.
Auld Robin Gray O 37 × 28 *Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield*
Squire's Visit to Village School O 12 × 15 *Sir T. Glen Coats, Bart.*
The Poor, the Poor Man's Friend O 37 × 53 *Duke of Montrose*
The Reaper O 31 × 23 *Thos. Mason*
When the Day is Done O 46 × 59 *J. Hamilton Houldsworth*

FANTIN-LATOUR, J. H. J.
Flowers O 16 × 14 *A. T. Reid*

FARQUHARSON, DAVID, A.R.S.A.
Haymakers O 23½ × 35½ *A. M. Ogston*

FARQUHARSON, JOSEPH, A.R.A.
A Weary Waste of Snow O 47 × 70½ *Corporation of Manchester*

FERRIER, GEO. STRATTON, R.S.W.
Afterglow W 33 × 23½ *The Artist*

FIELDING, COPLEY
Sunset O 24 × 29 *Joseph Beausire*
Windermere W 6 × 9½ *James Dunnachie*
Landscape with Cattle W 11½ × 17 *Sir Wm. Houldsworth, Bart., M.P.*
Byland Abbey W 6½ × 10 *Sir John C. Holder, Bart.*
Shore Scene with Fishermen and Boats W 8 × 11½ *Corporation of Manchester*
Cintra W 21 × 29½ *B. B. Macgeorge*
Raby Castle W 20½ × 30 *Mrs. C. Lees*
Bridlington Pier W 11½ × 18 *Sir Wm. Houldsworth, Bart., M.P.*

FILDES, LUKE, R.A.
The Village Wedding O 58 × 97½ *Edward Brook*

FINN, HERBERT J.
West View, Lincoln Cathedral W 30½ × 39 *Sharpley Bainbridge*

FIRLÉ, PROF. W.
Ein Feste Burg. etc. (Luther's Hymn) O 38 × 65 *Merton Russell Cotes*

FISHER, MARK, R.I.
Pastoral O 27½ × 35½ *Alexander Simpson*
Pond and Willows O 33 × 47 *The Artist*

FORBES, MRS. STANHOPE, A.R.W.S.
Will o' the Wisp (3 panels) O { 36 × 12 / 36 × 23½ / 36 × 12 } *The Artist*

FORBES, STANHOPE A., A.R.A.
Christmas Eve O 70½ × 53½ *The Artist*

FORD, R. O.
The End of the Day O 45 × 28½ *The Artist*

FORD, W. O.
Portrait of E. Onslow Ford, R.A. O 23½ × 16 *The Artist*

FORTUNY, MARIANO
On Guard W 17½ × 12 *Alexander Rose*

FOSTER, BIRKET, R.W.S.
The Old Curiosity Shop W 12½ × 17½ *Sharpley Bainbridge*
Coast Scene W 7 × 10 *S. M. Low*
The Haymakers W 20½ × 32 *Sharpley Bainbridge*

FOWLER, ROBERT, R.I.
Mutual Curiosity O 49 × 36 *A. M. M'Culloch*

FRASER, ALEX., R.S.A.
On the Avon O 24½ × 47 *Jas. Campbell*
Salmon Cruives (N. Wales) O 40 × 59 *D. Brodie Macleod*
Harvest Scene O 9 × 14 *John Ferguson*
Dunderawe Castle O 27 × 40 *Mrs. R. J. Bennett*
Craignethan O 12 × 18 *Mrs. Docharty*
At Barncluith O 18 × 24 *John Inglis, LL.D.*

FRASER, ALEX., R.S.A.
Among the Surrey Hills O 29×43 *Joseph Agnew*
Lichfield O 14×23 *J. G. Dunlop*
Green Barley O 13×18 *James Lindsay*
Landscape O 27×35 *David Rowatt*
Panby Mill O 39×25 *John Kennedy*
Margin of the Forest O 24×48 *Robert Ramsey*
On the Avon, Warwickshire O 25×47 *Wm. Gibson*
Lanercost Abbey O 15½×23½ *Joseph Agnew*
Tarbert W 9½×13½ *D. Brodie Macleod*
Craigmillar Castle W 13½×9½ *Walter Brown*

FRASER, ALEX., A.R.S.A.
"The Great Unknown" O 30×42 *Sir Wm. Arrol, M.P.*

FRERE, ED.
The Dinner Hour W 10½×7½ *Mrs. Johnstone*
Woman Sewing W 14½×11 *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
Domestic Scene O 18×14½ *James Donald*
A Wet Day O 15½×12 *Jos. Agnew*
Winter's Snow O 15½×12½ *Jos. Agnew*
Snow Scene at Fontainebleau O 14×18 *Robert Orr*
The Slide O 12×15½ *John Reid*
The Schoolboy O 9½×7 *James Arthur*

FRIPP, GEO., R.W.S.
Rievaulx Abbey W 12½×17½ *James Dunnachie*

FRITH, W. P., R.A.
The Railway Station O 16½×35½ *Corporation of Leicester*

FULTON, DAVID, R.S.W.
Autumn Sunshine O 39½×32½ *The Artist*

GAULD, DAVID
Ayrshire Calves O 23×35 *Alex. Plant*

GAVIN, ROBERT, R.S.A.
The Drinking Trough O 35½×23 *J. Somerville*
An Eastern Scene O 27×34 *Wm. Gibson*

GÈRICAULT, J. L.
Horse O 12×15½ *Wm. Burrell*

GEROME, J. L.
An Eastern Girl O 22×18½ *T. G. Arthur*
An Eastern Girl O 20×16 *Geo. M'Culloch*

GIBB, ROBERT, R.S.A.
Alma: "Advance, Forty-Second" O 50½×85 *Archibald Ramsden*

GILBERT, J. GRAHAM, R.S.A.
Portrait of Sir J. A. Campbell of Stracathro O 49×39 *Rt. Hon. J. A. Campbell, M.P.*
Portrait of Mrs. Connal O 49×39 *Wm. Connal*

GILBERT, SIR JOHN, R.A.
The Morning of the Battle of Agincourt O 48×68 *Corporation of London*
Ego et Rex Meus O 62×50 *Corporation of London*

GILBERT, SIR JOHN, R.A.
The Pedlar W 6×8½ *Robert D. Holt*
The Ford W 19×26 *Corporation of Manchester*
The Witch W 23×35 *Corporation of London*
Don Quixote being Disarmed W 25½×36½ *Jesse Haworth*

GILLIES, W. G.
Portrait O 35½×27½ *The Artist*

GIRTIN, THOS.
Julian's Baths, Paris W 12×9½ *Whitworth Inst., Manchester*
Durham from the Wear W 16×21 *Whitworth Inst., Manchester*
The Owl's Bridge W 12½×20½ *Whitworth Inst., Manchester*
Rievaulx Abbey W 12×18½ *Mrs. C. E. Lees*
An Old Abbey W 12×18 *James Orrock, R.I.*

GLAZEBROOK, H. DE T.
Mrs. Chapman O 43½×33½ *The Artist*

GOODWIN, ALBERT, R.W.S.
Sinbad entering the Cavern O 39×56 *Trustees, Maidstone Museum*
The Unveiling of the Rhigi W 9½×13½ *C. T. Harris*
Hastings W 10½×15. *C. T. Harris*

GORDON, SIR J. WATSON, *P.*R.S.A.
Portrait of David Cox O 49×39 *Midland Institute*
Portrait of Roderick Gray O 40×50 *Merchant Company, Edinburgh*

GOTCH, T. C., A.R.A.
The Awakening O 52½×70½ *The Artist*

GOW, A. C., R.A.
The Queen's Diamond Jubilee: at St. Paul's O 55×94 *Corporation of London*
The Waiting for Prince Charlie O 23½×35½ *James Ogston*

GRAHAM, PETER, R.A.
Mist on the Hills O 19½×29½ *Mrs. L. Robertson*
Along the Cliffs O 32×41½ *Mrs. Elder*
Wandering Shadows O 52½×70 *Robert Orr*
On the Way to the Cattle Tryst O 49×69 *Wm. Jessop*
Moorland Mists O 47×71 *Sir W. O. Dalgleish*
Crossing the Stream O 46½×70 *Robert English*

GRAHAM, TOM, H.R.S.A.
The Passing Salute O 23×35 *Wm. Gibson*
Tyneside O 28×48 *The Artist*

GREGORY, E. J., R.A., *P.*R.I.
"Is it a Mouse?" O 8×10 *C. J. Galloway*
Casa d'Oro O 9½×6 *C. J. Galloway*
Boulter's Lock (on the Thames) O 83×55 *C. J. Galloway*
St. George W 25½×22 *C. J. Galloway*
Peveril Point W 10½×14½ *C. J. Galloway*
An Idyll W 14½×9 *C. J. Galloway*
Last Touches W 22×16½ *C. J. Galloway*

GREGORY, E. J., R.A., *P.*R.I.
The Artist's Studio W 7½ × 6½ *C. J. Galloway*
Overtures for Peace W 5½ × 8½ *C. J. Galloway*
The Student's Visitor W 14 × 10 *C. J. Galloway*
A Look at the Model W 10 × 14 *C. J. Galloway*
"'Tween the Acts" W 14½ × 10½ *C. J. Galloway*
Miss Galloway O 59½ × 43½ *C. J. Galloway*

GRIEFFENHAGEN, MAURICE
"The Sons of God saw the Daughters of Men" O 49½ × 47½ *The Artist*

GRIER, E. W.
Miss Mabel Cawthra O 66 × 56 *Mrs. Adamson*

GUIS, A.
The Standard Bearer O 10 × 6 *James Cowan*

GUTHRIE, JAMES, R.S.A.
Mrs. Guthrie O 35 × 27 *The Artist*
Major Richard Hotchkis O 32½ × 24½ *Major Richard Hotchkis*
Afternoon Tea (Pastel) 28 × 21½ *Jas. Gardiner*
Evening—Helensburgh (Pastel) 18½ × 16 *H. H. Smiley*
The Rope Walk (Pastel) 24½ × 19½ *Jas. Gardiner*

HACKER, ARTHUR, A.R.A.
Musicienne du Silence O 39 × 49½ *The Artist*

HAGHE, LOUIS, R.W.S.
Fish Market W 10½ × 8 *James Dunnachie*

HALL, F.
The Harvest Moon (George Mason) W 12½ × 34 *J. L. Macfarlane*

HALL, OLIVER, R.E.
Littlehampton O 15½ × 23½ *C. G. Oakey*

HALLÉ, C. E.
Fleeting Beauty O 43½ × 33 *W. E. Gilmour*

HALSWELLE, KEELEY, A.R.S.A.
Barges on the Thames O 29 × 50½ *Whitworth Inst., Manchester*

HAMILTON, J. WHITELAW, R.S.W.
By the North Sea O 29½ × 39½ *The Artist*

HARCOURT, GEORGE
Dawn O 27 × 35 *The Artist*

HARDIE, C. MARTIN, R.S.A.
An Unrecorded Coronation O 41½ × 61 *Rev. G. S. Mackay, M.A.*

HARDING, J. D.
Tivoli W 4½ × 7 *Andrew Bain*

HARLAMOFF, A.
The Flower Sellers O 28 × 40 *M. Arthur*
The Picture Book O 30½ × 25 *Robert Orr*

HARPIGNIES, H. J.
Twilight—Landscape W 10½ × 17 *John Wordie*
Evening W 14 × 20½ *Mrs. Laurence Robertson*
Windy Day W 8 × 10½ *Robert Ramsey*
Solitude O 25 × 31 *P. Paisley*

HARRIS, ROBERT, *P.*R.C.A.
Mrs. Porteous and Children O 45 × 36 *C. E. L. Porteous*

HARTRICK, MRS., R.S.W.
Summer (July) W 13 × 7½ *Sir F. Powell, P.R.S.W.*

HARVEY, SIR GEORGE, *P.*R.S.A.
"We twa hae paidl'd in the Burn" O 21 × 27 *Hugh Brown*
The Curlers O 14½ × 30 *Sir Chas. Tennant, Bart.*
"We twa hae ran aboot the Braes" O 23 × 29 *James Brechin*
Inverarnan—Head of Loch Lomond O 29 × 70 *Hugo Knoblauch*
Venice W 14 × 10 *Miss Harvey*

HAY, GEORGE, R.S.A.
The Haunted Chamber O 25 × 37 *Mrs. Mather*

HAY, T. MARJORIBANKS, R.S.W.
A Highland Glen W 21½ × 29 *J. Millar Thomson*
St. Abbs W 13½ × 20 *John Macrorie*

HAYES, EDWIN, R.I.
Rough Weather O 51½ × 40½ *Seth Taylor*
Alone on the Wide, Wide Sea O 39 × 49 *The Artist*

HEMY, C. NAPIER, A.R.A.
Crabs and Crayfish O 19½ × 29½ *G. Beatson Blair*

HENDERSON, JAMES
At the Well O 29½ × 19½ *Joseph Henderson*

HENDERSON, J. MORRIS
A Woodland Stream O 27 × 35 *The Artist*

HENDERSON, JOHN
Sir Fitzroy Donald MacLean, Bart., C.B., Chief of the Clan O 59 × 39 *Sir F. Donald MacLean, Bart.*

HENDERSON, JOSEPH, R.S.W.
Charles S. Dickson, M.P., Solicitor-General for Scotland O 65 × 43 *Charles S. Dickson, M.P.*
A Fresh Breeze O 27½ × 43 *The Artist*

HENRY, GEORGE, A.R.S.A.
Muriel, daughter of Bailie Cleland, Senior Magistrate of City of Glasgow O 59⅛ × 35½ *C. J. Cleland*
Symphony O 31 × 38½ *Thomas Dunlop*
The Feather Boa W 23½ × 15½ *A. C. Whyte*
Japanese Baby W 13½ × 9½ *John P. Kinghorn*
The Koto Player W 27 × 18½ *R. Barclay Shaw*

HERDMAN, R., R.S.A.
The Four Maries O 29 × 38 *Mrs. Polson*
After the Battle O 15 × 24 *Mrs. Mather*
Christ and Martha O 20 × 15 *D. S. Cargill*
Jeanie and Effie Deans O 9½ × 14 *James Hume*
At the Festa O 40 × 31½ *C. R. Dubs*
Loch Ranza—Evening W 9 × 14½ *John Robertson*
The Trysting Place W 10 × 7 *James Wilson*

HERDMAN, R., R.S.A.
Garden Pickings W 5 × 12 *Thos. Kirkpatrick*
Beyond the Shadow W 12 × 15½ *Mrs. A. G. Macdonald*
A Greek Maiden W 12½ × 8½ *Mrs. Laurence Robertson*

HERKOMER, PROF. H. VON, R.A.
"The Old Guards Cheer" O 115 × 74 *Fine Art Society, London*
Portrait of John Ruskin W 27½ × 18½ *The Artist*
The Poacher's Fate W 13½ × 10½ *Mrs. Sophie D. Fry*

HERRING, J. F.
Horses O 32 × 32 *Wm. Jessop*

HERVIER, L.
Fishermen's Homes W 17 × 12 *John Wordie*
French Farmyard O 12 × 15½ *R. Hope Robertson*
Interior O 12½ × 9½ *J. Gardiner*

HICKS, G. E.
Mother and Child O 35½ × 27½ *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*

HOLE, WILLIAM, R.S.A.
Canterbury Pilgrims O 20½ × 41½ *The Artist*

HOLL, FRANK, R.A.
The Wayside Rest O 15 × 19 *Wm. Gibson*
The Seamstresses O 18 × 25 *Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.*
"Better a Dinner of Herbs" O 38 × 36 *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*

HOLLAND, JAMES
Herne Bay O 27 × 35 *W. Coltart*
Venice O 12 × 12 *James Donald*
Venice O 12 × 12 *James Donald*
Venetian Scene O 10 × 10 *James Cowan*
The Grand Canal, Venice O 11 × 14½ *Edmund Pullar*
Venice O 22 × 16 *Holbrook Gaskell*
The Colleoni Monument, Venice O 39 × 49 *Fred. Elkington*
Canal in Venice W 12½ × 9 *Mrs. Keyden*
Canal Scene, Venice W 13 × 20 *Corporation of Manchester*
Cathedral Interior W 18 × 14½ *Wm. Gibson*
In Venice W 13½ × 20 *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
The Rialto, Venice W 14 × 19 *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
Venice, Grand Canal 15 × 21 *C. G. Beale*

HOOK, J. C., R.A.
Trawlers O 27 × 41½ *Messrs. A. & F. Pears*
The Wily Anglers O 38 × 42½ *Abel Buckley*
"Little to Earn and Many to Keep" O 35½ × 53½ *Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish, Bart.*
The Return of Torello O 34½ × 48 *Albert Wood*

HOPPNER, J., R.A.
The Duchess of Rutland O 49 × 39 *W. H. Lever*
Lady Willoughby de Eresby O 84 × 55 *Right Hon. Earl of Ancaster*
Portrait of Emma Lyon or Hart O 30 × 24 *Wm. Connal*

HORNEL, E. A.
Maytime O 59 × 47 *The Artist*

HORSLEY, J. C., R.A.
"Checkmate next Move" O 32½ × 46½ *Wm. Jessop*

HOUGHTON, A. B.
Mrs. A. B. Houghton and Children O 10 × 12 *Mrs. Davis*
The Dream of the Sheik W 29½ × 23½ *W. S. Caine, M.P.*
Hiawatha and Minnehaha W 29½ × 41½ *W. S. Caine, M.P.*

HOUSTON, GEORGE
Sands of Iona O 17 × 23½ *J. Murray Smith*

HUGENHOLTZ, A.
Making Nets W 26½ × 19 *Hugh Pollock*
Feeding Baby W 20 × 15 *Hugh Pollock*

HUGGINS, WILLIAM
Donkey O 32 × 25½ *Albert Wood*

HUNT, A. W., R.W.S.
Morning Mists, Loch Maree O 41½ × 71 *Humphrey Roberts*
Sea Fret over Dunstanboro' O 29 × 47 *W. S. Caine, M.P.*
The "Crazy Jane," Whitby W 18½ × 29½ *Humphrey Roberts*
Naples—"A Land of Smouldering Fire" W 19 × 29½ *Humphrey Roberts*
Going Nutting W 15 × 21 *Mrs. Margaret Hunt*
Moel Siabod W 19½ × 29½ *W. S. Caine, M.P.*
Katz Castle, on the Rhine W 10½ × 14½ *W. S. Caine, M.P.*

HUNT, THOMAS, R.S.W.
A Village Horse Fair O 33½ × 54½ *Mrs. D. E. Outram*

HUNT, W. HOLMAN
The Awakening Conscience O 30 × 22 *Sir A. H. Fairbairn, Bart.*
The Strayed Sheep O 17 × 23 *G. Lillie Craik*
Claudio and Isabella O 29½ × 16½ *Mrs. Ashton*
Christ in the Temple O 17½ × 27½ *Mrs. George Holt*
Sir Richard Owen, K.C.B. O 34½ × 27 *The Artist*

HUNT, WILLIAM
Jar of Roses W 11½ × 8½ *Abel Buckley*
Primroses W 7½ × 11 *Robert Orr*
The Turnip Lantern W 13 × 9 *Corporation of Leicester*
Ripe and Unripe Plums W 5½ × 9 *Corporation of Preston*
Puzzled W 13 × 8½ *Corporation of Leicester*
Grapes and Apples W 6½ × 10 *Robert Orr*
A Scrub W 13 × 9½ *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
Devotions W 8 × 12 *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
Peasant Woman Resting W 12½ × 15 *Mrs. Keyden*

HUNTER, COLIN
London from the Tower Bridge O 37 × 109 *Sir Donald Currie, G.C.M.G.*

HUNTER, J. YOUNG
Judith Shakespeare O 46 × 73 *The Artist*

HURT, LOUIS B.
Mountain and Loch, Ross-shire O 50×39 *Merton Russell Cotes*

HUTCHESON, R. GEMMELL, A.R.S.A.
"Bairnies, Cuddle Doon" O 41×38 *The Artist*

ISABEY, E.
Fecamp, Normandy O 10½×14½ *R. H. Brechin*
Night Trawlers O 23×36½ *Sir James Bell, Bart.*
Rescued! O 24½×34½ *Alex. Rose*

ISRAELS, JOSEF
La Grande Soeur W 14½×19½ *Edmund Pullar*
Morning W 17×28 *Alexander Rose*
"Ici On" W 14×7 *Joseph Agnew*
The Little Mother W 11½×16 *J. Forbes White, LL.D.*
Meditation W 8½×5 *James Cowan*
The Grandfather W 26×17½ *James Arthur*
Cottage Interior W 10×13 *John Wordie*
Fisher Folk, Brother and Bairns W 12×8 *Corporation of Glasgow*
The Reaper W 13½×9½ *John Reid*
Waiting for the Boats W 9½×13 *John Reid*
Evening W 16½×28 *Alexander Rose*
Coming Home W 7½×9½ *Mrs. Johnstone*
Shepherd and his Flock O 37×52 *Alex. Young*
The Happy Family O 15×22 *James Donald*
The Frugal Meal (Le Diner) O 18½×27 *A. P. Forrester Paton*
Woman Sewing O 32½×22 *Alex. Young*
The Anxious Family O 22×27 *J. Forbes White, LL.D.*
The Net Menders O 14×22 *Edmund Pullar*
Shepherd Boy O 9×5½ *J. Forbes White, LL.D.*

JACOMB-HOOD, J. P.
Nurse at Children's Hospital O 72×36 *The Artist*

JACQUES, C.
The Return of the Flock O 20½×25 *Jas. Mylne*
Shepherd and Sheep O 17½×26 *John Kirkhope*
Sheep and Sunlight O 16½×26½ *Alex. Young*
Shepherdess and Sheep O 32×25½ *J. Somerville*
Sheep O 31×25 *Alex. Rose*
Interior with Figures O 9×12 *Andrew Bain*
Entering the Sheepfold O 25×31 *David Anderson*
When the Day's Work is Done O 26×21½ *W. Gibson*
Sheep O 14×19 *Sir T. Glen Coats, Bart.*

JOHNSON, C. E., R.I.
The Last Days of Autumn O 43×34 *The Artist*

JOHNSTONE, G. W., R.S.A.
A Frosty Morning O 24×36 *John Mathewson*

JONGKIND, J. B.
Coasting Vessel in Harbour O 9×12 *W. A. Coats*
Street in Paris O 12×16 *Wm. Burrell*

JOY, G. W.
The Bayswater Omnibus O 48×68 *The Artist*

JUNGMANN, NICO
Idle Moments W 18×11 *P. M. Inglis*
The Tulip Field W 14×18½ *J. Carfrae Alston*

KAULBACH, WILHELM
Portrait of a Lady O 30½×25 *J. Staat Forbes*

KAY, ARCHIBALD, R.S.W.
Moonlight Pastoral O 29½×24½ *The Artist*

KAY, JAMES, R.S.W.
The Bathing Parade, Etretat O 23×35 *A. B. Kirkpatrick*

KEISEL, C.
Meditation O 35×22 *G. Colvin White*

KENNAWAY, C. G.
Madge O 23×19½ *The Artist*

KENNEDY, WILLIAM
Artillery in Action O 29½×39½ *The Artist*

KERR, H. W., A.R.S.A.
Old Age W 23½×17 *The Artist*
A Quiet Whiff W 19×16 *Wm. Perry*

KNAUS, L.
The Beggar Boy O 30½×20½ *J. Staat Forbes*

LAING, JAMES G., R.S.W.
King's Lynn, Norfolk W 19½×29½ *H. J. Younger*
Cawdor Castle W 29×21½ *Robt. J. Dunlop*

LAING, MRS. J. G.
The Lady Sybil O 29½×22 *The Artist*

LANGLEY, WALTER, R.I.
A Day that is Dead W 21½×11 *Misses Bunce*
The Waif W 26×34½ *J. S. Templeton*

LANDSEER, SIR E., R.A.
Children of the Mist O 24×20 *Jesse Haworth*
Bolton Abbey. O 10×14 *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
Her Majesty Queen Victoria at Windsor 37×28 *Corporation of Wolverhampton*
On the Tilt, Perthshire O 10×13 *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
A Fallen Monarch O 68½×104 *Sir Wm. Agnew, Bart.*
Waiting for the Load (Pastel) 10×19½ *Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish, Bart.*

LA THANGUE, H. H., A.R.A.
A Little Holding O 41½×33 *Jas. Murray*

LAUDER, C. J., R.S.W.
The King's Bedroom, Hampton Court W 10×14 *A. K. Brown, A.R.S.A.*

LAUDER, R. SCOTT, R.S.A.
The Glee Maiden O 52×40 *Trustees of the late R. Barclay*
Christ Teaching Humility O 12×22 *Mrs. Johnstone*

LAVERY, JOHN, R.S.A.
The Croquet Party O 35×70 *Stewart Clark*
Portrait of a Lady O 70½×35 *Wm. Burrell*

LAWRENCE, SIR T., *P.*R.A.
Nature O 17½×17½ *J. W. Harrison*
Lady and Child O 33×33 *Sir T. Glen Coats, Bart.*
The Duke of Wellington O 49×39 *V. T. Lewis*

LAWSON, CECIL
Landscape O 19½×23 *Mrs. L. Robertson*
Landscape O 12×14 *R. Hope Robertson*
The Windmill O 23×13 *Jas. Cowan*
Don Saltero's Walk, Chelsea O 19½×23½ *Mrs. A. J. Kirkpatrick*
Evening Clouds W 11×17½ *Alex. Rose*

LEADER, B. W., R.A.
A Surrey Sandpit O 35×55 *H. Stanley Smith*

LEES, CHARLES, R.S.A.
Curlers on Duddingston Loch O 25×53 *Patrick Blair*

LEIGHTON, E. BLAIR
"Where there's a Will there's a Way" O 35×33½ *Merton Russell Cotes*

LEIGHTON, LORD, *P.*R.A.
Teresina O 13½×9½ *T. Craig Brown*
An Arcadian Shepherd O 24×20 *G. Colvin White*
Hercules Wrestling with Death *Right Hon. Sir B. Samuelson, Bart.*
The Bather O 28×15½ *E. Onslow Ford*
Perseus and Andromeda O (original sketch) 11½×6 *Merton Russell Cotes*

LEITCH, W. L.
Villa Lucullus O 30×38 *David Rowatt*
Highland Landscape W 5½×10½ *B. B. Macgeorge*
On Loch Fyne W 5×8½ *Corporation of Glasgow*
Priests at Prayer W 5×3½ *Corporation of Glasgow*
Cottage at Houston W 9½×11½ *Miss Smellie*
Windsor W 10×14 *W. G. Blackie*

LENBACH, F. VON
Emperor William I. O 40½×30½ *J. Staat Forbes*

LEPINE, S. V. E.
Trocadero O 14×21 *M. Durand-Ruel*
Parisian Suburbs O 12×8½ *Joseph Henderson, R.S.W.*

LESLIE, G. D., R.A.
The Fountain O 41×27½ *Right Hon. W. Kenrick*
School Revisited O 39½×73½ *J. H. Houldsworth*

LESSORE, JULES
Rouen Harbour W 13½×19½ *Robert Ramsey*
A Bit of Old Paris W 6½×10 *William Morris*
Rouen W 13½×19½ *Hugh Pollock*

LEWIS, J. F., R.A.
Coptic Patriarch's House, Cairo O 44×43 *Holbrook Gaskell*
The Harem O 34×45 *Joseph Horton*
The Bouquet O 12×7½ *T. H. Miller*
The Coffee Bearer O 12×8 *T. H. Miller*
A Study W 12×20 *John Brett, A.R.A.*
A Study W 14½×20½ *John Brett, A.R.A.*

LEYDE, OTTO, R.S.A.
Portrait of a Lady O 50×40 *Mrs. L. Robertson*
Crail W 6×14 *John Paton*

L'HERMITTE, L.
Harvesters O 12½×18 *Geo. M'Culloch*
A Flood O 16½×25 *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*

LINDNER, MOFFAT P.
Evening Glow—Dordrecht O 25½×35½ *The Artist*

LINNELL, JOHN
The Hollow Tree O 41×58 *Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish, Bart.*
Portrait of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. O 33×50 *Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.*
Winding the Skein O 33×57 *Jas. Coats*
The Vale of Dolwyddelan O 14×23 *Harris Museum, Preston*
Welsh Drovers Crossing a Common O 15½×23 *Abel Buckley*
Woodland Scene O 27×35 *R. D. Holt*
The Golden Bough O 12×17 *Mrs. L. Robertson*
Shepherd with Sheep W 9×11 *James Dunnachie*

LINTON, SIR J. D., R.I.
Love, the Conqueror W 25×39½ *F. Nettlefold*

LITTLE, ROBERT, R.W.S.
"The Redcrosse Knight" (Spenser) W 22×26½ *The Artist*
On the Tiber W 16×20½ *Lady Darling*

LOCHHEAD, J.
By Quiet Waters. O 23½×35½ *R. Payton Reid, A.R.S.A.*

LOCKHART, W. E., R.S.A.
The Bolero: a Question of Propriety O 24½×33 *Mrs. Polson*
Don Quixote at the Puppet Show O 35½×70 *J. Glas Sandeman*
Newhaven Pier W 13½×19½ *Hugh Pollock*
The Jackdaw of Rheims W 27½×18½ *Mrs. Margaret C. Kerr*
Cordova W 13½×21½ *P. S. Brown*
Church—Interior W 15×21 *John H. Downes*
Corn Market, Granada W 9½×12 *Miss Kidston*

LORIMER, J. H., R.S.A.
The Ordination of Elders O 43×55 *E. Bainbridge, M.P.*

LOUDAN, M.
Butterflies O 51×42 *Mrs. H. Bates*

LUCAS, SEYMOUR, R.A.
Waiting for the Duke of Guise O 55½×35½ *R. P. Cooper*

M'ADAM, W., R.S.W.
Meadowland O 24×29 *William M'Adam*

M'BETH, NORMAN, R.S.A.
Grandmother O 23×18 *P. M. Inglis*

MACBETH, R. W., R.S.A.
In a Somerset Cider Mill O 36½×55 *Sir W. H. Wills*
A Norfolk Ferry W 8½×16 *C. T. Harris*
The Evening Hour W 6×9½ *Mrs. James Muir*
Lady Bountiful W 6×10 *Sir Francis Powell, P.R.S.W.*

MACBRIDE, ALEX., R.I.
On the Ouse at King's Lynn W 13×20½ *William Foster*
Early Spring W 23½×15½ *Mrs. J. Wright Robb*

M'BRIDE, WILLIAM
A Pastoral O 20×26½ *The Artist*

M'CALLUM, HAMILTON, R.I.
Haymaking in the Highlands O 19½×39½ *James Donald*
Burning Seaweed W 19½×35½ *D. Brodie Macleod*
Eel Catchers at Leyden W 14×30 *Andrew Sharp*

M'CULLOCH, H., R.S.A.
Glencoe O 28×38½ *Andrew T. Reid*
Mill on the Irvine Water *Jas. Coats*
Loch Awe O 41×65 *Lady Macnee*
Loch Achray O 16×24 *Lady Macnee*
A Glade in the Trossachs O 19×29 *Walter Brown*
Highland Landscape O 20×29 *Andrew Myles*
Kilchurn Castle O 44×70 *R. J. Jamieson*
Landscape W 7×9½ *Walter Maclean*
Woodland Landscape W 6½×9½ *Corporation of Glasgow*
Woodland Landscape W 6×9 *Corporation of Glasgow*
Highland Scene W 6½×9½ *Mrs. Johnstone*

M'EWAN, TOM, R.S.W.
In Time o' War O 24½×29½ *William Wallace*
Fancy's Flight O 13½×10½ *R. H. Brechin*

MACGEORGE, W. R., A.R.S.A.
A Border Ballad O 27×35½ *A. F. Roberts*

M'GHIE, JOHN
Cinderella O 28½×24 *L. R. Lamont*

M'GREGOR, ROBERT, R.S.A.
Floating O 52×76½ *R. R. Paterson*

M'KAY, W. D., R.S.A.
Luffness Links O 33½×49 *A. F. Roberts*
Pool on the Ail Water O 19×32½ *T. H. Cooper*

MACKELLAR, DUNCAN, R.S.W.
Albert Lee before Cromwell O 19½×29½ *Quintin Galbraith*
A Quartette W 15½×24½ *P. M. Inglis*

M'LAREN, WALTER
Lingering O 43½×50½ *J. L. M'Farlane*

M'LAUCHLAN, T. HOPE
The Isles of the Sea O 27×49 *Corporation of London*
A Shepherdess W 21½×27 *Corporation of London*

M'LAURIN, DUNCAN, R.S.W.
Highland Cattle and Birch Trees O 36×27½ *Miss Kidston*

MACLEAY, K., A.R.S.A.
Macbeth and the Witches O 11×14 *D. S. Cargill*

MACNEE, SIR DANIEL, P.R.S.A.
Rev. Dr. Wardlaw O 82×57 *Managers, Elgin Place Church*
Lady in Grey O 50×40 *Lady Macnee*

M'NICOL, BESSIE
Apple Blossom O 23×19½ *The Artist*

M'TAGGART, WILLIAM, R.S.A.
Over the Harbour Bar O 39½×49½ *W. Gibson*
April Snow O 35×54½ *J. Lindsay*
"Willie Baird" O 24½×29½ *John Paton*
The Storm O 31½×51 *Joseph Henderson, R.S.W.*
When the Boats Come in O 21½×31½ *A. F. Roberts*
Bathers W 13½×20½ *W. Forrest Salmon*
A Westerly Breeze W 13×20 *M. Hope Paterson*
Near the Mull of Cantyre W 13½×20½ *Chas. Lodder*
Ebb Tide W 13½×21½ *M. Hope Paterson*
"Where the Burnie runs to the Sea" W 20½×30 *Alex. F. Roberts*

M'WHIRTER, JOHN, R.A.
The Arch of Titus O 31×25½ *Jas. Dunnachie*

MANET, E.
"Au Cafe" (Pastel) 12×17 *Arthur Kay*
Girl's Head O 16×16 *Wm. Burrell*

MANN, ALEXANDER
"'Twixt the Gloaming and the Mirk" O 35×35 *The Artist*

MANN, HARRINGTON
The Marquis of Graham O 75×39 *Duke of Montrose, K.T.*

MANSON, GEORGE
Devotion W 10×7 *J. Auldjo Jamieson*
La Normandie W 10½×8½ *Mrs. J. F. Low*
Distant View of St. Low W 9½×7 *W. D. M'Kay, R.S.A.*
High School Wynd, Edinburgh W 12½×9½ *Wm. M'Ewan*
The Cowgate W 12×9 *John Kirkhope*
Head of a Gipsy Woman W 7½×6½ *Alex. F. Roberts*
An Old Pensioner W 9×7 *A. F. Roberts*
Waiting for the Boats W 10½×7½ *Walter Houldsworth*
A Maid of Tweedside W 10×5 *Mrs. J. F. Low*
Head of a Celt W 5×5 *T. J. S. Roberts*

MANSON, GEORGE
Child with Porringer W 5×5 *Wm. M'Ewan*
Gipsy Girl with Donkey W 11×8 *J. Auldjo Jamieson*

MARIS, JAMES
The Windmill W 12×10 *T. G. Arthur*
Landscape W 6½×10½ *James Dunnachie*
The Sisters W 20×16½ *William Burrell*
Dordrecht W 13½×20 *William Burrell*
Dutch Town W 13½×19½ *James Donald*
The Peacock's Feather W 22½×14 *J. J. Cowan*
Dutch Town W 15½×12½ *William Burrell*
Souvenir of Dordrecht O 43×56 *William Beattie*
The Angler O 14×23½ *James Arthur*
View of Amsterdam O 17½×44 *Rt. Hon. J. A. Campbell, M.P.*
Dutch Boats O 12½×8 *James Donald*
Girl on Sofa O 7×9 *James Donald*
Gathering Figs O *Mrs. Laurence Robertson*
Dutch Canal Scene O 18½×24 *J. J. Cowan*
Dutch River Scene—Storm Cloud O 15½×18½ *J. Carfrae Alston*
The Bridge O 43½×54 *Alex. Young*
The Five Windmills O 31×49½ *Alex. Young*
Fisherwoman and Child O 16½×11½ *Rt. Hon. J. A. Campbell, M.P.*

MARIS, MATHEW
The Prince and Princess W 13½×20 *A. P. Forrester Paton*
The Walk W 36½×25 *William Burrell*
Montmartre O 13½×22½ *William Burrell*
Girl with Ducks O 13×9 *P. M. Inglis*
Girl at Well O 15×12 *Geo. M'Culloch*
The Butterflies O 25×38½ *Wm. Burrell*
Girl with Goats O 23×38½ *Robert Ramsey*
Girl's Head O 12×9½ *D. M'Corkindale*

MARIS, WILLIAM
Cocks and Hens W 8×12 *Hugh Pollock*
French Landscape W 12×9½ *Corporation of Glasgow*
Group of Cows W 10×17½ *John Wordie*
Cows W 17½×13 *Hugh Pollock*

MARKS, STACY, R.A.
The Antiquary O 19½×23 *Wolf Harris*

MARTENS, WILLY
The Rose W 23½×18½ *Alexander Myles*

MASON, GEORGE, A.R.A.
The Drinking Fountain O 12×23 *T. L. Devitt*
Only a Shower O 17½×35½ *T. L. Devitt*
The Gander O 18×32 *W. Coltart*

MATHON, E.
River Scene O 22½×35½ *David Tullis*

MAUVE, A.
Cows W 27×17½ *Alexander Young*
The Timber Waggon W 18×25 *John Reid*
Sheep W 6×15½ *Family of late H. L. Anderson*
Sheep at the Gate W 9×16 *Mrs. Johnstone*
In the Woods W 8½×15½ *Peter Wordie*

MAUVE, A.
Woman with Cows W 9½×13 *J. Carfrae Alston*
Shepherd with Sheep W 12×17½ *James Donald*
The Gardener W 18½×14 *Peter Wordie*
Driving over the Dunes O 20½×24 *Alex. Young*
Going Home O 25½×39 *Alex. Young*
The Sand Cart O 22×39½ *James Mylne*
Landscape O 29×39½ *A. T. Reid*

MAXWELL, HAMILTON, R.S.W.
An Old French Gateway W 22×15 *The Artist*

MEISSONNIER, J. L.
Halberdier O 8×5½ *Archibald Coats*
Regnard in his Studio O 8×6½ *Archibald Coats*

MELVILLE, ARTHUR, A.R.S.A.
Cairo W 20×14 *J. Cox Cox*
The Snake Charmer, Bagdad W 20×14 *J. Cox Cox*
Cairo Café W 14½×20½ *John Tullis*
Fruit Market, Cairo W 20½×14 *John Tullis*

MENZLER, W.
Lady of Seventeenth Century O 30×18½ *G. Colvin White*

MESDAG, H. W.
Winter W 17×22½ *John Reid*
Beaching Dutch Pinks O 19×23 *Robert Ramsey*
Dutch Fishing Boats W 20×15½ *Edmund Pullar*

METTLING, L.
The Copper Cleaner O 19½×10½ *Hugh Pollock*

MICHIE, J. COUTTS, A.R.S.A.
Wind-swept O 33½×43½ *James T. Tullis*

MILLAIS, SIR J. E., *P.*R.A.
Christ in the House of His Parents ("The Carpenter's Shop") O 33×53½ *Mrs. Beer*
Chill October O 55×72 *W. A. Watson-Armstrong*
Waiting O 13×10 *Ed. Nettlefold*
The Proposal O 17×13½ *Mappin Art Gal., Sheffield*
The Waterfall O 9½×13 *L. Hodson*
Puss in Boots O 40×30 *Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish, Bart.*
The Black Brunswicker O 39×26 *W. H. Lever*
The Departure of the Crusaders O 20×25 *Mrs. C. E. Lees.*
The Random Shot O 18×24 *T. H. Miller*
The Sisters O 42×42 *Mrs. C. E. Lees*
Escape of a Heretic O 42½×30½ *Sir Wm. Houldsworth, Bart., M.P.*
Autumn Leaves O 40½×28½ *Corporation of Manchester*
Lorenzo and Isabella O 39½×55½ *Walker Art Gal., Liverpool*
John Ruskin O 28×23½ *Rear-Admiral Sir W. A. Dyke Acland, Bart.*

MILLAIS, SIR J. E., P.R.A.
Flowing to the Sea O 55×72½ *Sir James Joicey, Bart., M.P.*
Lady Carew gathering Violets W 4½×5 *Robert H. Brechin*
"Vert Vert" (Pastel) 9×12 *Hugh Pollock*
Sheep Fold (Pastel) 27½×37 *James Donald*
Mother and Child O 15½×12½ *Jas. Cowan*
Nymph and Faun O 14½×11½ *W. A. Coats*
Going to Work O 20½×17 *James Donald*
The Last Load O 17×14½ *W. A. Coats*
Shepherdess Watching her Flocks O 28×55½ *Arch. Coats*

MILLET, F. D.
The Piping Times of Peace O 27×37 *E. Meredith Crosse*

MOIRA, GERALD.
Peleus and Melisande O 57×29½ *The Artist*

MOLLINGER, A.
Folding Sheep—Evening W 9×17½ *J. Forbes White, LL.D.*
Sheep Fold—Morning W 10×17 *J. Forbes White, LL.D.*
Woman Selling Vegetables W 10×8½ *J. Forbes White, LL.D.*
Farmhouse W 8×17½ *Sir John Batty Tuke, M.D.*
Drenthe (Friesland) O 27×43 *J. Forbes White, LL.D.*
Meerkirke O 27×42½ *J. Forbes White, LL.D.*

MONET, C.
Freshening Breeze O 18½×24½ *Andrew Bain*
Storm at Etretat O 25×31 *M. Durand-Ruel*

MONTALBA, MISS CLARA, R.W.S.
Old Watch Tower, Amsterdam O 35½×27½ *The Artist*
Venetian Festa W 21×12 *John E. Ellis, M.P.*
Dalmatian Boats W 14×21 *Robert F. Watson*
Thames Bridge W 13½×20 *James Donald*

MONTICELLI, A.
Fête (on the Hillside) O 11×20 *W. A. Coats*
The Adoration of the Magi O 19×38½ *James Donald*
Marseilles Bazaar O 14½×23 *W. Burrell*
Garden Fête: At the Shrine of Venus O 19½×39 *W. A. Coats*
Christ Leaving the Temple O 39×19 *W. A. Coats*
Fête (Autumn) O 18×38½ *W. A. Coats*
Fête (in the Country) O 15×23 *J. Carfrae Alston*
Garden Scene O 14×9½ *Sir T. Glen Coats*
Garden Fête O 15×24 *J. J. Cowan*
Fete: By the Sea O 13×25½ *A. P. Forrester Paton*
Scene from the "Decameron" O 16½×18½ *Wm. Burrell*

MOORE, ALBERT
A Summer's Night O 51×87 *Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool*
An Idyll O 20×27 *Wm. Connal*
The Reader O 19×45 *J. L. M'Farlane*

MOORE, ALBERT
Yellow Marguerites O 25×19 *Wm. Connal*
The Quartette O 23×34 *Wm. Coltart*
White Hydrangeas O 45×17½ *Wm. Connal*
One of the Audience W 15×10 *Wm. Connal*
Among the Roses W 38½×15 *Mrs. Laurence Robertson*

MOORE, HENRY, R.A.
St. Alban's Race O 48×70 *Miss Moore*
Off St. Ives, Cornwall O 23×39 *Geo. M'Culloch*
Broken Weather O 15½×25½ *Peter Paisley*
Off the Hampshire Coast W 10×17½ *Miss F. M. A. Moore*
Pilot Boat on the Lookout W 10×17½ *Miss F. M. A. Moore*

MORGAN, JOHN
Tickle! O 11×8 *J. G. Dunlop*

MORLAND, GEORGE
The Stable Door O 28×36 *Joseph Beausire*
Grandmother O 15×13 *Sir T. Glen Coats, Bart.*
Grandfather O 15×13 *Sir T. Glen Coats, Bart.*

MORRIS, E. M.
Cote de Beaupré, River St. Lawrence O 23×29 *The Artist*

MORRIS, P. R., A.R.A.
The Woodland Path O 23×30½ *Mrs. Muir*
"Sons of the Brave" O 34½×59 *R. Glen*

MORTON, T. CORSON
The Old Mill O 27½×32 *John B. Neilson*

MOUNCEY, W.
Kirkcudbright O 33×43 *M. C. Thomson*

MUHRMANN, H.
Maying O 23½×35½ *J. T. Tullis*
Winter (Pastel) 13×17½ *Wm. Burrell*
The Bridge (Pastel) 21½×17½ *Wm. Burrell*

MÜLLER, W. J.
The Mill Pool O 22×34½ *Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish, Bart.*
Via Mala O 51×35 *Sir J. C. Holder, Bart.*
An Eastern Letter-writer O 13×9 *James Donald*
Eel Bucks at Goring O 48×80 *Sir William Agnew, Bart.*
The Image Seller O 8×13 *Mrs. Keyden*
Whitchurch O 30×49 *W. A. Watson-Armstrong*
Gillingham on the Medway O 29×20½ *Holbrook Gaskell*
English Cottage O 11½×16 *James Hume*
Eastern Scene O 53½×68½ *C. W. Dowdeswell*
The Plague in Corfu W 8½×13½ *Andrew Bain*
Firwood, Lycia W 14½×21½ *Whitworth Inst., Manchester*
The Acropolis, Athens W 12×18½ *Corporation, Manchester*
Water Carrier W 11×7½ *Joseph Agnew*
Church—Interior W 16×11 *Mrs. George Holt*
Italian Landscape, Tivoli W 8½×12½ *Mrs. Keyden*

MULREADY, WILLIAM, R.A.
Idle Boys O 30×25 *Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.*
The Careless Nurse O 11×7½ *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*

MURA, FRANK
Market Scene O 17½×14½ *J. T. Tullis*

MURRAY, DAVID, A.R.A.
The Angler O 70×47 *National Gallery, New South Wales*
"A Fair Land is England" O 48×70 *The Artist*

MURRAY, J. REID
Landscape O 41½×35½ *The Artist*

NASMYTH, ALEX.
Roslin Castle O 32×45 *Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish*

NASMYTH, PATRICK
Edinburgh O 24½×36 *Sir Wm. Arrol, M.P.*
Hilly Landscape O 18×23 *Stewart Clark*
Stirling Castle O 32×45 *J. Paton*

NETTLESHIP, J. T.
A Mountain Robber O 32½×50 *Hon. Mrs. Claude Hamilton*

NEUHUYS, A.
Interior W 16×21½ *John Reid*
Girl Peeling Potatoes W 12×15½ *S. M. Low*
The Letter W 16½×10 *William Leiper, R.S.A.*
The Frugal Meal W 19×26 *Alexander Rose*
The Lesson W 26½×19½ *John Ure, LL.D.*
Woman Sewing W 24×19 *J. J. Cowan*
Industry O 20½×34½ *John Kirkhope*
The Reading Lesson O 21½×16½ *Sir Wm. Arrol, M.P.*
Minding Baby O 22½×34 *John Ferguson*
Dutch Girl O 32½×24 *J. J. Cowan*

NEUHUYS, J.
Woodland Scene W 13×8½ *Corporation of Glasgow*

NEWBERY, F., A.R.C.A.
The Village Inn O 15½×19½ *Sir Charles J. Darling*
The Ferry O 28½×19 *The Artist*

NICOL, ERSKINE, A.R.A.
Looking for a Good Investment O 25×18½ *Stewart Clark*
"Whew! Caught Again" O 18×25 *R. H. Brechin*
Gossip at the Well O 20½×16 *Mrs. Johnstone*
Affection O 20½×31½ *R. H. Brechin*
Molly Brierly O 22×31 *Jas. Lindsay*
Figure Subject W 8×7 *Andrew Myles*

NICHOLSON, F.
The Falls of Clyde W 20×25 *H. B. Huish*

NIEMANN, E. J.
Nottingham Castle O 44×24 *G. Colvin White*

NISBET, POLLOCK S., A.R.S.A.
The Supplicant O 22×14½ *The Artist*

NISBET, R. B., A.R.S.A.
A Doubtful Day W 21½×26 *Colonel R. J. Bennett, V.D.*
Autumn Ploughing W 21×25½ *Walter Boden*
Evening W 21×25½ *The Artist*

NOBLE, J. C., R.S.A.
Ploughing O 19½×35½ *James T. Tullis*

NOBLE, ROBERT, A.R.S.A.
Hand in Hand O 38½×27½ *James T. Tullis*

NORTH, J. W., A.R.A.
The Druids' Combe O 41½×59 *W. Vivian*
Farm Yard W 21×30 *Joseph Beausire*
Landscape W 25½×36½ *Abel Buckley*
Old Water Mill W 32½×24½ *John Inglis, LL.D.*
Autumn Leaves W 24×32½ *Joseph Beausire*
Quantock Hills W 17×10½ *Corporation of Oldham*

NOWELL, A. T.
Spring—An Allegory O 43½×85 *The Artist*

OAKES, J. W., A.R.A.
The Last Gleam O 35×50 *H. H. Goddard*

OLSSON, JULIUS, R.B.A.
A Frosty Evening O 29×39 *Merton Russell Cotes*
Nightfall O 46×59 *The Artist*

O'MEARA, F.
Twilight O 28×20 *Wm. Young, R.S.W.*

O'NEILL, H., A.R.A.
Home Again! O 53×42 *Sir J. C. Holder, Bart.*
Eastward Ho! O 35×28 *J. Hamilton Houldsworth*

ORCHARDSON, W. Q., R.A.
Tea Tattle O 13×10½ *Mrs. L. Robertson*
Master Baby O 41×64 *Mrs. Orchardson*
Scene from "Peveril of the Peak" O 30×43½ *James Donald*
Pick-a-back O 21½×16½ *Mrs. L. Robertson*
Wishart dispensing the Sacrament before his Martyrdom O 39×49 *A. J. Buist*
Testing the Blade O 26½×37½ *J. Lindsay*
"A Hundred Years Ago" O 28×40 *Wm. Gibson*
The Young Housewife O 26½×19½ *James Donald*
"Hard Hit!" O 33×49 *Humphrey Roberts*
Portrait of H. B. Fergusson, Esq., Dundee O 49×35 *Albert Institute, Dundee*
"If Music be the Food of Love, Play on" O 35½×50½ *P. M. Inglis*

ORR, PAT. W.
"A Bill from the Mantua-maker" O 35½×27½ *The Artist*

ORROCK, JAMES, R.I.
An Old Mill, Worthing W 23½×35 *Hon. Chas. W. Lawrence*

OWEN, SAMUEL
Wreck off Seaford, Sussex W 7½×10 *Whitworth Inst., Manchester*

PALMER, SAMUEL
The Dawn of Life W 9½ × 16½ *Sharpley Bainbridge*
Calypso's Island—Departure of Ulysses W 20 × 29 *Jesse Haworth*
The Herdsman W 20½ × 29 *Corporation, Oldham*
The Curfew W 19½ × 27½ *J. Douglas Fletcher*
The Two Pet Lambs W 7 × 16½ *Robert H. Brechin*
The Day's Work Done W 7 × 16½ *Robert H. Brechin*
The Lonely Tower W 19½ × 27 *J. Douglas Fletcher*
A Towered City W 19½ × 27 *J. Douglas Fletcher*

PARK, STUART
Roses O 14 × 24½ *Robert Lang*
White Azaleas O 15½ × 19 *The Artist*

PATERSON, A. D.
Portrait of Homer Watson O 23½ × 20 *The Artist*

PATERSON, JAMES, A.R.S.A.
Edinburgh O 26 × 44 *A. Cameron Corbett*
White Azalea W 27½ × 20½ *J. Cox Cox*
Craigdarroch Road W 13½ × 20½ *W. Lorimer*
Morton from Keir W 13½ × 20½ *Andrew Paterson*

PATON, SIR J. NOEL, R.S.A.
Fact and Fancy O 21 × 27 *Wm. Hyslop*
"The Bludie Tryste" O 28½ × 25½ *James Coats*
Mors Janua Vitae O 45½ × 28½ *Mrs. Gay*
Luther at Erfürt O 35 × 26 *R. H. Brechin*
The Fairy Raid O 35 × 57 *Mrs. Polson*

PATON, W. H., R.S.A.
The Home of the Clansmen O 23 × 41½ *James Campbell*

PERIGAL, ARTHUR, R.S.A.
Glen Nevis O 35 × 60 *L. J. Platt*

PERMAN, MISS L. E.
Roses O 17½ × 21 *The Artist*

PETTIE, JOHN, R.A.
Hudibras and Ralph in the Stocks O 15 × 23 *Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield*
The Rehearsal O 23 × 18 *Adam Wood*
Grandmother's Memories O 20 × 14 *Alex. Rose*
Sword and Dagger Fight O 20 × 30 *James Donald*
Duke of Monmouth and the King O 23 × 30 *Mrs. C. E. Lees*
Scene from "Peveril of the Peak" O 35 × 48 *James Murray*
Portrait of Sam Bough O 14 × 9½ *Mrs. Mather*
Treason O 31 × 54 *Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield*
A Prince of the Church O 30 × 20 *Ex-Lord Provost M'Grady*
The Keepsake O 28 × 37½ *Stewart Clark*

PHILLIP, COLIN, A.R.W.S.
Blaven from near Torran, Broadford, Skye W 23½ × 35½ *The Artist*

PHILLIP, JOHN, R.A.
The Water Drinkers O 21 × 26½ *Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield*
Asking a Blessing O 15 × 18 *Andrew T. Reid*
Catechising O 10 × 14 *A. J. Buist*
Spanish Girl O 20 × 15½ *Jas. Murray*
La Bomba ("The Wine Drinkers") O 35 × 45 *Abel Buckley*
Spanish Courtship O 43 × 34 *Trustees of late R. Barclay*
"The Evil Eye" O 20 × 16 *James Donald*
The Pride of Seville O 29 × 24½ *J. Hamilton Houldsworth*
The Fortune-Teller O 19 × 30 *Sir Wm. Arrol, M.P.*
H.R.H. the late Prince Consort O 105 × 66 *Corporation, Aberdeen*

PICKERING, J. L.
A Study—New Forest O 26 × 39 *The Artist*

PINWELL, G. J.
King Pippin W 5 × 6 *John M. Houldsworth*
Sweet Melancholy W 22 × 15½ *Miss Jennie Dalziel*
The Peacock W 4½ × 6 *John M. Houldsworth*
A London Garden W 4 × 5 *E. A. Waterlow, P.R.W.S.*
The Great Lady W 21½ × 32½ *William Austin*
To the Rescue W 5 × 6½ *John M. Houldsworth*
The Elixir of Love W 17½ × 41 *Sharpley Bainbridge*
The New Book W 5 × 6½ *Mrs. Samuel Joseph*
The Princess and the Ploughboy W 14½ × 24½ *Sharpley Bainbridge*
The Sisters W 16 × 14½ *William Connal*
The Vagrants W 6 × 5½ *Mrs. Samuel Joseph*
Old Time and His Wife W 6 × 5½ *Mrs. Samuel Joseph*
The Pedlar W 4 × 5 *Alex. Webster*

PIRIE GEORGE,
Hen and Chickens O 23 × 28 *Archibald Colville*

PISSARRO, C.
Crystal Palace O 18 × 28 *C. J. Galloway*
Rouen: Le Coté Ste. Catherine O 28 × 35½ *M. Durand-Ruel*

POINTELIN, A.
Landscape (Pastel) W 14½ × 20 *Hugh Pollock*

POOLE, P. F., R.A.
The Hawthorn Gatherers O 37 × 29 *Abel Buckley*
The Dragons' Cavern O 41 × 60 *J. Forbes White, LL.D.*

POWELL, SIR FRANCIS, P.R.S.W.
The Mad Stream, Loch Scavaig W 12 × 22½ *R. Hope Robertson*
Evening—Coming Home W 20½ × 27½ *W. Maurice Williams*
Springtime W 27½ × 20½ *Wolf Harris*
Arran W 25 × 37 *Henry C. Fairlie*
The Home of the Sea-Bird W 30 × 52 *Hugh Brown*

POYNTER, SIR E. J., P.R.A.
The Greek Dance O 50×69 *The Artist*
Portrait of the Duchess of Somerset O 50×40 *Duke of Somerset*
Portrait of Mrs. Murray Guthrie O 55½×43½ *Murray Guthrie*
Freys W 12½×9½ *Wm. Coltart*
Joseph introducing his Father to Pharaoh W 12½×17½ *Wm. Coltart*

PRATT, WILLIAM
The Strolling Fiddler O 26×39 *The Artist*

PRIESTMAN, BERNARD
September Sundown O 29½×39½ *J. W. Smith*

PROUT, SAMUEL
Bridge of Sighs W 21½×17½ *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
Porch of Chartres Cathedral W 28×21 *B. B. Macgeorge*
St. Maclou, Rouen W 28×21 *Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish, Bart.*
Temple of Minerva W 16½×11½ *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
Porch of Ulm Cathedral W 17×11½ *Corporation of Manchester*
Theatre of Marcellus W 16×11 *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*

PYNE, J. B.
Rough Weather off Whitby O 39×50 *J. C. Holder, Bart.*
Grand Canal, Venice O 20×29 *Mrs. C. E. Lees*
Pallanza, Lago Maggiore O 20½×34½ *Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish*
Amalfi W 14×20½ *Wm. Gibson*
Castle in Ischia W 13×19 *Jesse Haworth*
Landscape—Old Cottage W 14×11 *Alex. Webster*

RAEBURN, SIR HENRY, R.A.
Wm. Ferguson of Kilrie O 29×24 *R. C. Munro-Ferguson, M.P.*
Girl Sketching O 29×25 *Mrs. G. Holt*
Portrait of Countess of Haddington O 18×14½ *Dr. Paton*
Professor G. J. Bell O 29×24 *T. Jeffrey Bell*
Mrs. Bell, wife of Professor Bell O 29×24½ *T. Jeffrey Bell*
Miss Margaret Suttie O 21×18 *Sir G. Grant Suttie, Bart.*
Miss Janet Suttie O 21×18 *Sir G. Grant Suttie, Bart.*
Anne Blair of Avontoun O 28×22 *G. A. Maconochie Welwood*
Dr. Thos. Reid O 29×24 *Mark Bannatyne*
The Rt. Hon. Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, Bart. O 93×60 *Sir J. G. Tollemache Sinclair*
Dr. Cleghorn O 29×24 *Robert M. Mann*
Robert Bruce of Kennet as a Youth O 50×39 *Rt. Hon. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, K.T.*
Lord Newton O 29×24 *R. C. Munro-Ferguson, M.P.*
Sir Archibald Dunbar O 29×24 *Sir Archibald H. Dunbar, Bart.*

RAEBURN, SIR HENRY, R.A.
A Little Girl O 43×34 *Jas. Coats*
Rev. Archibald Alison O 29½×24 *Sir J. Stirling Maxwell, Bart.*
Portrait of Miss Macdonald W 3½×2½ *T. S. Robertson*
John Francis, Earl of Mar O 50×39 *Rt. Hon. Earl of Mar and Kellie*

RAEFAELLI, J. F.
Edimbourg O 23×28½ *The Artist*
Deux Anciens O 33×33 *Sir James Bell, Bart.*

RATTRAY, WELLWOOD, A.R.S.A.
The Hush of Twilight O 47½×35½ *J. A. Russell*

REID, A. D., A.R.S.
Autumn O 19½×29½ *Sir Geo. Reid, P.R.S.A.*

REID, SIR GEORGE, P.R.S.A.
The late Professor Mitchell O 45×30 *St. Andrews University*
W. W. Robertson, Esq. O 46×32 *Merchant Company, Edinburgh*
Norham O 32½×46½ *Robert Irvine*
Roses O 50½×39½ *J. Forbes White, LL.D.*

REID, G. A.
Music O 89×27 *The Artist*

REID, G. O., R.S.A.
A Jacobite Rejoicing O 31×44 *James Pringle*

REID, J. R., R.I.
The Sale of Old Dobbin O 48×72½ *The Artist*

REID, MISS FLORA M.
Charity "For the Sick and Needy" O 30½×47½ *The Artist*

REID, R. PAYTON, A.R.S.A.
A Courier O 27×35 *Robert W. Wallace*

RENOIR, A.
Girl Reading O 21×17½ *M. Durand-Ruel*

RIBOT, A. T.
The Rosary O 28×22½ *Wm. Burrell*
The Musician O 15½×12½ *Wm. Burrell*

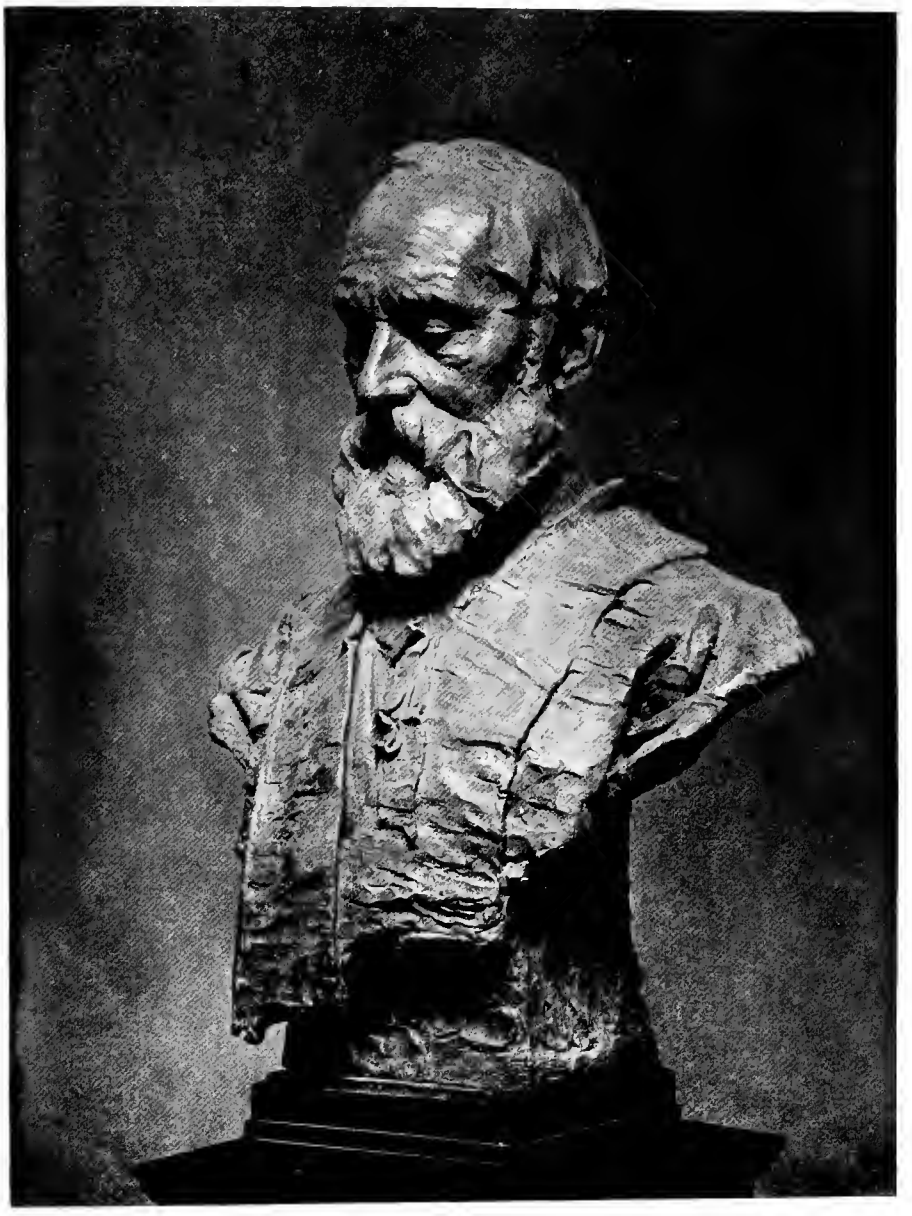
RICARD, L. G.
Lady in Yellow O 38½×27½ *Arthur Kay*

RICHARDSON, T. M.
Roveredo W 25½×40 *Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish, Bart.*

RICHMOND, SIR W. B., R.A.
Miss Rosa Mirrlees (Mrs. Baird) O 48×35½ *J. B. Mirrlees*

RIVIERE, BRITON, R.A.
"His Only Friend" O 25½×36 *Jesse Haworth*
"Armed Neutrality" O 14½×20 *Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish, Bart.*
"Thou art so near and yet so far" O 22×16½ *Geo. M'Culloch*

ROBERTS, DAVID, R.A.
The Tomb of St. Jacques—Rouen O 21½×13½ *Alex. Webster*
Gate of Vespasian O 20×16 *Mrs. Keyden*
Rome O 23×41 *R. Hope Robertson*



J. M'FARLANE SHANNAN

Lord Kelvin

ROBERTS, DAVID, R.A.
Ruins of Temple of the Sun, Baalbec O 70×51½ *Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool*
Rome and the Castle of St. Angelo O 35×59 *Whitworth Institute, Manchester*
Porch of Ancient Mosque—Cordova W 9½×13½ *Andrew Bain*
Saint Pierre, Caen W 17×12½ *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
Ruins of the Ponte Palatine W 9×26 *B. B. Macgeorge*
Denzizona, Lago de Gard W 10×14 *J. Hamilton Houldsworth*
Street Scene W 19×10 *R. D. Holt*

ROBINSON, F. CAYLEY, R.B.A.
The Foundling O 24½×29½ *C. T. Harris*

ROBSON, G. F.
Haarlech Castle W 8½×10½ *James Dunnachie*

ROCHE, ALEXANDER, R.S.A.
Mrs. Roberts O 39½×33 *T. J. S. Roberts*
Home with the Morning Tide O 41×49 *The Artist*

ROMNEY, GEORGE, R.A.
Portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert (The Haughty Dame) O 24½×19½ *J. Gray Hill*
Mrs. Cumberland and Child O 24×20 *Chas. Davis*
Mrs. Romney O 29×24 *W. H. Lever*
The Brown Boy O 49×39 *G. E. Briscoe Eyre*

RONNER, MADAME
A Merry Party in a Basket. O 27½×35 *A. B. Kirkpatrick*

ROOKE, T. M., A.R.W.S.
The Spires of Chartres W 29½×13 *J. W. Thompson*

ROSSETTI, D. G.
The Loving Cup O 21×14 *Josesph Beausire*
Joli Coeur O 15×12 *Miss Horniman*
Lucrezia Borgia O 24½×15 *James Beausire*
Mariana O 42×35 *F. W. Buxton*
The Salutation of Beatrice W 11×9½ *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
Sir Galahad W 11½×13½ *Corporation, Birmingham*
Lady Lillith W 20×17 *William Coltart*
Roman de la Rose W 13×13 *Andrew Bain*
Horatio discovering the Madness of Ophelia W 15½×11½ *Mrs. C. E. Lees*

ROSSETTI, MRS. W. M.
The Magic Mirror W 29½×25 *Miss Rossetti*

ROTHENSTEIN, W.
The Doll's House O 34½×23½ *C. L. Rothenstein*

ROUSSEAU, T.
The Forest of Clairbois O 25½×40½ *James Donald*
Moorland O 11×13 *James Donald*
Evening Effect O 16½×25 *W. A. Coats*
Landscape O 7×11 *A. P. Forrester Paton*
La Chasse O 8×10½ *W. A. Coats*

ROUSSEL, THEODORE
Proserpina O 42×30 *E. Burgess Marriage*

ROWBOTHAM, T. L.
St. Pierre, Great St. Bernard W. 8½×12½ *Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish*

RUSKIN, JOHN
The Chapel of St. Mary of the Thorn, Pisa W 19½×14½ *Ruskin Museum, Sheffield*

SADEE, P.
An Old Wreck W 11½×20½ *Robert Ramsey*

SADLER, W. DENDY
"Darby and Joan" O 23½×33½ *Mrs. Geo. Holt*

SANDBY, PAUL
Ludlow Castle, Shropshire W 12½×20 *Whitworth Inst., Manchester*

SANDYS, F.
Medea O 24½×19 *E. Meredith Crosse*
"Vivien" O 24×20 *E. Meredith Crosse*

SAUTER, GEORGE
Mrs. Byng O 53×36 *Gustav Byng*

SCOTT, DAVID, R.S.A.
Puck O 38×57 *James Campbell*
Wallace (3 panels) *George Carfrae*

SCOTT, THOMAS, A.R.S.A.
Vesuvius from Capri W 9×11½ *A. F. Roberts*
Mosstroopers raiding W 30½×53 *W. Moyr Bryce*
In the Haining, Selkirk W 10×18½ *Mrs. T. Dunn*
A Loch in Winter Time W 14×19 *W. Moyr Bryce*

SERRES, A.
Winter O 13×10½ *James Cowan*

SHANNON, C. H.
The Lady with a Cyclamen O 29½×33 *Hon. Mrs. Chaloner Dowdall*

SHAW, BYAM
The Kelpie O 39½×29½ *The Artist*

SHAYER, W.
Cows in a Byre O 20×16 *R. H. Brechin*
Coast Scene O 17×23 *David Rowatt*

SHIELDS, F. J.
One of the Bread Watchers W 15×22 *Corporation of Manchester*

SIMONI, G.
Camping at the Wells W 11½×17½ *P. S. Brown*

SIMPSON, WILLIAM
The Great Wall of China W 20½×29½ *John Kennedy*

SINET, A.
Portrait (Pastel) 23×15 *John Inglis, LL.D.*

SISLEY, A.
Snow Scene O 17½×21½ *M. Durand-Ruel*

SMART, JOHN, R.S.A.
Snowy Landscape O 24½×43½ *Stewart Clark*
Ben Venue W 24×38 *R. Hope Robertson*
The Sma' Glen, Amulree W 21×35 *Alexander Cross, M.P.*

SMITH, COLVIN, R.S.A.
Portrait of Sir Walter Scott O 31×25 *Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.*

SOLOMON, A., A.R.A.
A Golden Opportunity O 27 × 37 *Sir Wm. Arrol, M.P.*

SOLOMON, S.
Love in Autumn O 32 × 25½ *W. Coltart*
The Mystery of Faith W 20 × 14½ *W. Coltart*

SOLOMON, S. J., A.R.A.
Mrs. Adolph Tuck O 43½ × 32½ *Adolph Tuck*

SPEED, HAROLD
Rosalind and Orlando O 49 × 49 *The Artist*

SPENCE, HARRY
Kirkcudbright O 35 × 27 *The Artist*

STACQUET, H.
Old Cottages W 8½ × 12 *Mrs. A. J. Kirkpatrick*

STANHOPE, SPENCER
Venus Rising from the Sea O 21½ × 11½ *Wm. Connal*

STANSFIELD, CLARKSON, R.A.
Rotterdam O 35 × 30 *Joseph Agnew*
Dover Castle O 37 × 57 *D. Cameron*
The Bass Rock O 32 × 51 *Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish, Bart.*
Highland Scene W 7 × 10½ *Robert Orr*
Landscape W 7 × 11 *Robert Orr*
Solway Firth W 8 × 12½ *Alex. Webster*

STARK, JAMES
Landscape O 19 × 27 *Joseph Beausire*

STEER, P. W.
Children Playing O 21½ × 35½ *The Artist*

STEPHENS, REYNOLD
Sir Launcelot and the Nestling O 41 × 65 *W. Vivian*
Guinivere and the Nestling O 33 × 57 *W. Vivian*

STEVENSON, R. MACAULAY
Romance O 47½ × 44½ *The Artist*

STILLMAN, MRS.
Forgetfulness W 19 × 14 *Miss Rossetti*

STOKES, MRS. A.
The Net-mender O 25 × 27½ *The Artist*

STONE, MARCUS, R. A.
Childhood of Princess Elizabeth O 19 × 29½ *Wm. Jessop*
Fugitive Royalists O 42½ × 56½ *Mrs. Elder*

STOTT, EDWARD
The Village Inn O 22½ × 29½ *G. M'Culloch*
A Summer Idyll O 22 × 29 *C. T. Harris*
"Trees, Young and Old," etc. O 23 × 29½ *C. T. Harris*

STOTT, WILLIAM
The Dryad O 48 × 77 *Allan M'Lean*

SWAN, J. M., A.R.A.
Bitterns O 29½ × 39 *J. G. Sandeman*
The Goat Herd O 17 × 29 *Capt. J. Audley Harvey*
On the Alert W 29½ × 19½ *J. Carfrae Alston*
Lioness and Cubs W 22 × 31½ *James T. Tullis*

SWAN, MISS
Roses W 23 × 38½ *Hugh Brown*

TAYLOR, FRED.
Landscape W 9 × 9 *James Dunnachi*
Return from the Hunt W 8½ × 12 *Sir John C. Holder, Bart.*
The Ford W 13½ × 19½ *Edmund Pullar*

TER MEULEN
Shepherd with Sheep W 11½ × 24½ · *Mrs. J. F. Low*
Flock of Sheep 12 × 26½ *William Gibson*
Shepherd with Sheep W 12½ × 27½ *James Cowan*
Road by the River W 8 × 13 *John Reid*
Shepherd with Sheep W 15 × 28 *Peter Wordie*

TERRIS, JOHN, R.S.W.
Tarbert W 29½ × 19½ *H. J. Younger*
An Old Part of York W 29½ × 19½ *William Bilsland*

THOLEN, W. B.
The Carpenter's Shop W 18½ × 12½ *Major Thorburn*
A Sandy Road W 12 × 19 *Major Thorburn*

THOMAS, GROSVENOR, R.S.W.
The White House on the Hill O 27½ × 35 *James Ferguson*

THOMSON, REV. JOHN, H.R.S.A.
Garleton Tower, Haddingtonshire. O 19 × 30 *Lockhart Thomson*

TISSOT, J.
The Fish Pond O 28 × 19 *A. J. Buist*

TONGE, ROBERT
Eastham O 12 × 17 *Wm. Coltart*
Frith of Clyde O 13 × 33 *Albert Wood*
Landscape O 13 × 23 *J. Somerville*
A Peep into Shropshire O 9½ × 21 *Wm. Coltart*

TOPHAM, F. W.
The Wandering Minstrel O 43½ × 36 *W. Austin*
Little Nell and her Grandfather W 12 × 16 *W. Austin*

TROYON, CONSTANT
The Ferry O 28 × 49 *Alexander Young*
Cattle O 17½ × 14½ *James Donald*
Sheep O 11 × 20½ *James Donald*
Going to Market O 36 × 28 *James Donald*
Vaches sous Bois O 37½ × 51 *Archibald Coats*
Off Ronfleur O 23½ × 13½ *W. A. Coats*
Cattle O 12 × 15½ *Jas. Cowan*
Cattle O 25 × 38½ *A. P. Forrester Paton*

TUKE, H. S., A.R.A.
An Idyll of the Sea O 53 × 71 *The Artist*

TURNER, J. M. W., R.A.
Italian Scene O 28 × 21½ *James Donald*
Abbotsford O 20 × 26 *T. Craig-Brown*
The Bathers O 26 × 33 *Geo. Coats*
Fishing Boats entering Calais O 28 × 38 *Archibald Coats*
The Wreck Buoy O 35 × 48 *Mrs. Geo. Holt*

WILLIAM YULE

Girl in Crimson

TURNER, J. M. W., R.A.
Mercury and Argus O 58×44 *Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona*
The Trout Stream O 35×48 *Abel Buckley*
Old Bridge at Shrewsbury W 8½×10½ *Whitworth Inst., Manchester*
Lyme Regis W 6×8½ *James Donald*
Malta W 6½×10½ *R. D. Holt*
Gibside Hall W 10½×17 *Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona*
Florence W 11×16½ *Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P.*
Hylton Castle W 11×18 *Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona*
Kilchurn Castle W 21×31 *Abel Buckley*
St. Agatha's Abbey W 20×30 *Whitworth Inst., Manchester*
Flint Castle W 11×15½ *George Coats*
Weathercote Cove W 11½×16½ *Abel Buckley*
Val d'Aosta W 16×11½ *Abel Buckley*
Florence W 5½×8½ *Alex. T. Hollingsworth*
Falls of Clyde W 29×41 *R. D. Holt*
Pass of St. Gothard W 11½×18 *George Coats*
Goldau W 11½×18 *George Coats*
Salisbury W 11×16 *George Coats*
Warkworth Castle W 14½×19½ *Abel Buckley*
Cologne W 12½×18 *Abel Buckley*
Yarmouth Sands W 9½×14 *J. Hamilton Houldsworth*
Sion from the Simplon W 15×21½ *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*
Vale of Llangollen W 16×25½ *Abel Buckley*
Eddystone Lighthouse W 8×12 *B. B. Macgeorge*
View of Bath W 6×12 *Robert B. Brechin*
Sketch—Zurich W 9×11 *B. B. Macgeorge*

VAN MARKE, E.
Cattle O 18½×25 *James Cowan*

VAN MOER
Giant's Staircase, Ducal Palace, Venice O 46½×45½ *J. Forbes White, LL.D.*

VAN THOREN, O.
Going to the Fair O 12×19 *Joseph Henderson, R.S.W.*

VARLEY, JOHN
Landscape W 8×12½ *Dr. Dyce Brown*
Harlech Castle W 4½×7½ *James Orrock, R.I.*
River Scene, Surrey W 4×6 *James Orrock, R.I.*
Lake Scene, with figures W 7½×10½ *James Orrock, R.I.*
Beddgelert Bridge W 14×8½ *Corporation of Manchester*
Cornfield, North Wales W 5×8 *James Orrock, R.I.*
Windsor W 3×5½ *James Orrock, R.I.*

VERBECKHOVEN
Sheep O 26×33 *I. H. Keip*

VINCELET, V.
Flowers O 20½×24½ *James Hume*

VINCENT, GEORGE
Abbey Ruins O 25×20½ *Holbrook Gaskell*

VOLLON, A.
Fruit O 16½×27½ *James Donald*
Raspberries O 12×15½ *T. G. Arthur*
Plums O 18½×27 *T. G. Arthur*

WAINWRIGHT, W. J., A.R.W.S.
The Serving Brother W 40×26 *David Hedges*

WAITE, R. THORNE, R.W.S.
Seaford Downs, Mid-day Rest W 26½×40 *J. E. Fitness*

WALKER, FRED., A.R.A.
"An Old Boy's Tale" W 5×7½ *Mrs. C. E. Lees*
Harvest Time W 13×20½ *Joseph Agnew*
The Well W 9½×16½ *Sir Wm. Agnew, Bart.*
"Let us Drink to the Absent" W 5×7½ *Edward Butter*
The Rainbow W 8×11 *Abel Buckley*
Harbour of Refuge W 9½×17½ *Sir Wm. Agnew, Bart.*
The First Swallow W 13½×9 *Prof. H. Von Herkomer R.A.*

WALTON, MISS CONSTANCE, R.S.W.
Roses W 20×28½ *Mrs. Geo. Marshall*

WALTON, E. A., A.R.S.A.
The Sun Dial O 70×51 *The Artist*
Dora W 6×8 *James Gardiner*
The Baby W 6½×8½ *James Gardiner*
Landscape W 18×22 *The Artist*

WALTON, MRS. E. A.
Portrait of Mrs. John Tweed (Pastel) 18×14½ *The Artist*

WARD, E. M., R.A.
The Last Sleep of Argyll O 20×24 *Trustees of late R. Barclay*

WARD, JAMES, R.A.
Tiger and Python Fight O 32×46 *Arthur Kay*

WATERHOUSE, J. W., R.A.
Hylas and the Nymphs O 37½×63 *Corporation of Manchester*
The Lady of Shalott O 44×28½ *James Murray*

WATERLOW, E. A., P.R.W.S.
Forest Oaks O 53½×47½ *The Artist*
Landscape W 25×17½ *The Artist*
Evening Glow W 10×14½ *Harry Thomson*

WATSON, HOMER
The Ford O 17×13½ *The Artist*

WATTS, G. F., R.A.
Mary Magdalene at the Foot of the Cross O 39½×29½ *James Smith*
The Wife of Plutus O 25½×20½ *James Smith*
Loch Ness O 29½×24½ *The Artist*
Aurora O 32×34½ *Mrs. C. E. Lees*
Endymion O 27×14 *Russell Rea, M.P.*
Charity O 45×31½ *John Reid*
The Rider on the White Horse O 25½×20 *J. J. Cowan*
Highland Sketch O 9×13 *The Artist*
Highland Sketch O 9×13 *The Artist*

WATTS, G. F., R.A.
Lady Lilford O 23½ × 19 *J. L. M'Farlane*
Portrait of Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A. O 25½ × 20½ *Lady Millais*
Orpheus and Eurydice O 70 × 40 *Mrs. Beer*
"Maud" O 25½ × 20½ *Mark Bannatyne*

WEBER, OTTO
Play-hour at School O 17½ × 23½ *D. S. Cargill*

WEBSTER, THOMAS, R.A.
Hop Gatherers O 6½ × 13½ *Dr. Lloyd Roberts*

WEISER
A Cardinal O 9 × 9½ *J. G. Dunlop*

WHISTLER, J. M'N.
The Fur Jacket O 73 × 35 *Wm. Burrell*
Nocturne in Blue O 17½ × 24 *D. M'Corkindale*
The Thames in Ice O 29½ × 21½ *J. J. Cowan*
La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine O 77 × 45 *Wm. Burrell*
The Convalescent W 9½ × 6½ *Dr. MacIntyre*
The Shell W 6½ × 10½ *J. Carfrae Alston*

WILKIE, SIR DAVID, R.A.
The Smugglers' Intrusion O 17½ × 14 *John Reid*
The Letter of Introduction O 34 × 20 *T. Brocklebank*
King Alfred in Neatherd's Cottage O 14 × 17 *Mrs. L. Robertson*
The Village Politicians O 22 × 29 *Right Hon. Earl of Mansfield*
The Jew's Harp O 11 × 8 *Mrs. G. Holt*
The Village Politicians (Sketch for) O 10 × 12 *Albert Inst., Dundee*
Village of Cults O 10 × 17½ *J. Gray Hill*
A. Hunting Party O 7½ × 10½ *Arthur Kay*
A Sketch O 16 × 12 *Lady Campbell of Garscube*

WILLIAMSON, D. A.
Autumn—Going to Market O 22 × 31 *D. M'Corkindale*
The Harvest Field O 14 × 21½ *Andrew Bain*
Warkworth Castle O 14 × 20 *John H. Downes*
A Silent River W 21½ × 30 *D. M'Corkindale*
Fine Harvest Weather W 13 × 19½ *John H. Downes*
Scanty Pasture—March W 14 × 19½ *John H. Downes*

WILSON, P. M'G., R.S.W.
Antwerp Ferry O 28 × 47 *D. Mitchell*

WIMPERIS, E. M., R.I.
Sea Piece W 9½ × 13½ *James Dunnachie*
An Old Mill, New Forest W 13 × 19 *Isidore Spielmann, F.S.A.*

WINDUS, W. L.
"Too Late" O 37 × 29½ *Andrew Bain*
The Haunt of the Kingfisher O 11 × 18 *Albert Wood*
The Second Duchess O 4½ × 6½ *Andrew Bain*
The Stray Lamb O 8½ × 12 *James Smith*
The Outlaw O 13 × 12 *Albert Wood*
The Patrician O 15½ × 24½ *Mrs. F. Teed*
The Young Duke O 15 × 9½ *James Smith*
The Flight of Henry VI. after Towton W 4½ × 10 *Andrew Bain*

WINGATE, J. L., R.S.A.
The Wanderers O 21½ × 29½ *D. Brodie Macleod*
Summer Evening, Muthill O 21½ × 29½ *T. H. Cooper*

WINTOUR, J. C., A.R.S.A.
On the Tummel, Perthshire O 15 × 19½ *Alex. Simpson*
Landscape with Castle O 14 × 19 *J. Kirkhope*
A Border Castle O 39 × 15 *Arch. Smith*
Vale of Athole O 39 × 49 *Jas. Brechin*
Minnow Fishers O 29 × 24 *Jas. Brechin*
Guy's Cliff Mill, Warwickshire—Evening W 12½ × 18½ *Archibald Smith*
Moonlight W 7½ × 12½ *R. B. Nisbet, A.R.S.A.*
The Angler's Rest W 9½ × 13½ *T. S. Robertson*
Flower Girl W 13 × 9 *T. Hall Cooper*
Falkland Castle W 10 × 13½ *Archibald Smith*
On the Water of Leith W 10 × 14 *R. B. Nisbet, A.R.S.A.*

WOODS, HENRY, R.A.
The Cardinal's Blessing O 46 × 25½ *Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish*

YEAMES, W. F., R.A.
"When did you last see your father?" O 49 × 97 *Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool*

YOUNG, WILLIAM, R.S.W.
Glenfalloch O 40 × 55 *Miss Laidlaw*
Loch Ranza W 9½ × 13½ *Alexander Plant*
The Brigs of Ayr W 23½ × 35½ *Sir Wm. Arrol, M.P.*

YULE, WILLIAM
Girl in Crimson O 29½ × 29½ *Captain Yule*

ART OBJECTS

BY

SIR T. D. GIBSON-CARMICHAEL, BART.

FIG. A

ITALIAN BRONZE STATUETTE

Fifteenth Century

FIG. B

HISPANO-MORESQUE DISH

FIG. C

MAJOLICA (CASTEL-DURANTE) DISH

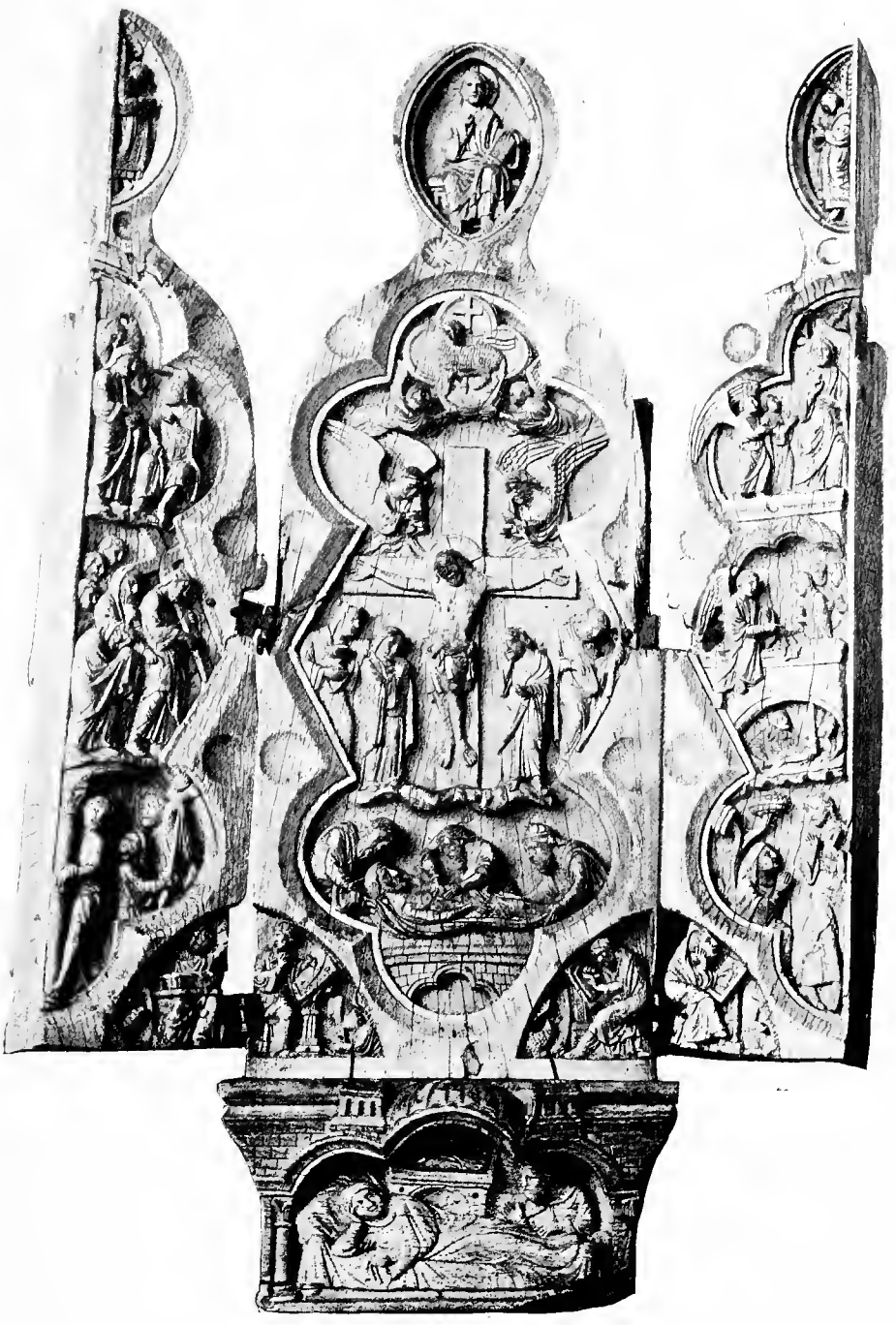


FIG. D

VIERGE DE BOUBON

Ivory Triptych

Art Objects

IN the formation of the Art Collections in the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1901, a main purpose was to illustrate the artistic activities of the century which had just ended. The sculpture shown, indeed, was almost exclusively the work of living artists, and, with the exception of a limited number of works adorning two apartments, the pictures were creations of painters who were living within the nineteenth century. But no such limitation was imposed in the section devoted to *Art Objects.* Under that designation decorative productions of all times and of every land could be assembled. Art objects in their way are about as difficult to limit as they are to classify, and therefore the collection was of the most diverse character, varying in date from before the Christian era down to the end of the last century. The common bond of the whole was the impulse to express artistic ideals, and one was continually reminded how art, even when a change in its ideals has given it new impulses whose freshness seemed independent of all that went before, has remained inseparably connected through all its course. With a field so wide, the collection was of necessity fragmentary; but an art collection depends for its interest and value not so much on completeness or historical continuity as on the merit and perfection of the individual objects it contains.

At the same time the interest of any series is much enhanced when it affords scope for observing how the ideals and new impulses of any period are influenced by inherited experience and the work of earlier times. In Mr. Spielmann's collection of modern French medals, for example, we saw what some of our contemporaries are doing. Of this collection we need only say that the skill with which MM. Roty, Chaplain, Dupuis, Dubois, and other medallists have interpreted their ideals, and the beauty and perfection of their workmanship, made us wish to compare with it some of the coins of the best Greek period or of the Italian and German medals of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Such a comparison would show, more clearly perhaps than anything else could, how impossible it is for an artist, even when he most strives for it, to escape either from the spirit of his time or from the influence of tradition.

The ideals of one period, however ably expressed, may not be so

fine as those of another, but it would be as rash to say of any period that it produced nothing good as it is impossible to say of any that during it no ugly thing was made. Fault-finding often only shows how limited is the knowlege of the critic; as Sir Martin Conway said, in a recent lecture, the power to appreciate, not the ability to sneer, is the touchstone of good taste. No doubt, in forming the collection it was remembered how, even when guarding most carefully against giving an exaggerated value to archaeological importance, we may be led by increased knowledge to alter our appreciation of a work of art, and therefore in some cases we may hesitate to condemn merely because we do not personally admire. In all ages and in all countries there have been workers who felt and loved the beauty that was around them and who tried to express it in their work, whether that work took the form of sculpture, of painting, of architecture, or of small objects, meant, many of them, for common every-day use. There is a message in all such work, but it is not every one who can read it. Rightly to understand it we must know what ideals inspired and what limitations surrounded the worker. Artists and craftsmen alike are inspired by the ideal and limited by the experience of their time. They are greatest when they most express to us their ideals and least impress on us their limits: we can often best appreciate their ideals when we best understand their limitations.

The noble work that Italian bronze workers have produced was best taught us by the figure of a man on a horse, Paduan work of the fifteenth century (Fig. A). Both in conception of design and in workmanship this figure deserved close study. Two bronze figures of Adam and Eve from Sir John Stirling Maxwell's collection were stronger and more restrained than Italian seventeenth century work usually is, but the series served very well to illustrate the different way in which bronze workers treated their subjects in the several centuries here represented.

The most noteworthy example of the specimens of earthenware was the fine Hispano-Moresque dish of which we are able to give a figure (Fig. B). An early sixteenth century Castel Durante plate was the best of several examples, showing the custom then prevalent of decorating plates or other articles in a pleasing fashion which proclaimed to all that the lady whose name they bore—in this case Caterina—was fair. The custom still exists in this country, though if the beauty of the ladies is to be held to be proportional to that of their plates, neither the "pretty Alice" nor the "bonnie Jean" are likely to be admired by posterity as much as Caterina. Fig. C represents another fine Castel Durante dish. It is remarkable for its wide outer border of musical trophies ingeniously combined, painted in bistre on a blue ground.

The collection of Japanese art objects, besides being most interesting in itself, was particularly appropriate at Glasgow, for by its close proximity to the collection of quite recent art, it impressed even casual visitors with

Fig. B

TRIPTYCH IN IVORY

BYZANTINE ART OF TENTH CENTURY

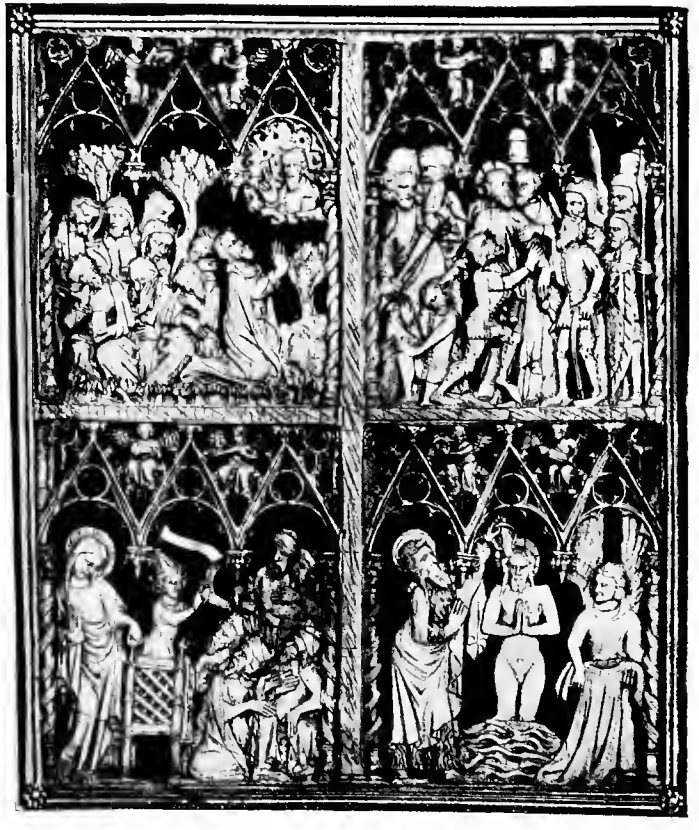


FIG. F

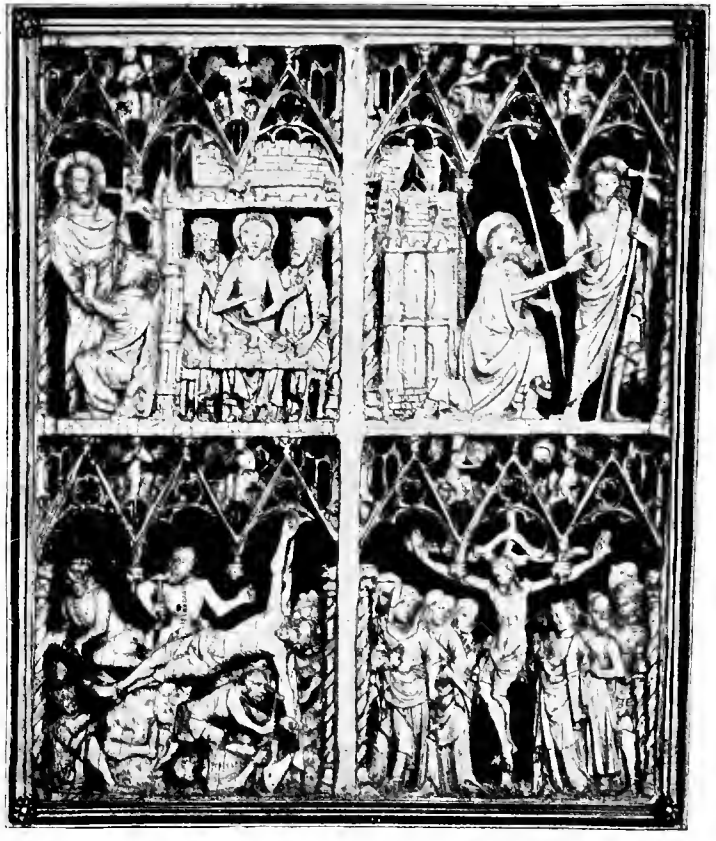


FIG. G

IVORY CARVINGS

French, Fourteenth Century

the extent to which art work in modern Europe has been affected by intercourse with the far East, an impression all the more enforced by a comparison with some of the early European objects shown.

Interesting, too, was the series of reproductions of metal work found and for the most part executed in Ireland, which, besides their great beauty in form, had the additional attraction of being as independent of other art for their inspiration as any art objects known. Their intimate relationship with the Saints and evangelising Celts of early Irish history added further interest and significance to these beautiful and characteristic objects.

With the exception of a fine fourteenth century manuscript and a missal printed on vellum, from the Hunterian Museum in Glasgow, the only things lent by public institutions were contained in the cases from the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. These cases well sustained the reputation of what, for the lover of art objects, is probably the finest collection in the world. The practice of stating on the labels attached to the specimens the prices paid for the objects exhibited, is one to be regretted in an institution which aims at giving instruction. People are apt to fancy that the price paid for a thing gives some indication of its value as a work of art; whereas, unless we also know something of the conditions under which it was paid, there is no use in knowing the price. A collector familiar with the sale-rooms of to-day, when he looks at these labels and reflects how seldom he can have a chance of buying objects similar to those shown, and that only "à un de ces prix qu'on n'avoue pas à sa ménagère," may regret that he was not born some years sooner than he was. He knows, though, that the present is not the only time when prices paid for old works of art have been high, nor, indeed, taking everything into consideration, is it the time when they have been highest. But many of the public, with these labels before them, get an impression that an exaggerated value should be put on forms which embody old ideals. Such an impression must foster the attempt, on the one hand, to slavishly imitate, and, on the other, to depart of set purpose from old forms. And thus it may well be that the practice tends to check the development, which in any case must be a slow one, of a style in harmony with what is best in modern ideals.

The most ancient objects in this section of the Exhibition were to be found among the specimens of glass. Some of these were made before the Christian era, probably by Phoenician workmen, to whose teaching the later glass, found so plentifully in Mediterranean countries, was directly due. For several centuries, glass, both at Rome and at Constantinople, was much valued for table decoration: the Emperor Nero is recorded to have given prices for it which would seem high to the most reckless bidder, should the specimens come up for sale at Christie's, even with their imperial provenance guaranteed. One emperor, indeed, preferred using golden vessels, which he

thought less vulgar, but as it was his wife who was taken in by a false gem, and brought an action afterwards against the dealer who sold it, we may perhaps fancy that he was not a good judge. Glass was probably made at many places along the shores of the Mediterranean, but it is said that it was the workmen who left Constantinople after its fall who brought to Venice and Murano the knowledge and skill which there led to the highest development of glass-making that has ever been known. No doubt the impetus which the revival of learning gave to all art in Italy helped this, and it is certain that it was to Venice and Murano that all Europe looked for its supply of the finest work.

Of later work, there were some goblets decorated in enamel colours with heraldic designs, for which Germany was famous in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and there was a large series of drinking glasses engraved by the wheel, a method which attained its highest perfection in the countries bordering on the Rhine during the eighteenth century.

Among the carvings in ivory were some striking figures and tankards so characteristic of the ivory work of the late seventeenth and of the eighteenth centuries. These came from Scone Palace, as did also some vases and cups decorated in *Vernis Martin*, which showed a further development, though in different material, of the same ideals.

It is fortunate for us that small pieces of ivory have no great intrinsic value, and that when once they have been carved and used for decoration it has not often seemed easy, or worth while, to adapt them to other purposes; it is to these qualities in ivory and in sheepskin that we owe our possession of many of the most beautiful medieval works. A few remains of ivory carving dating from classical times still exist, but there were none of these shown at Glasgow; nor were there any of the consular diptychs which, from a collector's point of view, are among the most desirable of possessions. Candidates for political or municipal honours may rejoice; their supporters may perhaps, as a rule, be thankful, that it is not now, as it was once at Rome and Constantinople, the custom for those elected to high offices to present their friends or conciliate their opponents with carvings in ivory or wood.

There were, however, several examples of the religious diptychs and triptychs, which were evolved from the consular diptychs. These were made in large numbers between the tenth and sixteenth centuries in many parts of Europe, and were used in every land where the Catholic faith prevailed. One very small one, mounted in silver and with the Annunciation and Crucifixion carved on the inside, may be recalled as an example full of the spirit of its time; but two probably struck the ordinary visitor. These were, first, the large triptych (Fig. D), shaped to represent, when closed, a figure of the Virgin and child, and when open presenting us with several sacred scenes. This famous shrine, which stands 17 inches in height and $10\frac{3}{8}$ inches wide, with its open volutes, was probably

Fig H

BOOK COVER

WITH IVORY PLAQUE AND METAL FILIGREE WORK

carved not far from Limoges about the year 1200. It is known as the Vierge de Boubon, from having belonged to the Monastery of Boubon (Haute Vienne), which was founded by Robert d'Arbeissel in 1106. It is shaped as the figure of the Virgin enthroned, and holding in her hands a quatrefoil-shaped panel, on which is carved in almost full relief the seated figure of the Saviour, his right hand raised in benediction and his left resting on the Imperial orb; the pedestal on which the Virgin rests is formed of a tripartite Roman arch, incised to represent masonry, while in the niche a recumbent figure of the Virgin is carved in high relief. The whole figure opens down the centre, and the interior presents the Crucifixion and the Entombment; above, in a quatrefoil-shaped panel, supported by angels, is the Lamb of St. John; on the one volute are the Judgment of Pilate, the Flagellation, and Christ bearing the Cross, and on the other volute the Resurrection, the Women at the Sepulchre, and Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene.

The second triptych of earlier date (Fig. E), though it would not be possible to say exactly where it was made, was a typical example of the so-called Byzantine art of the tenth century. This well-known example of Byzantine art has passed through several of the most celebrated European collections, including the Soltykoff, the Seillière, and the Spitzer; and it has been illustrated and described by Labarte and Molinier. In the central panel is the figure of the Virgin, with the Holy Child on her left arm. Above is an open work canopy, supported by two spirally twisted columns. Each wing is decorated with three circular medallions, containing within dentated borders half-length figures of Angels, Saints, and Apostles.

The Vierge de Boubon is of a very unusual design, but both triptychs are good examples of the tendency seen in all the artistic work of eastern Europe towards the reproduction of a definite type, while in the west there was a striving to give individuality to the object portrayed. These tendencies are clearly felt, if we look at the ancient Greek statue and compare it with a Roman portrait bust, but not more clearly than they are felt when we compare the objects made for Christian ecclesiastical use.

Ivory carving reached a high state of perfection in France in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. How much dignity could be given by capable workers to even the smallest works was shown in the little diptych already alluded to, and also in two pieces on a rather bigger scale, one of which is seen in Fig. J. In this plaque, Saint Catherine of Alexandria, Saint Peter, and Saint Paul are carved in openwork beneath a Gothic canopy. Ivories like these, by their more perfect preservation, help us to appreciate better the larger carvings in stone found in such plenty in the decoration of buildings executed at this same period and inspired by the same ideals. But the most typical ivories of this period were four plaques of wonderful minuteness in execution, which originally formed part of the decoration of a casket;

the others which went to complete it have for some years been in the Victoria and Albert Museum. These four, after passing through several well-known collections, have now found a resting-place in the Museum of Science and Art in Edinburgh. Each panel contains four subjects, scenes from the life of our Lord, under open-work Gothic canopies with angels in the spaces between the arches. In the example illustrated in Fig. F the scenes are: (1) The Agony in the Garden; (2) the Betrayal; (3) our Lord and the Doctors; and (4) the Baptism in the Jordan. The scenes in the second plaque illustrated (Fig. G) are: (1) Christ appearing to Simon Peter, and the Supper at Emmaus; (2) the Doubting Thomas; (3) the Nailing to the Cross; and (4) the Crucifixion.

Another panel from a casket represented two knights on horseback tilting; this was remarkable for the careful way in which all the details of the knights' armour were shown, details which enable us to determine the date of the carving, in this case French of the fourteenth century. Scenes from tournaments were favourite subjects with the French ivory carvers, especially when decorating caskets or other objects not meant for religious uses. They were often found, for instance, carved on the small mirror cases, of which there were two examples. These mirror cases, which are not easy to find, are small shallow square boxes, the main decoration being contained in a circle, while the corners are shaped into fantastic animals or into leaf-like ornaments. Those who visited the Hungarian pavilion at the Paris Exhibition of 1900 must have observed how this form of pocket mirror case with its peculiar corners, and even decorated with the same designs, has been handed down to the present day, though whereas the medieval cases are believed to have been for ladies' use, the boxes of the Hungarian pavilion, besides a mirror, contained a layer of pomade, meant for the adornment of a man's moustache.

Among the earliest ivories were those forming part of two book covers from the Cathedral of Jaca, though in these the ivory carvings were not so remarkable as the metal filigree work and design of the borders which surrounded them. One of these is represented in the dry point by Mr. Muirhead Bone (Fig. H). The cover consists of a foundation of walnut $10\frac{1}{4}$ by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, with, in the centre, a plaque of ivory, $5\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, on which is carved in relief the Crucifixion, with the Virgin and Saint John on either side and two angel figures above. This is surrounded with a deep frame of silver gilt having a delicate filigree pattern, enriched with crystal and coloured paste *en cabochon*. Both covers are Spanish work of the eleventh century.

Two small ivory carvings in relief which form part of the decoration of a portable altar were also early. This object, one of the rarest and most beautiful in the collection, has since been acquired for the

FIG. I

IVORY CHESSMAN

North European, Eleventh Century

FIG. J

PLAQUE OF IVORY

French, Fourteenth Century

FIG. K

CARVED IVORY FIGURE

French, Sixteenth Century

FIG. L

WINDOW CASEMENT IN WOOD

British Museum. It is an example of the combination of several materials, in themselves of no great intrinsic value, to form an object which for dignity and perfect adaptation to its purpose could not be surpassed. These portable altars were only allowed for use by the highest dignitaries of the Church. In this specimen it was difficult to say which side of the slab was the most beautiful, that to which the ivories were attached or that which bore the votive inscription.

Chessmen in bone and ivory are found widely distributed both in time and place; in the north of Europe they were often made of walrus ivory. Fine specimens have been found in the island of Lewis in Scotland, which are preserved both in the British Museum and in the Antiquarian Museum of Edinburgh. Fig. 1 is of the eleventh century and represents a bishop. A very beautiful figure of a prelate, of French sixteenth century workmanship, is engraved in Fig. K. A group of two little boys, one of them playing the bagpipes, though very small, was well worth attention as an early and singularly pleasing example of the class of ivory carvings to which the Scone Palace exhibits, already referred to, belong.

Somewhat akin to the ivory carvings were those executed in wood. The most striking specimen of wood carving was the beautifully simple window casement (Fig. L).

Of the tapestries which adorned the walls, the most striking was one representing the triumph of charity over envy, a Flemish work of fine colour and design of the fifteenth century. The Duke of Argyll lent four panels of French eighteenth century tapestry, by Neilson, of the finest possible quality. One of these, showing Jupiter seated on an eagle under a canopy, is illustrated in Fig. M.

Objects made in metal were the most striking in this part of the Exhibition, especially those decorated in colours by the various processes of enamelling. Sir Thomas Carmichael lent a small collection of personal jewelry made of gold and for the most part mounted with precious stones, but dependent for their effect in great part on the way in which they had been decorated with enamel. These objects were almost all either German or Italian work of the sixteenth century, though the finest of them, an Italian hat jewel (Fig. N) representing the adoration of the magi was probably made about 1460. It is surrounded by a wreath set with diamonds and intertwined by a riband of red and white enamel. The back is covered with green translucent enamel and a network pattern on gold. Hat medallions of very similar design, probably fashioned in the same workshop, exist in the collection of Mr. Salting and in the Salle des Medailles in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Their whole treatment leads one to think that they were made by a Venetian worker. On the same plate is engraved (Fig. O) a gold necklace of interlacing bands. In its centre is an enamelled ornament.

The two pendant jewels (Figs. P and Q) are both Italian work of the sixteenth century. The former is of enamelled gold with open scroll work set with pearls, rubies, emeralds, and a diamond. In the centre is a male figure with Fortune on one side, and a figure, probably Hygeia, on the other, while above is Cupid with his bow. The back is richly enamelled and has the inscription I[N]VIDIA NOS VEXAT and CUPIDO ME[N]TE[M] I[N]FLA[MM]AT. The other pendant (Fig. Q) is an oval plaque of lapis lazuli mounted in enamelled gold. A half-length figure of the Saviour with the tomb, cross, and emblems of the Passion is on one side, and on the other a cross with leaves and fruit. Intertwined with this are the words DVLCE LIGNUM DVLCIS CLAVOS, which recall the hymn sung on Good Friday in the ceremony of the Adoration of the Cross.

There were also a number of personal ornaments of enamelled metal ranging in date from the twelfth century down to modern times; a small Russian sixteenth century neck chain of silver with black, white, and green enamel was particularly charming.

In the opinion of the present writer there was no personal jewel which could compare for beauty with the rosary and crucifix, lent by the Duke of Norfolk, which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots (Fig. R).

The Kennet Ciborium was by far the finest example in the exhibition of champlevé enamel. In this kind of work the effect is obtained by filling up with a vitreous substance cells dug out in the surface of the metal of which the object decorated is formed. This work was best done in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, in the countries bordering on the Rhine and in the neighbourhood of Limoges. In these two districts quite distinct schools of this work grew up, and from them specimens were supplied, mostly for ecclesiastical use, all over Europe. The enamel employed was opaque and of many colours. The copper where it appeared on the surface was generally gilt, and often beautifully engraved. Sir Thomas Carmichael's cross was a typical specimen of Rhenish champlevé enamel of the first half of the thirteenth century, and probably formed part of a bookbinding. In the centre of the cross is represented the Crucifixion upon a blue field, semé with small quatrefoils on white. At the end of the arms of the cross are figures of angels inscribed, SPES, INNOCENTIA, FIDES, OBEDIENTIA. Of Limoges work of the same sort, the plaque showing the murder of St. Thomas of Canterbury, which once formed the side of a reliquary belonging to the Victoria and Albert Museum was probably the best. In Italy in champlevé enamel far fewer colours as a rule were made use of, and more of the metal remained visible.

Of the other type of enamel used in early times, the cloisonné variety, in which the pattern to be enamelled is outlined in metal wire welded on to the surface of the object decorated, there was proof of the high state of perfection to which the art was brought in China and Japan.

A third type of enamel which was more used in southern than in

Fig N

Fig O

Fig P

Fig Q.

JEWELLERY

Fig N Italian Hat Jewel
Fig O Gold Necklace & Pendant
Fig P Pendent Jewel of Enamelled Gold
Fig Q Pendent Jewel of Lapis Lazuli mounted in Enamelled Gold

FIG. R

CRUCIFIX OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND PORTION OF HER ROSARY

FIG. S

GOTHIC CIBORIUM

Fifteenth Century

Basse-taille Enamel

northern Europe, was the basse-taille enamel. In this, translucent enamels were used, and the effect obtained by engraving the surface to be enamelled deeply, and spreading the enamel over it so that it is of different depths in different parts. A notable specimen of this work was a large Gothic ciborium of the early part of the fifteenth century (Fig. s). The armorial decoration of the base of this is fine, and worthy of the object, which was a very fine example of a design found wherever Gothic art bore fruit at that period.

In painted enamels, often familiarly spoken of as Limoges enamel, the whole surface of the object is covered with enamel in which the design is painted in such a way that the metal of which the object is formed becomes entirely subservient to the decoration. The designs painted in this manner were often copied from the drawings of the great masters in painting, and the colours used were sometimes opaque and sometimes translucent; in the latter case, by the employment of foil between the copper base and the superimposed enamel, an increased brilliancy in colouring was obtained. This art is being practised at the present time, and it has never been quite extinct since the time of its introduction. But it attained to its greatest perfection comparatively quickly, and almost all the finest examples of it were made before 1550. Many of these were signed by the artists who did them.

The illustrations show first a Limoges plate, one of a series illustrating the rural labours of the month, painted by Jean Courteys, in this case the mowing of hay being represented (Fig. T). The second plate (Fig. U) is similarly one of a series symbolizing the months, painted by Pierre Raymond and dated 1566; the subject being the heckling of flax, proper to the month of November. Between these is shown a beautiful hexagonal Salt Cellar (Fig. V) having on its sides Homeric subjects.

Allied to these were the snuff-boxes, candle-sticks, and other objects made in England—for instance, the well-known Battersea enamels—at Dresden, and many other places.

Lord Malcolm of Poltalloch sent a steel casket well known to all collectors (Fig. W) of French workmanship, dating from about the end of the sixteenth century. It bears obvious tokens of having been made for, and owned by, a ruling member of the Medici family. A four-petalled Florentine lily springing out of a crown surmounts the whole, beneath which, on each of the four faces, are escutcheon-shaped shields with the six balls of the Medici, and there are other indications of Medicean ownership. Each side of the casket is divided with two panels with hanging garlands, and on the front panels are relief figures of Minerva and Mars. The whole ornamentation is of the most exquisite delicacy.

It would not be possible to refer to all the branches of decorative art of which specimens were sent, though no doubt some of them would strike visitors with their beauty, and in the knowledge that this was so may be

found the reward of the labour of forming the collection, for those who have once been struck by the beauty of any work of art will go on to see beauty which they never saw before, not only in works of art, but also in surrounding nature.

T. D. GIBSON-CARMICHAEL.

T V U

LIMOGES ENAMEL

Sixteenth Century

Fig. T. Plate by Jean Courteys *Fig. V. Salt Cellar* *Fig. U. Plate by Pierre Raymond*

FIG. W

STEEL CASKET

In Poltalloch Collection, French circa 1600

1902

UNIVERSITY·PRESS
ROBERT·MACLEHOSE·M·A
JAMES·J·MACLEHOSE·M·A
VERITAS
GLASGOW
FLOREAT·GLASGVA·PRÆDICATIONE·EVANGELII